WINONA ECHOES

CONTAINING ADDRESSES OF THE

WINONA BIBLE CONFERENCE

1914

WINONA ECHOES

Forty-Five

Notable Addresses

Delivered at the Twentieth Annual

BIBLE CONFERENCE

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By V. M. HATFIELD

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FOREWORD

By V. M. HATFIELD.

A Winona Bible Conference would be incomplete without the Winona Echoes. Those who attend the Conference find so much enjoyment and profit in listening to the excellent addresses, that they are eager to secure the book which contains them. A great many of those who are prevented from coming to Winona are just as eager to obtain the volume, knowing its contents are stimulating and helpful, and that it is a book which will be read over and over again. The field for distribution of the Winona Echoes is a wide one, and the sales have increased surprisingly in recent years. The only explanation for the growing popularity of this publication is that the high standard of the conference has been rigidly maintained, and the speakers are always men of recognized ability and reputation. It is not necessary to speak in superlatives in referring to the 1914 Conference. It is enough to say it was in every way as good as the surpassing program of the preceding year. The addresses contained in this book are worthy of careful perusal. They are interesting and instructive, and their literary value cannot be estimated by dollars and cents. But their greatest merit lies in the fact that they are messages of supreme importance to mankind. Every one of them has for its theme God's sovereignty over man and the revelation of His will through His Word. The Bible is exalted above all other books, and its teachings explained from the various view points of the speakers. Helpful methods are introduced, and new desire for its study is created by the scholarly discussions given from day to day during the Conference. Surely it is fitting that these lofty utterances should be recorded, and given wide circulation, in order that their usefulness may be increased, and the blessings which accompany them be extended to the farthest possible limit.

The Assembly program was attractive this season, as it always has been. The high character of the entertainments, and the careful provision for the comfort and convenience of visitors, removed the possibility of serious disappointment; and it is gratifying to

know that all reasonable persons went home feeling more than satisfied.

The Winona College enjoyed a prosperous summer. The class rooms and dormitories were taxed to their capacity to accommodate the students; but the teaching force was ample, being made up from the regular faculty, reenforced by a number of other instructors of proven proficiency.

The College of Agriculture was open to visitors, although no sessions are held during the months of July and August. The value of scientific farming is becoming more apparent as the successful results of this and other similar schools are shown. In addition to teaching practical agriculture, the W. C. A. is endeavoring to solve the problem of our rural churches.

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago conducted a Bible School at Winona, giving instruction free of cost as it has been accustomed to do in former years. A great many persons took advantage of this liberal offer, and sat daily at the feet of the learned men and women who compose this splendid faculty, preparing themselves in this way for better service in church and home, through added knowledge of the Bible.

The singing of the great chorus was truly an inspiration. New songs were introduced, all of which were pleasing, and some of them possessed a measure of musical quality which will not suffer them to perish with the passing of years.

The Bethany girls were here in increased numbers; in each one's countenance the glow of content heightened because of the commodious home provided in the new Bethany Lodge on Park Avenue. Mrs. Carrie Stewart Besserer, the leader of this unparalleled movement, was on the grounds throughout the entire season. Her presence is a promise of commendable achievement; her personality delightful and interesting; and her influence, both within and beyond the boundaries of her organization, a positive force for the cause of right.

The evangelists were in evidence as never before, and manifested their zeal and devotion on behalf of Winona in a most substantial manner. "Jews' Day" was an innovation that awakened much interest, and widened the vision of Christ's followers. The Mission Workers told with increased animation their marvelous stories of work in the slums of the cities. The Sunday School was a magnetic spot on Sunday mornings, its efficiency being attributable in large measure to the selection of capable, experienced, devoted teachers. Numerous social functions from time to time emphasized the spirit of hospi-

tality, and good cheer, and fellowship, which is an inseparable part of the Winona institution; and everywhere enviable content and true Christian joy pervaded the atmosphere of the place.

It was a season rich in wholesome diversions and religious activity. Lives were consecrated anew for service and sacrifice. The Bible has been exalted in the minds of the people, and its truths will be more precious to those who heard the notable addresses herein published. We send this volume out to Winona's friends believing it will stimulate thought, and intensify desire along the lines of righteous living.

Opening of the Conference

On Friday, August 21, at eleven o'clock, the Bible Conference at Winona was formally opened. Doctor Dickey, Director of the Conference, introduced the speaker of the occasion, after referring briefly to the attractiveness of the program which was to be presented during the following ten days. He called attention to the lofty aim of the Winona Bible Conference, its wonderful achievements in past years, and the loyal support it had received through many thousands of interested friends. He voiced the sentiments of all present when he said the return of this annual event awakened deepest feelings of gratitude and appreciation on the part of the host of friends and supporters of the institution.

Dr. Dickey spoke hopefully of the Conference about to be opened, and dwelt with earnestness and emphasis on the necessity for Bible study.

Left Alone With God

Genesis 32: 24.

By REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BIEDERWOLF.

Sermon Preached at the Indian Mound.

I am going to take you back with me this afternoon some four or five thousand years and introduce you to a man sitting by the side of one of Syria's moon-kissed rivers. I say moon-kissed because it is in the night time, and sitting there all alone under the star-spangled canopy of heaven, the night winds moaning all about him and the warbling waters of the brook mocking him, is the man I want you to know.

It is Jacob—cunning, crafty, crooked but at his wit's end. The record says that Esau was a hairy man but that Jacob was a smooth man. Well, he was a smooth man in more than one sense.

You know the story. He was on his way home after he had defrauded his brother and had gone over to work for his uncle Laban and the nearer home he got the more he wondered what Esau would do to him when he got there. And when he heard that Esau was coming his way with 400 armed men the cold chills began to operate on his backbone and he got down upon his knees and began to pray.

I wonder if you've prayed when you were in trouble and then forgot somewhat when the sun was shining!

Jacob was worried about that sin he had committed years before and it was while he was on his knees that he thought of a plan to appease his brother's wrath.

You remember the story and when he had sent the present on to his brother and had put his family and servants safely across the river, across the stream, the story goes that "Jacob was left alone and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day."

He had stayed behind to think it all over a bit and possibly to pray a bit, but little did he know of what was about to take place; for suddenly as he sat alone in the quiet of that memorable hour, a

figure rises before him, and before he knows where he is he finds himself wrestling in the darkness with an unknown antagonist as if for his life.

Whether it was a physical, a real corporal wrestle or whether it was a fierce struggle that went on in the depths of Jacob's soul we don't need to discuss here. The meaning and the result of it in either case is just the same. It was twenty years since Jacob had met God back at Bethel and as he sat there alone in the night, or knelt alone, he began to review those twenty years and he saw himself as he really was.

It was a good thing for Jacob to get alone with God but it was a better thing that he stayed there until the matter at issue between them was definitely settled.

How long has it been since you made your first vow with God? And you've been alone with Him many times since and God began to wrestle with you, but did you stay there long enough to give Him a real fair chance to get at you and to deal with you. If not, get alone with Him again today—here, on this spot made memorable in hundreds of lives because of what has taken place within them,—here, with the rest of the crowd and all Winona on the other side of the stream, so to speak, and give Him the chance He needs and He will put His finger on that which is wrong in your life and give you grace to let it go and a new experience when its gone.

It isn't the hours you stay on your knees; it isn't the length of time you wrestle, but will you have the matter settled whether it be done in the passing of a moment or whether you stay here all the evening through and all the night.

Just here was the trouble with Jacob. We speak of this incident as Jacob's wrestling with God. I wonder if this is not a mistake. It was God who was wrestling with Jacob. And there wrestled **with him** a man until the breaking of the day. The trouble with Jacob was that he never really knew God. He would call on God for help and make his vow and then go on his way as before and leave God out of his life.

He may have remained behind and asked God to put His arms around him and save him from Esau. He doubtless did. And God did put His arms around him, but it was not to save him from Esau. It was to save him from himself. Jacob was forever relying upon himself and he was forever going wrong and now he must learn the lesson that only as he let God come into his life and looked for God's will and God's way and not his own could he ever amount to anything in himself or ever have any power with God or with man.

And God is dealing that way with some of us today. He has wrestled with you before but there's been no yielding and He has come here to some of us, I doubt not today, on this hillside and He says, "Child of mine, there must come an end to this thing here and now."

Only God and yourself knows what it is that stands between you and Him, that keeps back the blessing of heaven from your life and despoils it of the peace and the purity and the power it might have.

1. Your trouble may be Jacob's. It may be that some of us have been running before the Lord. Jacob was ambitious entirely for himself and in this unexpected way he was brought to a sudden halt and made to understand that in his intense anxiety to realize what he had set before him he was leaving God out of his life.

Come now, my brother, and answer in your own heart before God the question. If you are working so hard that the devotional study of your Bible has gone by default and you have had little or no time for prayer, who are you working for? and whose glory have you set before you? And if by any possible means you can delude yourself into believing that you are really working for God do you know there is something better than that and that is to let God work in you and through you for Himself.

Isn't it time today for some of us to begin at least to understand that there are resources of Divine power that the self-centered man, the man ambitious for himself, can never know in his own experience.

The story is told of Tauler, the great preacher whose eloquence used to pack the noted cathedral at Strassburg and there came across the hill one day a young man by the name of Nicholas, a simple Swiss deeply versed in the word of God and filled with His spirit. He came to confess; and as the famous preacher listened he realized that this simple, unpretentious peasant from the hills of Switzerland had something to which he himself was a stranger and he seemed to hear a voice saying "Tauler, great preacher, thou must die." He tore himself away and for a whole year in the monastery he was left alone with God and there God stripped him of his self-ambition and his self-reliance and when he came back and tried to preach he was so overcome by the manifest power of God that he broke completely down in the midst of his sermon and the culture and learning of the city gathered there to hear him as in days of old went away disappointed and said, "Ah, our great preacher is spoiled." But it was just then that Tauler began to do his work, the work that God so mightily honored, that has made his name live and while the

brilliancy and eloquence of former days have been forgotten the simple and yet truly marvelous messages of his later ministry are blessings the thousands even in these days as the years go by.

Wouldn't it be great and how it would please Him if some of us today, this afternoon, just now on this holy and historical spot could dig a grave and lay within its secret depths the slain body of dead self. God is waiting, I am sure to help you to a place like that if you are willing to do it.

II. It may be **some unforsaken sin** and it has well nigh spoiled your life. I think of the woman who lost her only child and having great ability as a painter she took a photograph of her little one and with delicate skill she reproduced it until the sweet face seemed almost to live again before her. She laid it carefully away and a few days later she took it up only to find to her keen disappointment that the painting was almost covered with disfiguring blotches. With tender skill she wrought again upon it and it was as lovely as before. Again she laid it away but when she came again to look at it the ugly spots, the disfiguring blemishes were as conspicuous as at first and even more so. The painting was ruined. The trouble was in the paper. It had in it some chemical property that combined with the paint and spoiled the picture. No matter how beautiful it might appear for a time, up out of the heart of the picture there came oozing that polluting, corroding something that did its deadly, damning work.

And it is just like that with your life and mine. No use to try and make it beautiful; no use to try to be at rest; no use to pray for power; none of these things can be as long as there is that in the heart which is wrong and which ever comes up to spoil, and blur and blotch it all.

With that thing in the life there is no such thing as purity and without purity there is no such thing as peace and, listen, without peace there is no such thing as power. With the most of us a thing of that kind so upsets the inner life and fills it with despondency and discouragement that we are robbed automatically of power. But even if the conscience were seared and the heart untroubled in spite of its sin how could we expect the blessing of God to rest upon a life or a ministry like that.

Notice, I said "unforsaken sin." It has been confessed and forgiven a thousand times, for your confession was sincere and your intention was pure, but the sin is still there. True, it went but it came again.

Brother, here in this holy silence let us get alone with God and

have this thing over. God is waiting to help some of you here this hour as you have never been helped before because you have never before really given Him that privilege. Do you know that in that remarkable passage in Romans where it says, "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, but yield yourselves unto God as those that are alive from the dead;" that the tense of the first verb is present and that the second is aorist, and you know the difference. The one is a continuous thing and the other is a definite unrepeated act and what it really says is, "Do not be continually yielding yourselves unto sin, but yield yourselves once for all unto God as those that are alive from the dead."

Brethren, I believe such a distinct, definite giving of oneself to God is possible and with it there will come an end to this other repeated yielding from which possibly some of you have prayed as repeatedly to be delivered.

Alone with God. Will you have the victory today, this hour?

The Lord, you know asked Jacob his name. A man was called in those days pretty much after the thing that was most conspicuous in his disposition. Suppose you were named that way! What would your name be? Would it sound like ambition for self? Would it be jealousy of another's success? Would it be pride? Would it sound like some secret sin? Oh, then why not put an end to it all today. Try Him and see if He does not prove Himself as He did to this wrestling and divinely conquered man of long ago.

Jacob said, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." And he did not. And the Lord blessed him there. Sometimes some of us say that and then we get up from off our face and let Him go. You asked God for peace and power and God touched some precious thing and said, "Yes, child, but what about this?" and you let Him go.

You asked God for a deeper experience and He said, "Yes, child, but here is a festering spot in the heart and I must use a sharp knife and cut deep." And then you said, "No," and let Him go.

You asked God for a deeper revelation of Himself and He said, "You know not what you ask; are you able to drink of my cup and to be baptized with my baptism?" and you said, "Yes, Lord, I am able," and then when He showed you the high mountains and the sharp stones you shrank back and let Him go.

God help us just now to yield ourselves unto Him. Are you willing, brother? Willing at least to be made willing? Then make this the language of your heart and let the wrestling be over,

"I yield by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror."

"I Have Planted, Apollos Watered; But God Gave The Increase"

By REV. CHARLES BROWN, D. D.

I want to speak to you from First Corinthians 3: 6: "I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase." That is how St. Paul described the origin and development of the Christian church in Corinth; that is how it came to be, how it continued and how it grew—"I planted, Apollos irrigated, God gave the increase." It is a metaphor used by a master of metaphors, a little, perhaps, out of his usual line of things. Most of St. Paul's metaphors had to do with cities, with congregations of people, with fighting, with the Isthmian games, and with wrestlers in the arena; now and then he strays into the country, into the open air; here he seems to be following the footsteps of his Master nearly all of whose illustrations are taken from rural life—the shepherd going for his truant sheep, the sower walking over the fields with his seed-basket over his shoulder, the fisherman drawing in his net, the flower growing by the wayside, and the sprouting corn—and here St. Paul follows in His footsteps, and his metaphor reminds us of one of the most perfect and vivid parables of our Lord,—"So is the kingdom of God as if a man should cast seed on the ground, and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." "So is the kingdom of God"—so is the church in Corinth; "I planted, Apollos irrigated, God gave the increase." He speaks of spiritual things in the terms of the natural world, which the Bible constantly does, which means this, that things in the natural and the spiritual world are double, one over against the other; do remember that! the same laws obtain, the same principles rule. Do believe in the unity of God, that what He is in one department of life He is in another. Do believe, moreover, that the material is the figure, the symbol, and the spiritual is the reality; that it is through the medium of the material that we discern the spiritual; always through the Bible this method is adopted—one God, one law, one element—the same principle, the same demands of God in one department as in another, the same work of God in one de-

partment as in another: God changes not. You interpret what God does in the spiritual realm by what God does in the natural sphere; you interpret what God demands in the spiritual world by what He demands in the natural sphere; consider this simple text in the light of that principle and that law which I think is an inexorable and an irreversible law and out of the text emerges first the idea that is not to be lost sight of by Christian workers, and to them I speak especially tonight—the idea emerges of God, the tireless, the universal worker, always active, always working. "What does God do all day?" a child asked its mother. The mother might have said, He sits on a throne listening to the songs of the angels and the saints, but she said, "He is hard at work all day." God at work; always at work; what is He doing? He is making the world. But I thought He made it long ago! No, He is making it, the world is in the making, and God is remaking the world. Do believe that God is ever active in the natural sphere, working in nature. How is He working? By the glaciers, by the tides, by the streams and the rivers, carrying the water from the sea to the hills and from the hills to the sea! Do not let science blot out God! Believe in the old word of the Psalmist: "He watereth the hills from his chambers; he maketh the clouds his chariot; he walketh on the wings of the wind; he maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains." Do not crowd God out of the material universe! Where is God working in my body: "Know ye not that your bodies are a temple of the Holy Ghost." Let a man reverence his body as the theater of the divine operation; for example, I lie down to sleep at night tired out, and the medical expert explains my weariness in this way: he says, "By the strain of the day innumerable particles have been displaced from your brain cells and nerve cells and tissues of your body; you fall asleep in God's good providence—'great nature's sweet restorer'—the greatest mystery of our physical life—you wake up in the morning a new creature; in the mystery of sleep all these displaced particles have been put back and you have been completely renewed." He says, "Nature has done it." I go to the Old Testament and I read this, "I laid me down and slept; I awoke for the Lord sustained me." And I read a sweeter word than that even, interpreted aright in the revised version, "He giveth to his beloved in their sleep." God at work in my body; "He spoke of the temple of his body." There God is at work refreshing my weariness. Where else? in the realm of my affections. Here is a home-sick woman longing for her dear old country, wetting her pillow with her tears at night; here is a child broken-hearted; here is a man whose hopes are dashed, whose ambitions are cut off, and then the man pulls himself together and

spurs himself to meet the changed circumstances, and then men talk about the resiliency that resides in human nature, what it can endure; I believe in a better power than that,—"He healeth the broken-hearted and bindeth up their wounds;" "God shall wipe away all tears from off all faces."—I believe that God comforts the troubled child, and the home-sick woman and the bereaved man, that God is at work in the realm of the affections. Why divorce God from any part of His universe? Do believe that He has not wound up things and left them but that He is imminent,, ever present, working in every department of life. And I come to practically the heart of all things; I see a man broken in character, there has been an up-rush of temptation, there has been a great moral crisis, and the man has fallen: men say that here is the end of him, but God redeems his soul from destruction and restores it and cleanses the foul stain from his character,—"He brought me up out of a horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings." Do believe, my brother, in the universal operation of the Spirit of God. I would not preach another week if I did not believe that, that God is working in the heart and conscience of every man. But, mark you, it is God that does the vital thing: the increase is the vital thing, the increase is the wonderful thing: the planting and irrigating are so much arranging of materials, the increase is the miracle; it is always a miracle, how wonderful it is! You put a grain of wheat into the ground, it sprouts downward and upward: how is it that that grain of wheat becomes a blade of wheat, a stalk of wheat an ear of wheat with seventy or eighty similar grains packed in a water tight envelope at the end of the stem? why not grains of barley? why of wheat, as if there were some presiding mind over it? Mark you, all the combined and concentrated genius in the world of science cannot detect the germ of life in a grain of wheat and the germ of life in a grain of barley; the increase is the wonderful thing: where did it all come from? Did you ever realize that man does not create anything at all in the world of nature; God made the soil, God made the seed, God created the streams; man arranges the materials and the life ensues. God keeps life a profound mystery, He holds it in His own hands, and man has never pierced to the heart of it yet. Man creates nothing; he discovers, he utilizes, he arranges. If our grandfathers could come back to this old world they would not recognize it, and I do not believe that they would want to stop in it. Think of the difference that electricity has made, for example! There it is drawing your horseless carriages and your cars, illuminating your homes and buildings, driving your machinery and healing your diseases, and yet electricity was in the

world when Abraham was here and had been waiting all this time for man to discover it, and now he does not understand it. Did you ever know anybody who could explain to you precisely what electricity is? No man created it. No man created the multiplication table, he discovered it; twice three is six is not an invention, but a discovery, and you cannot alter it. You did not create the octave in music, you discovered it; it was there, and you cannot alter it. Get together all the scientific savants in the world, bring them a dead fly, they cannot bring back life into it, nor to a faded flower. We are just as helpless now in vital things as our fathers were. I carry that into the realm of the spiritual: you do not create there, you discover; it is revealed to you. The gospel that is an invention is no gospel. The gospel is revealed. Dr. Denny says, "Revelation on the upper side is a divine unfolding; on the under side it is a human discovery." All the combined and concentrated genius in the theological world cannot convert a single soul. In all vital matters we depend as absolutely upon God as the fathers did. There is the touch of the divine sovereignty in every conversion, in every great revival; you cannot work it up. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Words are dead words until the breath of the Spirit of God gives them the divine afflatus and fire. You do not create, you discover, you receive and apply, and it is the Spirit of God that does the vital thing. But, mark you, the basis of all of St. Paul's colossal activity lay here, he believed in the restless and universal operation of the Spirit of God, and he believed that where he scattered a handful he would gather an armful, and you could not sneer St. Paul out of his enthusiasm for humanity; he despaired of no man because he believed that the God who created the world would never let it go but was operating in every man's heart and conscience, and that in the living God and His Holy Spirit he had a divine ally in all his work. Do believe in this principle which I have laid down, God the tireless and universal worker, and what He is in one department that He is in another—one God, one law, one element.

In the second place, what God demands in one department He demands in another. Mark that! Let me lay down this principle, having emphasized the fact of the divine working, its universality and its constancy, that God's universal demand on man is that man shall labor. You can begin with the natural world again and you will realize at once that the dear old word in Genesis obtains today, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread." There are a good many people trying to avoid that, but their avoidance casts an

extra burden on some one else. St. Paul recognizes the law and says, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." I should like to see that law most systematically applied to all humanity, that no man should have his breakfast or dinner unless he was willing to work with his brain or hand. Every follower of Jesus Christ is a follower of a restless and tireless worker. There is nothing in this world without labor. This old globe of ours would soon be a place absolutely impossible for human habitation apart from man's labor. You are only to leave things alone, according to Mr. Chesterton in talking about the theory which some people have that things tend to grow better; he says, "It is perfectly absurd, they do not, they tend to grow worse; they are always deteriorating: if you leave a white post alone it will not remain a white post." Of course, it won't, it will become something else. Leave your garden alone and see what happens to it! turn to the book of Proverbs and see; it will become the garden of the sluggard. Leave your children alone, do not do anything to them, what will happen to them? they will become "hooligans," animals, a curse to you and to your nation; this old world of ours would work back into a desert inhabited by wild beasts apart from man's labor; you would always be fighting off wild pests and destructive things, and your city would become a fever den and your country a swamp and a wilderness. It is by the toil of men that this marvelous continent of yours has been subdued. A friend of mine, who is a very cute American man of business, has invested his money in a syndicate for reclaiming the desert land, thousands upon thousands of acres of which have been a desert ever since Columbus discovered America. He says it has been proved by a system of irrigation that this erstwhile desert land is the finest productive country in the United States. Perhaps you know where it is! I do not, and I have not any money to invest in it anyhow, but I know what he says to me as a preacher. He said, "If you could see it in the spring-time when it is a blaze of apple blossoms and plum blossoms and pear blossoms you would say that this land that was desolate has become like the garden of Eden." Men planted and irrigated and the desert became as the garden of the Lord. It is by human toil. Do you think that you can carry that into the spiritual realm? You won't leave your garden alone, why leave your soul alone? What will become of your soul if you leave it alone? Leave your body alone and see what becomes of it. "Get a bit of dinner for your soul," is a maxim that used to be written up in a bedroom where I rested and where Dr. F. B. Meyer rested in Bristol, England, sometimes. Do not neglect your soul. I do not think that man so clever who said he left the Lord to take care of his soul while he did

the Lord's work: he was not clever but stupid. The Lord takes care of a man's soul precisely in the same way He takes care of a man's body, by a man's reasonable care of himself. God entrusts man in large measure to his own keeping, and there is nothing without human labor. I could keep you here a long time listening to illustrations, but one or two will suffice. Here is Moses brooding over the mysterious oppression of his people; he is in the desert nursing his sad thoughts and God appears in the bush of fire, and God says, "I have seen the affliction of my people, I know their sorrows, and I am come down to deliver them." How? "Come, now, I will send thee unto Pharoah," and God waits for Moses, and waits and waits for Jeremiah, and there is young Isaiah going to the temple with sad thoughts about the apostasy of his people, and he sees a vision of the Lord on the throne, and the throne is not empty—thank God! the throne is never empty; God rules over all the conflict of the nations—and out of the midst of the mystery there comes this voice, as you know, that has been sounding in the ears of the people ever since, "Whom shall I send, who will go for us?" There has been no freeing of slaves from Moses to John Greenleaf Whittier and William Lloyd Garrison apart from God's co-operation with man and man's co-operation with God. God waits for man. Do let us get rid of the idea of any cheap way of bringing in the kingdom of God! Do, my brother, get rid of the idea of cheap sermons that cost you nothing; they will not help anybody; so with cheap preaching and cheap Sunday-school teaching. God is waiting for enterprise and costly labor. Things that have been done in all the years by God have been done through men. Mark that! "Sit down. young man, sit down," orthodox minister said to William Carey when he was pleading with the church that they should send the gospel to the heathen, "Sit down, when it pleases the Lord to convert the heathen. He can do it without your help." What a mistake! He could not do it without the help of William Carey. Do you know of Stradivarius and his violin? God cannot make violins without Stradivarius. He wants you to be the channel and the medium of His grace and power. How are you in the Christian life tonight? I will tell you how I am in the Christian life,—because of the regenerating influence of the Holy spirit, certainly, and because of the prayers of my mother, and because of the character of my father, and because of my Sunday-school teacher who spared no pains and no labor. I am sometimes haunted with the fear that the old word of the Old Testament may come to me, "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." There

is no sin I know of more branded in the Old Testament and the New—in the twenty-fifth of Matthew and other places, than the sin of doing nothing, the sin of spiritual and moral laziness from which God in His great mercy deliver us! You get the Bible through human effort; you get the best out of it through human effort; you get the church through human effort; and never without it has God done His great work among the sons of men.

In the third place: I am still speaking to Christian workers. The secret of successful labor lies in our keeping these two things, the divine activity and the human activity in their proper relation and proportion. I have emphasized work: let me say this, that it is not work that is the secret of success in any field; it is not work that you can be working at actively, but enlightened work, work in the right relations and conditions; and I go to the natural world again,—remember one God, one law, one element: Planting and irrigating to be successful must be done in accordance with law; you must consult the seasons; you must consult the sun. Let me use this illustration: I used to travel on the continent of Europe; I go to the south of France, I go down the German Rhine, I go into Italy, I see thousands and thousands of acres of vineyard and I see orange groves; I get a new idea of the cultivation of the earth, and I go back full of it to my dear, damp, cold old England—I am now convulsed with anxiety over my dear country, my fatherland, whose peace may God soon send!—I go to my rural kin people who have been farmers for generations in Northhamptonshire, and I say to them, "Leave off the cultivation of the prosaic potato and begin to cultivate the romantic vine; I have a book on vine culture and orange groves," but I have forgotten the climate, I have forgotten the damp days and the early frosts, and my people who are conservative enough in all their instincts, smile at me and say, "If you have money to invest in that foolishness we have not, and at the end of the season there would not be a single bunch of grapes." I must consult the sun. What is the sun? what are the seasons? the law of God, the will of God. Carry that over into the spiritual sphere: you must consult the will of God; it is not labor that succeeds. There are some people who work with their feet, not with the head at all. It is all activity without brains. What is the secret of St. Paul's amazing success? It is not in amazing activity; in the sixteenth of Acts you have it all. There is a man groping; they were forbidden to preach the word in Asia. Paul says, "We were forbidden by the Holy Ghost to preach the word." I think that some people are forbidden to preach if they will only obey the divine voice, and He would forbid some preaching in a certain place; He may forbid my preach-

ing any longer in London and send me to America or send me into some country village into obscurity again. "Well," said Paul, "we are safe to go into Bithynia." No, what is the matter there? "The Spirit suffered us not." There is a man groping for the will of God. He went down to Troas and had a vision from God, and he endeavored to go into Macedonia, far away, "assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them." Mark you, to preach the gospel to them and not to the others which would have been planting vines in Northhamptonshire, which would have been planting orange groves in England. Man, the secret of your failure may be that you won't move at the bidding of God. Paul was not only led by the Spirit to the place, but he studied the soil when he got there, which is always what a wise farmer does. He had enough strong meat but he was not going to give them spiritual indigestion. He said "I have fed you with milk, not with meat," as an old teacher of mine said to me, giving me advice, "Always preach to the people who are there, not to the people whom you wish were there, philosophers and theologians; preach to the fishermen if they are there, and to the agricultural laborers if they are there; and the domestic servants if they are there." "I have fed you with milk, not with meat." "As a wise master-builder I lay the foundations, let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon." Do you not think that there is a good deal of jangling in Christian work? Do you not think that there are some people whose activity is very mischievous indeed? Who has not been on a church committee where you said, "If one man would be taken ill for a month we would get on with the business?" Do you not think that there are some people who go the wrong-headed way to work with the children and scare them away from religion? Do you not think sometimes that we would do well to retire from the field and give God a chance to work? Remember that parable I quoted at the beginning: There is a time to speak and there is a time to be silent and let God work. There is a law governing spiritual operations as surely as natural.

Finally, what do you get in this work? What you get is partnership, which is the secret of all successful Christian work—partnership between God and me! I am the under-worker, He the over-worker. The first thing I have to do is not to go and do something for Jesus without consulting His will but to yield up my powers to Him and sit at His feet and work under His direction and cry always, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Horace Bushnell says, "God has a place for every man in His economy as surely as for every river and every mountain and every grain of sand," and he might have said far more truly than of river, sun or star, "I am God's child

and God has a place for me." My first work is to give myself up to the will of God. What was said to a deputation that waited on our Lord and asked, "What shall we do that we may work the works of God?" And the reply of Jesus is, "The works of God are singular and not plural to begin with, and this is the work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent. I am to give myself to Christ. I have to say, Lord speak to me! Lord make me the channel of Thy grace! Lord take my hand and guide me and take my lips and use me! My work must be a response, a co-operation, consecration and co-operation to the will and claim and love of God. I must never get before God and never lag behind God, but bring my life into the line of His will and my operations, such as they are, must always be the operations of obedience. "Lo, I come to do thy will." Do you not think your usefulness has been hindered by your sell-will and your self-sufficiency? It is not your work but your obedience, your consecration that is the secret of success.

O my friends! there is nothing wrong with the gospel of Jesus Christ: there is something wrong with His people who profess to believe and who try to preach it. What is wanted today is the whole church bringing up its activities into subjection to the will of God, yielding all its powers to His holy service, sowing the seed under His direction where He would have us. Let that be done everywhere by all the members of the church and the moral wilderness and desert shall become the garden of the Lord. Do you plant and irrigate under the divine conviction that God will never fail to give the mighty increase!

The Two-Fold Witness

John 15: 26-27.

By REV. CHARLES BROWN, D. D.

One of the most terrible indictments ever drawn against humanity is contained in verse 24. It is all the more terrible because it is the word of infinite love, and not of vindictive resentment. It was the fulfillment of the prophetic vision, "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." It must never be forgotten that our Lord went to the sorrow of Gethsemane and the shame of the cross conscious of the bitter hatred of the men whose sins He bore; that it was their sin of hatred that nailed His quivering flesh to the cross, and their curses that broke His heart. They were filled with diabolical glee at the thought that they had banished such a life as His from the earth, and had done with Him forever. You recall Tennyson's saying, "We needs must love the highest when we see it," and you put it beside this, "Now have they both seen and hated both me and my Father," and you know sadly that Tennyson's optimistic statement is not universally true of human nature. Men can see the highest and fail to be moved by it, and they can see the highest and be roused by the right to a perfect fury of hatred.

You are compelled on the strength of these awful words to face up to the fact that His appeal to men had failed for the time, and our Lord knew it had failed. Instead of creating love and trust and adoration, the Holy and Beautiful life had created bitter resentment and hatred in the breasts of men.

The very significant thing is that with this clear knowledge **He does not despair of men.** He who is put to death by the world does not abandon it, nor does He propose to visit it with fiery judgment. This blind and evil world He deliberately proposes to win. If this appeal had failed, the infinite resources of God are not exhausted. He knows that His death is not the end, either of Him or of His cause. It is in a very true sense the beginning. So we get our text, and it begins with the significant little word that means

so much—**'But.'** "They hated me without a cause." **But**, there is something else. **He** is not up against a dead wall, nor does He face a blank and hopeless future. The hostile world is to be won, and you see on what He is relying. The influences that are to work on the heart of the world, viz., **The Holy Spirit and the Church;** on this His heart is resting as He faces the cross. "The Comforter is coming to do His work, and you are going to do yours." The Comforter which is the spirit of Truth, **and ye also.**" The ministry of the Spirit and the church is to be the same, viz., that of **bearing witness.** Think first of the ministry of the spirit. Now I can quite understand a person situated as He was misunderstood and maligned, slandered and hated, killed—comforting himself by saying, "Time will vindicate my memory and my character.' When the mists of prejudice have cleared away, people will see. I believe many a Reformer works on in the teeth of prejudice and misunderstanding, believing that the future will reveal his motive and character to have been pure and worthy. I believe we think that when a man is cut off prematurely, even when his end is hastened by the unworthiness of people, his influence will still work, and what we call his spirit will still live on in the lives of those whom he had tried to influence. Some are prepared a little by habit of thought for the far greater thing which He says here, "The spirit of Truth who is the very spirit of God, will come," which really is His own coming again, not in the flesh but in the spirit. Now note the name given to the Holy Spirit, a name given only by St. John, and which means literally one called to believe you, the Paraclete. The same word which is used in I John, second chapter, and there translated '**Advocate,**' which is the rendering of the word given by Dr. Weymouth in his New Testament, and the same idea that Burney has in his great hymn, 'A Holy Spirit's energies, an Advocate with God,'—that is, some one to plead our cause. Probably it is the best word on the whole that can be used, for Parakletos, only let it be carefully noted that the meaning of the text evidently is not that of one who is our advocate with God, but is rather Christ's advocate with men. It is not the cause of man to be pleaded with God that is brought forward here, but the cause of Christ with men. He is coming "to bear witness of one." The same thing surely is meant in the next chapter when our Lord says, 'He when He is come shall convince the world of sin,' and that, "because they believe not on me." Surely its primary meaning is that the blind and wicked world will be convinced of its wickedness in rejecting Christ and putting Him to death, as indeed men were convinced at Pentecost, under the power of Peter's

sermon, which was preached under the direct inspiration and illumination of the Holy Spirit.

One would not question the need that man's cause should be pleaded with God; but surely we may insist upon the far greater need that God's cause should be pleaded with men. In the estrangement between God and man it is man who is the reluctant party, and not God. It is man who needs to be persuaded, and the Holy Spirit is the Advocate of Christ. One of the great sayings of Christ concerning the Spirit's ministry to the church is, "He shall take of mine and shew it unto you:" "He shall glorify me:" and there in the first place according to our text lay the hope of Christ for the world. The visible presence of God the Son had failed to move and win men. The visible presence and working of God the Holy Spirit would come and abide in the world, working upon the heart and conscience and will of men. And, my friend, I cannot doubt that that presence and power are in the world today. I am as sure of that as of anything. The attractiveness of the life of Christ to men, the appeal to the heart of men of the life and death of sacrifice, the drawing of the heart of men towards Christ, the feeling that He presents the highest type and example of goodness that we know, and that we ought to strive to follow Him, and strive to imitate Him, that is the work of the Spirit in the soul of man. It is the proof, and we ought not to need a stronger, that God is with us:—that there is a silent but certain worker operating in the heart and conscience,—a still small voice speaking—by death, by the conversion of a friend, in the storms and the sunshine of life, and calling to us to be reconciled to God.

There is a deep saying of St. Paul in his Galatian Epistle, "God hath sent forth," he says, 'the spirit of His Son into our hearts, crying, "Abba Father." It is a longing for God which that cry reveals and expresses—the God whom Christ reveals.

Of course it is true, as true as anything can be, that men can resist the witness of the Spirit, as truly as they could resist, and did resist, the witness of the Son. Our eyes can be blinded by passion and by self-interest, and by the flashing and dazzling pleasures of the world; and by self-indulgence we can drown and silence the voice of God in the soul. We can have the uncomfortable feeling that a thing is true and refuse to face up to it, because of what would be involved in an admission. The Spirit of God may be knocking at our door with the message that a certain cause that we are pursuing is wrong, morally wrong, and indefensible; and that we ought not to persist in it, but to acknowledge the wrong as the people

did at Pentecost would involve us in enormous sacrifice; and we may refuse to receive the message of the Spirit, make the confession, or to turn from our way. It is always the mark of a little mind and not of a great mind to refuse to acknowledge a mistake or to admit a wrong.

The Spirit of God may be urging some of us to a complete acceptance of Christ, which we have never made, or to some difficult duty, or task which we know in our hearts is in accordance with the mind of Christ. And now let us mark this, whenever there is a conviction that a wrong should be acknowledged and forsaken, or that a duty should be attempted, it makes for the soul's cleansing and health to carry out the conviction; and it makes for the soul's disease and destruction, its blindness and death, to refuse. The one is surely the way of life, and equally surely the other is the way of death. I don't doubt that in scriptural phraseology we can grieve and quench, an even sin against the Holy Ghost; and the effectual way of doing any or all of them, seems to me to be to refuse the light, to decline to admit and entertain the Spirit of truth: for truth is light and life, and falsehood is darkness and death, everywhere and always.

And now I turn to the second and complementary method on which our Lord rests His hope of winning the world, viz., the witness of His people. You are all quite familiar with the frequency with which this idea occurs in the post-resurrection life of our Lord. Among His last recorded words in Acts, "Ye shall be my witnesses." His last words in Matthew, "Go and make disciples," (which speaks of the result rather than the method.) In Luke, "Ye are witnesses of these things." Among the last words of this fourth Gospel are these: "This is the disciple that beareth witness of these things." At Pentecost, Peter declares, "We are witnesses. All we are witnesses." And in Acts 5: 32, "We are witnesses of these things, or sayings;" and so of the Holy Spirit. Then, "With great power gave the apostles witness," etc. In these quotations which might easily be added to, we have the expressed purpose of Christ, and its expressed acceptance by His apostles. And we are surely perfectly right in saying that the purpose still remains, and will remain forever, as long as there are any disciples, and any experience of Christ, and any who are not won to discipleship

I mean this, that Christ relies upon His people to make Him known, and that it is their business. I am afraid it is a neglected, and even a forgotten vocation. There needs to be written in letters of gold on the portals of every Christian church this purpose of

Christ for His disciples,“ Ye shall be witnesses unto me.” It is our Lord's ordained method of promoting His cause in the world. It ought not to sound unreasonable that men should be expected to say what they know. That is what it means. A witness bearer is one who tells what he has seen and felt, not what he ought to have seen, or what somebody else has seen. He is not expected to propound theories, but to deal with facts and experiences. It ought to be the most reasonable thing in the world, my brethren, that Christian people should bear witness **to one another**, of what Christ has been to them, and what help they have found in prayer; and this is what used to be done in the experience meetings of a former time. It ought also to be the most reasonable thing in the world, that in fitting times and places, which the Spirit will show to the obedient heart, Christian pople should testify of Christ to those who are not Christians. I do not think it can be denied that there has been a growing silence during the last few years on the part of Christian people concerning Christ. I know all that can be said about respecting the liberty of the individual on the one hand, and about giving that which is holy to the dogs on the other; and when we have made all allowance for that, one feels that there is something wrong about the complete silence into which we Christian people have drifted. The world is the aggressive force; the world of commerce and of pleasure. It thrusts its circulars and handbills upon your acceptance, and flaunts its pictures at every turn and in every life and station. It is not in the least squamish, nor are its votaries, in commending its wares. One sometimes wonders whether our silence and timidity are largely due to our uncertainty, our lack of experience, or the fact that we have nothing to testify.

It seems to me at least that if a man knew Christ intimately, and if he were all that he ought to be, i. e., if the man believed in Him, and loved Him, he would scarcely be able to dissemble the fact, to keep it a dark secret, to maintain a complete and persistent silence on the subject. People sometimes express a fear of being hypocrites, of pretending to be religious when they are not. Of cant they are terribly afraid. But we might equally be afraid of pretending that we are not Christians when we are,—of feigning indifference, of pretending that we have no particular connection with Christ, when in our hearts we are His sworn disciples. That is a very bad kind of hypocrisy, of which we should be heartily ashamed.

See the exact reading of the text: “Ye also shall bear witness **because ye have been with me.**” How reasonable that sounds. The very purpose of their being with Him was, not that they might

enjoy His fellowship, but that they might bear witness of what they had found Him to be, and therefore what He could be.

"Ye bear witness because ye have been with me from the beginning." The beginning of what? Surely of discipleship, and that was His purpose too. We read in Mark's Gospel, "He choose twelve that they might be with Him." That was the first thing that they might see, learn and know, and then go and declare. May I urge upon you, my beloved friends, that this is the prime purpose of Christ today? And may I further suggest to you that this may be the weak point, and the point that we are overlooking, and the point at which this word joins on to the first part of this chapter, viz., the allegory of the Vine and the Branches, viz., that Christ chooses disciples that they may be with Him, and with Him from the beginning? That is the first thing and the first great necessity. Not that they may work or speak for Him first, but that they may be with Him, and so have something to speak about. I think if people have actually been with Jesus there are many who will be willing, and even eager to hear what they have to say. People are very sick of theory, but they have a passion for reality.

Do you not think if we confessed the truth we would have to say that we have not been with Christ of late? Of course we cannot be with Him as these men were, touching His hand, listening to the actual sound of His voice, looking into His eyes. But then neither could St. Paul, but yet you cannot deny that he was with Him in intimate and holy communion, by day and by night; that he spoke to Jesus, and Jesus Christ spoke to him, and he was ever shewing what he had seen. Have we done that? Have we sought after, and welcomed eagerly the thought of Christ, and dwelt lovingly in His words, and had these words abiding in us? We have communion with every other thought but the thought of Christ, and we have allowed the thought of other things to crowd out he thought of Him. Well, the first thing we have to do is to return to Him, and fight down resolutely every thought that would prevent our access to Him, and would make communion with Him impossible.

But there are so many of us who know something of Christ at first hand. He has comforted our sorrows, and sustained us in trial, and broken for us the power of some sinful habit. Something we have seen of the glory of His face. It is time our silence was broken, that we bore our witness, and told some one of what Christ has been, and is, and can be.

"Christian tell it to thy brother,
From life's dawning to the end.
Every hand can clasp another,
And the loneliest bring a friend."

What is now the kingdom of Christ is to be extended. The spirit and the Bride say come. Not to the Lord, if I may hazard my humble judgment, but to men. The Spirit is always saying come in the heart of men. The Bride, who is the church, is to cry out the invitation to the uttermost, and let him that heareth say come. Hearing there means listening, and the injunction means, let him pass the call on.

There is the business of the believer. He shares the very life of Christ, as the branch shares the life of the vine. He is to manifest that life, and that life is always a passion for saving the lost, a shepherd longing to bring back that which has strayed. I believe this is to be in large part the fruit which the disciple is to bear; what we sometimes call the fruit of the passion of our Lord. That is at the heart of one of the great verses of this chapter, "Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit. What fruit? Surely in great part witnessing for Christ, manifesting Him in His compassion and His passion forever, and crying with that great servant of His in whom this passion glowed at white heat, "We are ambassadors on behalf of Christ as though God were beside and by us. We pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God."

Paul Before Agrippa

By REV. CHARLES BROWN, D. D.

I speak tonight from the book of Acts, 26:19: "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." That I may call the vital part of the Apostle Paul's account of the amazing change that passed over his life, not only making the profoundest impression upon him, and making a profound impression upon the church but a profound and an ineffaceable impression upon the whole course of history. This is the account which he gives in that magnificent Hall of Hearing in Cæsarea. He has been detained there in captivity for two years: so far as we know and so far as we are concerned they are absolutely silent years, we know of nothing he did and of nothing he wrote; they appear to have been years of enforced inaction against which his eager spirit must have chafed and fretted, longing to be at work. His detention was due to two successive Roman procurators of Cæsarea, the first of them an utterly bad man who was steeped to the lips in crime. Paul had been given into his charge, and he, representative as he was supposed to be of the immaculate and inflexible justice of Rome, had kept his prisoner in the hope that a bribe would be offered sufficiently large to induce him to let him go, and the bribe not coming he was left in bonds, and handed over to the successor, Festus, an altogether honest man but a pure pagan, and he summoned his prisoner and discovered after the most cursory examination that there was nothing wrong about him, that all the cause of Paul's detention seemed to center in a person named Jesus, and that was the cause of a bitter controversy between him and his countrymen, a person called Jesus who was dead and who Paul affirmed was alive, and it did not matter to Festus whether Jesus was dead or alive; he was one of those who came in contact with the Christian faith early in its history and in it saw nothing but a Jewish superstition. If anybody had told Festus, the Roman procurator of Judea, that this Christian faith was going to shake the mighty empire of Rome and convert its great empire, he would have laughed in his face. He saw nothing in it but a miserable superstition: the great puzzle with him was how out

of it to formulate a charge sufficiently large to forward to Rome to the emperor to whom this prisoner on the strength of his Roman citizenship had appealed, and to his great relief Herod Agrippa appeared on the scene,—a Jew, a vassal prince of the Roman Empire, occupying much the same position to the empire of Rome as one of the princes of India perhaps sustains to King George on the other side. Agrippa understood the superstition, and he handed the matter over to him, and Agrippa said he would hear this strange countryman of his, and so the great occasion came, one of the greatest in Paul's life, and for the second time, in this magnificent Hall of Hearing down the coast yonder, in the presence of Festus and Agrippa and Bernice and of the notables of the city and the chief captains, and just a sprinkling, perhaps, of two or three Christian believers, Paul was invited to give an account of the intimate spiritual experience that had revolutionized his life, to give an account of himself, and I wonder how he could do it in such company. It is very easy to speak to some audiences; it is particularly easy to speak here for after this choir has sung there is an atmosphere the speaker can swim in and plenty of liberty. Sometimes a speaker can speak in a combative audience, the desire to overcome false prejudice will spur him on: the difficulty is to speak to a supercilious audience, skeptical, with nothing to lay hold of; and that was the audience Paul was asked to speak to. Do you know how he did it? He did it because he was conscious, as every speaker for God needs to be, of the presence of the unseen auditor just behind him, beside him and for him and in the presence of Whom he always spoke and to Whom he owed everything; and he gave this great speech, as I call it, in the twenty-sixth chapter of Acts.

He begins by paying the King a compliment, for he always wants to conciliate people. I do not know whether the King would appreciate it, but Paul was more scorned than any human being, perhaps, and he first expressed gratification that he is to speak before a countryman of his own who will understand his allusions, and especially his allusion to the Messianic hope that had been throbbing in the heart of the twelve tribes for generations, and he tells the king that it is in pursuance of this hope that he first of all became a more bitter opponent of Jesus of Nazareth than any one of those men who were persecuting him now, and he tells the astonished King that it is in pursuance of this Messianic hope that he swung over from being the bitter enemy of Jesus to being His most ardent advocate, transferring everything from that side to this as the water-shed of his life. The pivotal experience on which everything turned, the secret of this great revolution that had turned

his life inside out, was in my text, the heavenly vision, that is all. "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Now let me ask you to exercise your imaginations, and if you can to put yourselves in that audience of unbelievers mostly—perhaps Luke was there and two or three Christians—and ask yourselves this question, What impression would be made on that audience by this statement, that on the strength of a vision a man who had the control of his future gave up everything that men consider of worth, threw it over, accepting a life of poverty and scorn and toil and suffering for the sake of a vision? How do you think the people would feel who heard that statement? I venture to say that Festus voices the consensus of opinion; he said, "We have a madman here, we have a man who has been brooding over religious matters until he is a 'little off,' his brain is turned; he has brooded over these matters until he has gone over the line of complete sanity, and he is living in a world of dreams and phantasms." I venture to say that the majority of those people who listened to Paul would think exactly with Festus.

The remarkable thing is that a considerable body of the learned opinion of the present day exactly coincides with that oponion of Festus. I have a book on my shelves at home that gives the name of the peculiar madness that afflicted St. Paul, they had given a name to it; and the theory that some of us are asked to believe by a certain school of critics is that what happened to Paul on the way to Damascus was sun-stroke, that everything is to be accounted for on that physical basis. Think of that for a moment! Think what you are asked to believe, that the regal reasoning of the Roman letter, an intellectual master-piece, came out of a sun-stroke, that the immortal song on love in First Corinthians, chapter 13, came out of a sun-stroke, that the churches in Cornth and Colosse and Ephesus and Thessalonica and Philippi and in the province of Galatia, with their thousands of changed lives, came out of a sun-stroke, that the course of history was altered, and it all came from a man whose mental balance was disturbed by the heat, that foul lives were made clean and false men were made true and the face of men's lives was altered completely! Blessed sun-stroke! God send us more of them! Thus stop war, stop greed, stop sweating, stop corners! Why, it is absurd, perfectly ridculous! There are some men for whom spiritual phenomena seemingly do not exist, the spiritual world is non-existent for them. "The natural man cannot see the things of the spirit, they are spiritually discerned." It does not trouble me a bit when I am told, "Do you not see that there are three accounts of St. Paul's conversion in the Acts of the Apos-

tles, and they differ; in one account which he gives there is mentioned the name of Ananias and in another account no Ananias: do you not think that the account grew by telling?" That is the sort of questions which people ask. How shallow such a criticism is! I am speaking in this way because I may help some people who get into intellectual difficulties.

Suppose I tell my conversion over three times, I may tell it differently each time. Why should I not tell it to you? In 1870 in a great meeting in the city of Birmingham, England, where eighteen thousand persons were present, after a struggle of five nights, while D. L. Moody was speaking, I gave my life to Christ. If I were telling that story to a company of evangelists I should mention the name of Mr. Moody and should uphold the worth of evangelism. If I were telling it to a company of Sabbath-school teachers I might not mention Mr. Moody at all; I would speak of my Sabbath-school teacher in Northamptonshire who every week for two years wrote me a letter, and one that very morning, urging me to give my life to Christ, and I would attribute it very likely to my Sabbath-school teacher's influence. If I were talking to parents I should tell them that my mother every day of my life, so far as my memory goes, prayed for me by name, and prayed that above all things I might be bound up in the bundle of life and be a member of the household of faith. Did you ever tell anybody everything that happened to you in a great spiritual crisis if you had one? I venture to say that there are things which you cannot tell people. I venture to say that the Apostle Paul never told anybody all that happened to him on the way to Damascus and while he staid in Damascus for seventy-two hours, fasting, dazed, blind, the whole mosaic and plan of his life being broken up and to go on a new pattern: I venture to say that he knew far better what happened to him than modern critics do, and you had far better consult him if you want to know exactly what happened. He says he saw Jesus and heard Him,—a heavenly vision. Mark you, he never lost it. Now, the question is what would you think if St. Paul instead of being two thousand years away—nearly nineteen hundred—lived next door to you, what would you think of a man now who could talk of nothing but Jesus Christ and man's relation to Him, and whatever subject you started before you have got off a dozen sentences he doubles back to Jesus Christ, and he accosts every man he meets and wants to know his relation to Jesus Christ? He relates everything to Him. Many people on my side of the water would think he was a little bit off; they would say He is a fanatic: if they saw him in the railroad station they would get into another compartment, they would not want to be bothered with him. On my side of the water doctors say that the only thing

you must not think constantly about is religion. You can think about sport, or talk business or politics, and no one will say that you are beside yourself. Suppose this person who can talk of nothing but Jesus Christ meets you some morning with a shining face and tells you that he has had a vision and on the strength of it he is going to give up a brilliant career at one of the universities or a magnificent position in commerce and is going to do street preaching, you would think him a visionary. Every one thinks it was perfectly right for people to have visions in Old Testament times, it is the vision of today that is suspected. I think you may legitimately suspect some visions, but I want you to believe that a man may have a heavenly vision today. The people in the Old Testament times believed in the visions of the Old Testament times. I want you to believe that a heavenly vision can come to you in Winona; believe that Jesus Christ is as near to you as He was to this brilliant young rabbi who was going to Damascus to arrest His followers: believe that He can speak to you, do not doubt it, and that He can open up to you a new way of life. Believe in the heavenly vision.

I ask you to think of the effect of this vision on St. Paul. Of course you know it revolutionized his life, that it led him to make a sacrifice of which Nicodemus and the young ruler and others were incapable or to which they were unequal. The effect of this vision on St. Paul was this, that all his magnificent qualities, his natural abilities, were taken over from one side to the other; they were not quenched or destroyed. Let me insist with all my strength that the Lord Jesus wants intense natures in His service, that when He leads you by the wayside of life it is not to rob you of half the faculties with which God has endowed you. If you have humor, do not think that the Lord Jesus wants to destroy it, we need it badly in the church, a little dash of it in the Sabbath-school teaching would not be the least out of place. I do not object to sanctified humor in the pulpit. Let it play on the sad places in life! People weep less if there be a little holy laughter. I can detect humor in the teaching of Jesus our Lord; I can see it playing about the teaching of the Apostle Paul. You dear young people, you have not to give up laughter. Do not crush that faculty but consecrate it. Is there somebody here with a quarrelsome disposition? it is much needed; all you have to do is to quarrel with the right thing. If you have any dynamite in your possession, there are plenty of strongholds to be blown to pieces. Have you persuasive power, like the book agent who makes me buy a book I do not want, that faculty should be enlisted in the service of Jesus Christ. Have you singing or dramatic power? that is not to be destroyed but consecrated; it is all wanted

in the holy service of Jesus Christ. Charles Kingsley says that he went into the hills and he laughed because God's goodness was so real to him. Do get rid of the idea that the religion of Jesus Christ simply means thou shalt not and thou shalt not and thou shalt not until you have nothing left: it is not a fire quencher, it is a fire kindler; it is not a device to keep troublesome people out of mischief, it is to take the mischievous person and consecrate him.

Do not think that it is total abstinence that makes the religion of Jesus Christ, it is something positive. Here is a man who says to me, "I do not swear and I do not drink, I do not go to the theater and I do not play cards and I do not dance"—and I say, What on earth do you do? you may fail to do all these things and not be a Christian. Jesus Christ does not want a blank negation; He wants your faculties, to turn them in the right direction and cleanse them, to transfigure and glorify and take all the coarse elements out, and He wants intense natures in His service. There is such a vast amount of enthusiasm running to waste in the world, and the proper place for enthusiasm is the service of Jesus Christ and His holy church. We have a number of people on my side who are mortally afraid of enthusiasm in religion and not afraid of it in anything else. I have a man in my congregation who has been there twenty years. I once gave him a bit of work to do and he spoiled it and he never had another. When we were getting up some work for the quickening of the church and the getting in of outsiders, he said, "You must excuse me, I do not care for your meetings; I do not want a place in this; you know that I am not one of these extreme men; my motto is "Let your moderation be known to all men." St. Paul never said that—look at your revised version—he never said that; he is a very unhappy example of moderation: he draws the portrait of himself in this chapter before his conversion; he says, "I was exceedingly mad against them." Listen to Festus! "Paul, you are mad." Precisely the same man! He frightened the Christians before his conversion and he frightened them nearly as much after: the cautious Christians were alarmed out of their wits, they never knew what he was going to do next. He would have been a curious man in some of our churches if they were not red hot. He had moderation in some things. You could dangle any amount of money-bags before him and you could not touch him unless you wanted to give to the poor saints in Jerusalem; you could not tempt him with the mention of ease nor of reward, but mention Jesus Christ and His love for Paul, His grace to Paul, His forgiveness of Paul, and His trust committed to Paul's hands, and all the latent fire blazed up unto the last grain of his strength and the last drop of his blood. He was willing to

spend and to be spent in the service of Christ; and he never said, "Let your moderation be known to all men." I said to my friend, "You engaged a clerk last night, did you give him that advice, do not overdo it; let your moderation be known to all men?" What St. Paul said was, "Let your forbearance be known to all men." I do not know any man who is overdoing it in the spiritual life. If you have come to theological disputation and ecclesiastical controversy, I would say at once, "Let your moderation be known to all men," but if you come to a passion for holiness and a passion for the conversion of the world, I do not know a single man in any church who needs to be toned down. I know many who need to be stirred up. On my side of the water we have a danger that the thing that is loathed in the New Testament is the thing that is admired in the church today; do you know what that is? Laodiceanism, neither cold nor hot. You do not want a cold man, you do not want an iceberg. Do you want a really blazing hot man? He would keep you very uncomfortable. They like a medium man, neither cold nor hot, who is a comfortable man to live with, who lets other people run their own business; that is not St. Paul; if you want a diluted milk and water kind of religion do not go to him, he is not the man; he will go to any lengths for Christ's sake, he will become a fool for Christ's sake. He was called mad and our Lord was called mad. "Because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot I will spew thee out of my mouth." What I am after is this, that intense natures are needed today more than ever in the service of our Lord, that every faculty with which He has endowed you is needed in His holy service.

What use did he make of this vision? This is the most important lesson of all. He always proceeded on the asumption that what had happened to him on the way to Damascus might under changed circumstances happen to anybody else. He always looked at every man he met as a possible disciple of Jesus Christ, it did not matter who he was, and the Bible bears me out in that; he might be Onesimus, the runaway slave, who had come away from Philemon in Colosse in whose house Paul had sat; he might be the Roman soldier to whom he was chained in captivity; he might be Felix, the procurator or anybody,—Paul saw in every man a possible disciple and servant of his Master, and he thought that what had happened to him might happen to that man, and so he spoke to everybody about Jesus Christ. But we are dropping it; we believe so much in the liberty of the individual now we are in danger of forgetting the crown rights of our Lord and His vital relation to every man. You all have heard of Hugh Price Hughes, that man on my side who wore out a magnificent nature in his passion for Christ. He was years ago a Methodist minister in Oxford. There was a don walking along one day with his robe flying

in the wind, and Hugh Price Hughes said to him, "Excuse me, what is your relation to Jesus Christ?" Was that not brave? Have you heard of the Salvation Army lass who asked a gentleman, "Are you saved?" and he said, "I am a theological professor," and she said, "Oh, don't let that stand in the way!" Hugh Price Hughes accosted the don in the city of Oxford, this impudent young minister, and the man asked him home to his room and told him that he was the first man who had ventured to put such a question to him in years, and the daughter of Hugh Price Hughes says that question was really the means of leading that scholar into the Christian life. Paul saw in every one he met a possible disciple of Jesus. Two years before in this very hall he confronted Felix and Drusilla, steeped to the lips in infamous crime as I have said, and he so pleaded with those two that the man was frightened as he reasoned of righteousness and temperance and judgment; and now he pleaded with Herod Agrippa, the last of the Herods. I think that I can see the light of hope begin to shine in his eyes as he reasons with this man on the basis of the old prophets and pleads with him, with almost special pleading, that everything that is in the Christian faith is in germ in the Jewish religion, and pleads with him with the hope if he only had a vision that he might become a disciple of Jesus. Why, no other living soul would have had a glimpse of hope in that direction; he would have been called a madman for cherishing such a hope, the sacrifice was so tremendous and the prejudice so invulnerable, but mark you this, here was a man who had made the sacrifice and here is a man whose prejudice had been pierced. My dear brother, if the Lord has only done a little thing for you you will doubt that He can do a great thing for anybody, but if He has done a great thing for you you will believe that He can do an equally great thing for somebody else; and He had done the great thing for Paul, so great a thing that all idea of sacrifice was swallowed up, and he thought, "It may be possible to win the King to the side of Christ," and he failed. Agrippa was one of Paul's many failures. Mind you, he did not blame himself nor did he blame the gospel when he failed in that way, he blamed the man,—"If our gospel is his it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not." He did not say, "It is no good preaching or telling the story of my conversion," but he went to the next man and pleaded with him as though he had succeeded with the last man.

I do not think myself that Agrippa was almost persuaded; I think if he had been he would not have confessed it in that open court. I have had to give up a text which I preached from before the revised version came out: I think it is right now. I think

Agrippa's word to Paul is the word of a superior person in his own estimation to an inferior, "You fanatic!" and that he is looking down at him and saying to him, "If you think with a little argument that you are going to make me, the king, a Christian, a dog of a Christian, a contemptible Christian!" — you can not imagine the scorn with which the word Christian was spoken by Roman and Jewish lips at that time—"If you think with a little argument you are going to make me a Christian, you had better reserve your strength for some more hopeful subject." Whatever you may think about that, you know perfectly well that Paul's appeal to Agrippa failed, and what you have in this chapter is two men facing each other, one of whom has been obedient to the heavenly vision whenever it has come to him, and if he had not been obedient to it he would have soon lost faith in it,—mark that; that is absolutely true. And the other man, the vision troubles him for a moment, it knocks at his door, he just looks at it and he is frightened and he dismisses it as a wild and impossible dream; and what happened that day is happening today and every day: the living Christ appeals to men as truly as He appealed to that brilliant young rabbi and to that Jewish prince; and the vision has come to you during these days at Winona Lake. What is the vision? the vision of an absolutely clean life in Christ, the vision of a life that bears fruit for Christ, the vision of a wholly devoted life, but, mind you! with the vision there comes into mind obstacles: you have got to break with your past and strike out on a new career; the vision comes to you and it always means sacrifice; and, my friends, these are great hours in your life and mine, these are crucial hours in which God speaks to us, and the vision splendid comes to us and the way of life is lighted up for us; and the man who is obedient to the vision—you have it now, you see where you ought to go, you know where you ought to go—and the man who is obedient saves his soul and is made immortal; and the man who dismisses the vision because of the difficulties and the cross loses his soul. I can pray for nothing better for myself and for you in this quiet place, in this beautiful spot, with everything about us pushing into spiritual life, than that to every vision that comes to us from God we may be made obedient to the saving and to the fructifying of our lives and the immortalizing of our influence in the service and cause of Christ and of His holy kingdom.

The Faithful Saying

By REV. CHARLES BROWN, D. D.

The text is First Timothy 1: 15: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." There are two great statements in that verse: the first may be called the heart of the gospel, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,"—what Tennyson called "Old news, new news, good news"; the other statement may be called the heart of the man who preached the gospel, "I am the chief of the sinners whom Christ came to save." I ask you to consider carefully tonight these two statements. I think perhaps that the statement which makes the deeper impression upon us for the time being is the least important of the two, I mean the self-estimate of St. Paul. The sting of the verse is in its tail for some of us, "I am the chief of sinners." It is always a puzzle to know why St. Paul came to write himself down in these opprobrious terms. People have said, "The word chief does not quite mean chief." You may be certain it does. He was a brave soldier of Jesus Christ and his life was given up to His service. I think that some explanation is found in the fact that this is in a letter to a person, it is not found in a letter to a church, and he is unbosoming himself. There is nothing more precious than Christian friendship; it is next to the friendship of Christ. If you have such a close friend you will tell him when you are on the crest of the wave and when you are in the valley. St. Paul writing to Timothy says, "I am the chief of sinners;" in his next letter to Timothy he says, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith.' You may be sure that he was absolutely sincere when he wrote this, just as sincere as when he wrote concerning the other apostles, "I have labored more abundantly than all of them." Remember, he is not here comparing himself with other people; he never did that: it is a very bad habit indeed; you can easily get a certain amount of virtue by comparing yourself with other people: if you want to get virtue that way you know perfectly well which neighbor to choose.

Paul is face to face with the moral perfection of Jesus Christ.

Paul realized that men differ in their antecedents, training, opportunities and privileges. There are some men here who ought to be far better than their neighbors. What is your Christian ancestry worth? What is it worth to have been brought up in a clean moral atmosphere? In the judgment of God the man without these things may be more beautiful than the other. Only God knows your moral history, your privileges and opportunities. I read between the lines when I read St. Paul; he is a dear master of mine; next to Jesus Christ I sit at his feet. He is the greatest gift of the Lord Jesus Christ to the church. I can see his will rising up within him and struggling for the mastery with the will of God. I find him battling with his passions, saying, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man"—why, that is where I am. Then I find him saying, "But I find a different law in my members working against the law of my mind, that when I would do good evil is present with me." I believe that there were times when this man's flesh cried out in remonstrance against his eager spirit and wanted rest and ease and honor, and he had to say, "I buffet my body and bring it into subjection lest by any means, after having preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." I believe there were times when he felt that if he had the antecedents and upbringing of those poor ex-heathen in Corinth, along with his own imperious spirit, he would have been a worse man than they were.

It is an invariable principle that the nearer a man gets to the moral perfection of Jesus Christ the more conscious he becomes of his own moral defects. If you will study the lives of the great saints, Francis of Assisi, St. Theresa, John Bunyan and William Carey, you will find as they grew like unto Jesus Christ they became more keenly sensitive to their own defects. The disciples of St. Francis of Assisi in his last day suspected him of affectation, so wonderful was his humility. William Carey, the pioneer of modern missions, is dying at Singapore after his unique life spent without stint in the service of Jesus Christ in that great empire of India, and the people in his room are singing his praises, and he is impatient, and he arouses himself in this hour which the Scotch people call "the honest hour," when people do not make believe, and he says, "Do not talk of Dr. Carey, but speak of Dr. Carey's Savior, and write upon my tombstone this:

> 'A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
> On thy kind arms I fall.'"

There it is on his tombstone in Singapore today. If a man stands up here and tells you that he has attained to holiness, don't

you believe him, he is a poor exhibition of holiness. The law stated is invariable and utterly reasonable. Here is a man with a robe and from neck to heel it is covered with stains: here is a woman with a white robe from neck to heel, and there is one black spot on it, and that one black spot will trouble her far more than a thousand spots on the other robe. It is the last lingering remnants of the old man of sin that trouble the saint as he sees the gulf that still exists between himself and the perfection of Jesus Christ, his Lord. I wonder if anybody here ever feels as Paul felt when he wrote this word! I wonder if my fellow ministers have ever felt as I have felt, that I am not fit to go into the pulpit, that I am not fit to go to the Sunday school class, that I am not fit to go to the holy communion, my heart is foul and sinful. St. Paul, I believe, felt that, but he never proposed that he should leave off preaching, he never proposed that he should withdraw from the church. The more he thought of his own imperfection the more he saw of the grace of Christ Who forgave and trusted him and allowed him the privilege and honor of teaching His word; he says, "It is for just such a person as I am that Jesus Christ came." I have wished that I could go and preach the gospel to people who had never heard it before. We have been lulled to sleep almost by the music of the gospel—some of us—we have heard it from our childhood, it has grown so familiar that all the wonder has gone out of it. Listen to a statement like this: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners"—that does not stir you; you say, "Have you not something better than that to come three thousand miles across the Atlantic and one thousand miles by train, to tell us?" I have nothing better, no man has anything better than that to tell you; no man has anything so wonderful to tell you.

"Christ Jesus came into the world"—will you consider that sentence as if you had never heard it. That is an historical statement; everybody believed it until lately; it has been left to professedly Christian people in modern times to throw some sort of doubt on that historical statement. Do you know how criticism shifts its ground? A little while ago we were told to discover in the New Testament a Jesus of Nazareth who was stripped of all that was miraculous and supernatural—that was the tone of criticism a generation ago. We said, "We cannot find it, such a Jesus as that is presented unto us in vain, it is not the Jesus of the New Testament at all." Now criticism has shifted its ground, and it is asking us to believe today that Jesus of Nazareth was not a real person at all, that the manger with its occupant at Bethlehem and the cross on the green hill outside the city wall were all a Christ myth, and everything has come out of the Christ myth including the twelve apostles and the churches

which St. Paul founded, and St. Paul himself. Do you know that every great religion, even the worst, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Confucianism, every great religion began with a person, and the Christian religion began with a person. Let me say with all candor tonight that if there is not sufficient evidence at hand to prove that Jesus of Nazareth was a real person we have no sufficient evidence to prove that any person lived before the present generation—I mean to say that you have no proof that Alexander the Great ever lived or that Julius Caesar ever lived or that Artaxerxes ever lived. What are our proofs? the Christian Scriptures: where did they come from? Do you think those men invented this gospel, do you think it was possible? that is putting a great strain on my credulity at any rate. What other proof have we? the change in the reckoning of time: what did that come out of? a myth? Why do you write it 1914? every time you write it you tacitly confess belief in the reality of the basis of the Christian faith. All history is anticipative or reminiscent of the coming of Jesus, it is either B. C. or A. D.

Where did the Christian church come from? out of a myth? the martyrs, for instance? We know perfectly well that we have the solid rock of history under our feet when we say "Jesus Christ came into the world." But you will notice the sentence, notice the verb, "Christ Jesus **came**!" Of the great crowd of people who crowd the Old Testament and the New you generally read of each that he was born or that he was begotten: of Jesus you almost always read that He came. He says of Himself that He came into the world—"the Son of Man came"—what does that mean? it points to His preexistence. Sir Oliver Lodge, in his little book entitled Reason and Belief, suggests that all might have had a previous existence; it is impossible to contradict so cautious a statement from so eminent an authority, that we may all have had a previous existence, but we do not remember it; and of all the people who throng the pages of the Old Testament or the New there is not one who manifests the slightest sign of any remembrance of a previous existence save One: and what does He say? "I came down from heaven." Whoever said that before? And what else does He say? "I came forth from the Father and have come into the world." What else does He say, "Before Abraham was born I am." What else does He say, "Glorify thou me with the glory that I had with thee before the world was." The Lord Jesus came into the world with memories that deepened, perhaps, as the years went on, memories of the glory which He had with the Father. Do you see what that implies? there is another sphere of existence, conscious, intelligent existence, from which this

sphere of existence is perceivable. Across the bloody field of battle where men are wounded and dying is the vision of God: He sees this blind and foolish and wicked world going its diabolical way to settle its differences, still swinging into strife and blood and tears and death and woe, God sees it all. There is another sphere of existence. "It was a great adventure," Sir Oliver Lodge says, "when God made the world and made man with free will" and man broke away and God saw it, and it means that nearer to us than we know is another sphere where God lives and His saints with Him, and I cannot but feel that the veil is thin, and if it were slit and we had vision we should see this sphere from which Jesus came to us from the pure fellowship of heaven to the foul fellowship of earth to make a shining way from earth to heaven for guilty man. Listen to St. Paul! "He was in the form of God, He was on an equality with God, He emptied himself, He took on him the form of a servant, a slave; he was made in the likeness of man, and being in fashion as a man he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, yea the death of the cross." There is a descent for you, "Christ Jesus came into the world"—what for? to save sinners. Now, mark you, he is putting Christ in one category and sinners in another. Who are sinners? people who think wrong or do wrong and miss the end of their existence: who are they? "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Christ Jesus is in one category and sinners in another: notice how the apostles always observe that in their writings and speeches! You never find the apostle addressing his fellowmen as sinners different from himself; he always includes himself with them. Listen to Paul! "God commended his love toward us"—not you—"in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." Listen to St. John! "If we say"—we not you—"we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us, and we know that he was manifested to take away our sin and in him is no sin." Dr. Denny says, "The apostles did not share the belief of Jesus in the fatherhood of God and with Him worship the Father; Jesus was to them the object of worship and they knelt at His feet and called Him 'My Lord and my God.'" Come to the consciousness of our Lord himself: you have no trace even of any consciousness of any defect; He is always satisfied with His own character and achievements; He never confessed sin; he forgives it, and he teaches man to pray for it, he never prays for it Himself: He lifts His brow among men and challenges them, "Which of you convinces me of sin?" and the world has never been able to take up that challenge. Says Peter, "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth * * * who his own self bore

our sins in his own body on the tree"—Christ Jesus in one category and sinners in another.

What does He want with sinners? He came into the world to save sinners. What does the word **save** mean? It means that sinners are perishing, in peril. Wherever the word **save** is used it means there is danger. Our Lord always taught the peril of men; it was the peril of men, observed in this other sphere of existence, that brought him down. A man can be in peril without knowing it. There are people tonight who are carrying in their organisms the seeds of malignant disease, and they do not know it. I have friends who thought they had nothing the matter with them and in discomfort they have gone to the specialist and he has given them their death warrant, and they never dreamed of it. If a man may be in peril physically and not know it he may more truly be in peril spiritually and not know it. We are only beginning the study of human personality, but I declare of all the parts of my complex personality, body, mind and spirit, I am most ignorant of the spiritual part and I must depend upon revelation. Now, what is the teaching of our Lord? Take two of His great figures: sin is the fell disease; He is the great physician who has come to arrest it and heal it: again, sin is the prowling wolf and He is the Good Shepherd who interposes His own person between the sheep, ignorant of its peril, and the wolf, and not until the fangs of the wolf are buried in the flesh of the Good Shepherd does the sheep know his peril, and not even then:

> None of the ransomed ever knew
> How deep were the waters crossed;
> Nor how dark was the night when the Lord passed through
> Ere He found His sheep that was lost.

He came to save men because they were in peril.

How is He going to do it? Are you going to dictate the way? Are you going to stipulate what is necessary? How is He going to save men? Is He going to live His pure white life and throw our lives in their foulness into sharp contrast? He is going to do that but that is not enough. Is He going to give you His pure law? Is He going to set you a concrete example that you may imitate because of the weakness of the flesh? Listen to what He says! He says that it is necessary for Him to die, and I am not going to question that: He says that He must shed His blood that man may be saved; and in the agony of Gethsemane, where Dr. Dale says our Lord began to die, and in the horror and the darkness of the cross, do you know what He is doing? He is fighting the fell disease, He is grappling with the wolf, He is bearing my sin, He is going out

into the night that I may not know the night of the hiding of God's face.

Oh, it was wonderful
That He should care for me
Enough to die for me!

He loved and gave Himself up for me. And that was not all: I give you another word of St. Paul: "If when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more being reconciled we shall be saved by his life," and the fulness of the gospel is this that God has sent forth not a doctrine to be believed nor a code of laws to be kept nor a great example to be imitated, but a loving, living personality Who shares His life with all who believe on Him, and just as spirit mates with spirit and the strength of a strong soul passes into a weak soul, and the courage of a brave man will pass into a coward and moral purity in one may garrison the soul of another, far more truly all that is in Jesus Christ of purity and strength and goodness passes into the soul of the believer and he is saved and kept by grace of the living Christ. Is that not wonderful? It is so wonderful that no philosopher has ever explained it or fathomed it. "It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation," and some of us can say here tonight that it is absolutely true, Jesus Christ cured me, I came to Him and He set me free, He cleansed the stains from my heart, He dried up the impure fountain, He cured the bad temper, He cured me of lying, I found in Him liberty and peace and joy.

Blessed be His name! Accept this gospel! Accept Him who is the heart of it! Put Christ to the test tonight, and thou shalt find His name is called Jesus because He saves His people from their sins.

The Good Samaritan

By REV. ELIJAH P. BROWN (Ram's Horn).

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed leaving him half dead. Luke 10: 30.

Here is a picture that our Lord took right out of real life and set before a young man to teach him a great lesson. A lesson which you and I and all of us need to learn. Let us closely examine this great picture and see how much we can find to help us.

The first thing we see is a helpless man, who lies there bleeding in the foreground. Some of us never see anybody who needs help from us, but what a keen eye Jesus always had for helpless people. He was always finding them and always helping them, and if we claim to be his followers we ought to be like Him in this respect. You can't find a case in the New Testament where he ever turned his back on any one who was helpless. The Christian who would be Christ-like must be a helper of the masses like his Master.

There was that poor fellow at the pool of Bethesda, who had been lying there helpless for thirty-eight years, almost within a stone's throw of the temple, toward which people went by in throngs without seeing him, or giving a thought to his condition, and when they got to the temple I can imagine that some of them would open their faces and go to singing the songs of Zion as if they were going to get paid for doing it. But Jesus saw him, and gave him the health he had so long been seeking. And then there was the blind man in the ninth of John. Jesus saw him, too, and stopped to give him his sight, even when an angry mob was seeking his own life. And so it always was. Jesus had a keen eye for the man who was having a hard time. We ought to learn from his example in this respect the importance of keeping our eyes open for people who need our help, for that is exactly the lesson the Lord wants us to learn from this great story of the good Samaritan. Jesus takes a helpless man and puts him right in the foreground of his imperishable picture. A man who through the cruelty and avarice of others lost

everything he had but life, and then through the indifference of those who made loud professions of religion, he came near losing that. By their indifference and neglect the priest and the Levite were as merciless and cruel to the half dead man as were the robbers who had clubbed and stabbed him into that condition.

The man who lies there naked and bleeding in the picture also appears to be a young man, for a man of mature years would not have trifled with danger as he has done. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is the young fellow who is done for on the Jericho road as this chap was, and not the man who is on the shady side of life. There is more hope for a fool than for the young buck who thinks he knows it all. It isn't the athletes who live to be eighty and ninety and sometimes a hundred years old, but the people who were rather frail in early life, and from necessity learned how to take care of themselves. The Samsons generally die young. It is the meek who are to inherit the earth, not the shoulder hitters and prize fighters. The lions and tigers are about gone, but the rabbits and chipmunks are here yet.

The next thing we note in the picture is two cities. Jerusalem and Jericho. One lies high up on the mountain, and the other down in a deep valley. One is favored of God and the other is under his curse. Jerusalem is the Holy City, the religious capital of the Promised Land. It is under the protection of the Almighty as no other city ever has been or ever will be in this world. It is the city of blessing; the city of safety. It was here that the Temple was located; it was here that God dwelt in the Holy of Holies, and here that He had manifested himself in the blinding light of the shekinah. No matter where the Jew might dwell, he always opened his windows toward Jerusalem and turned his face in that direction when he prayed, as Daniel did in Babylon. And in the springtime, when the buds were bursting and filling the air with fragrance, nothing but impossibility could keep the sons of Jacob from making a pilgrimage to the holy city, there with their kindred to observe the Passover, the feast from which everything else dated. It was at Jerusalem that David had reigned in such princely power, and Solomon in such glorious splendor, and it was in Jerusalem that every devout Jew hoped and prayed to see his long promised Messiah come and again restore the kingdom to Israel.

To be able to live in Jerusalem; to have a home there, where one might pass through the Beautiful Gate of the Temple every day, was to be among the most favored of mortals. It was almost like being in heaven itself. To live near the Temple was almost as good as

having a mansion on the public square in paradise. It was religious to think that way, and to sing that way, as the songs of Zion show: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord!" "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." (Ps. 84: 1-2, 10.)

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King, God is known in her palaces for a refuge. Ps. 48: 1-3.

Jericho was the very opposite of Jerusalem. It had been a heathen city that had defied the army of God, and the first armed fortress to block its advance into the Promised Land. It was here that the first great battle of faith had been fought and won. It was here that under Joshua the wilderness worn veterans had for seven days followed the ram's horn band of priests around its frowning walls, and when at last on the seventh day, the last grand march had been made, and the last great blast given on the ram's horn, and Joshua took off his high hat, and with his hoary locks streaming in the wind, lifted up his voice and cried out like a trumpet blast: "Shout, for God hath given you the city!" those old vets put so much of faith and expectancy into the great yell of victory they gave, that the unseen powers of God leveled those great walls flat to the ground, when every man with his drawn sword charged straight before him, and the great battle of faith was fought and won. Then it was, that Joshua declared the curse of God would be upon the man and his household who should rebuild the walls that God's angel's had thrown down, a curse that was afterward fulfilled to the very letter.

The young man of the picture lived in Jerusalem. Perhaps he had been born there, and it is more than probable that he had been brought up there. What great good fortune was his. To have the privilege of living in Jerusalem, perhaps near the temple; to have the best masters for his teachers. To sit at the feet of men like Gamaliel; to live daily in the atmosphere of holy things. Surely he had been born under a lucky star. It may be that he was a prince, with royal blood in his veins. How many of the high rollers among the young Jews would have been willing to give a right hand or a right eye to trade places with him.

In Jerusalem this young fellow was safe. The robbers could

never have harmed a hair of his head there. In Jerusalem he was in no more danger than a diamond in a safe deposit box. There every man was his brother and his friend. It wasn't in Jerusalem he was robbed and nearly killed. No; no. Nothing of that sort happens there. He was all right in Jerusalem, and it wasn't there he was touched for all he had, but out on the Jericho road. What was he doing there? What business had he to be going toward Jericho? Didn't he know the chances were ten to one that he would never climb that dear old hill again? It wasn't because he didn't know that travel out there was risky. He couldn't claim afterward that he didn't know anything about the danger? That young fellow was a Jew, and the Jews don't bring up their children that way. No parents in the world come nearer being just what fathers and mothers should be to their children than the Jews. Take the Jewish people the world over, and they put Christian parents to shame by the careful way in which they bring up their children according to their own faith. You'll not find many neglected family altars in the homes of Jews, and in their own scriptures you will probably find them better posted than almost any class of believers you can find. This young man would never have been suffered to grow up to manhood without knowing all about the deadly character of the Jericho road. Almost as soon as he was big enough to toddle around alone he would have been told about it and warned against it. Many must have been the cases like his own that he had heard of, for we may believe that young men were as often robbed there as they are on the Jericho road today. Many, very many times, he had heard of such happenings when at the synnagogue, on the street or in the family circle. I don't believe the man of the parable ever made a deliberate start for Jericho. I don't think he ever meant to go there. He didn't pack up his belongings and bid father and mother and brothers and sisters good-by, and make a deliberate start for Jericho. You can depend on that. I don't believe he ever meant to go there. My opinion is that his first step toward Jericho was taken while he was still in Jerusalem, and it was taken not by deciding that he would go, but by not deciding that he wouldn't go. He never fully made up his mind and came to a deliberate determination as to what he would do about it, and what he wouldn't do. The young man who doesn't decide important matters for himself lets the devil decide for him. Had this young man only have come to an understanding with himself and decided beforehand just what he was going to do about it, he would never have lost his clothes and his money and his blood while on his way there. Men are rolling into the pit today like bugs falling under street lamps because they fail to decide what they will do. The drunkard never expected to die in the gutter, and he is a sot

today, not because saloons are many and the town wide open, but because he didn't resolve that he would be a sober man. Dishonest men are behind the bars today because they failed to decide to live honest lives. And so it is with everything in the way of sin and crime that people fall into. They go down because they fool with sin by not deciding, when they should, that they will live upright lives. It is the people who hesitate who are lost, the whole wide world over. The man who does not decide that he will do right under all circumstances and in all places is as certain to be swept down when temptation comes as the sun is to shine tomorrow.

God can do something for the young man who will make a right decision and then set his face like a flint to maintain it, but heaven has no help for the one who leaves everything to be settled by the crowd he will meet at the next corner. Not to make a start for heaven is to more than half decide to go the other way.

The young man in the parable was almost killed, not because he didn't know the Jericho road was full of robbers and danger, but because he didn't make a clear-cut decision that he would never take a step in it. It was this that caused all his trouble. It is the young man who will not say, "I will never taste intoxicating liquor," who is most in danger of being damned by drink.

But a day finally comes, and most unexpectedly, too, when the young man of our picture finds himself standing in the open gate of Jerusalem and looking down toward Jericho. He could not see far, but what he did see fascinated him, for sin at a distance always seems to have golden curls and dimples. "How fine that looks over there," says the young fellow, almost holding his breath. "I never saw anything like it in all my life! What a grand prospect! How nice it would be to take a little walk over there. It's only a step, and I can see for myself that there is no danger anywhere. There wouldn't be any harm in just going over there and coming right back. I'll only stay a few minutes and will be back before I am missed. I will just take a few breaths of that clear blue air that has such a heavenly look."

Remember, young man and woman, that the thing that is always saying "No harm" to you is something you had better fight shy of, for that is exactly what the mousetrap says to the mouse, and it is because the poor little thing believes it that it gets its neck broken. There is always danger in the thing that claims to be harmless. It is on the defensive, and that ought to be enough to arouse your suspicion. There is death in it! There is brimstone right behind it. So keep away from it—as far as you can get. You never hear anything

that is good making a plea like that. "There is no harm in going to a dance," many a foolish girl says, but you never hear anybody say, "There's no harm in going to church." Unless a thing can show you that there is positive and unmistakable good in it, have nothing to do with it.

So the young man takes the little walk to the place that has so charmed him, and when he reaches it he says, "Well, now, isn't this great! Finest thing I ever saw! Why, this is something like living, this is! I declare, I feel like a new man! My, my! how this air does brace a fellow! And danger; why, there's none anywhere. I'm as safe here as I would be in a synagogue, and yet if father and mother knew I am here they'd be scared to death. I wonder why it is that old people are always so scary if one even thinks of taking a step away from Jerusalem. And to think that I've been shut up there all these years smelling the smoke of the burnt offering and stuffed up with the burning incense. It may be safe there, but it's awfully dull and monotonous. But I've been a gump long enough, and I'm going to come out here often after this to stretch my legs and breathe air that won't give me a headache. I must go back now, though, for if mother should happen to miss me she'll have a fit." And when the family sit down to supper young Isaac is there to take his place.

But a day or two later he is back on the hillside again, taking another walk in that very same place, though this time he is not quite so much fascinated with the prospect, and looks about in every direction in quest of a new thrill. Presently he gives a glad cry, as his eyes fall upon something shining and bright.

"I wonder if that is gold," he says, shading his eyes with his hand and looking. "It looks like gold. Looks exactly like gold! I wonder if it is gold. There wouldn't be any harm in just going over there to see if it is gold. Everything is safe between here and there and I can come right back, just as I went back to the city the other day."

And that's the way, my boy, that the devil will get you, if he does. The first mile toward the pit is always traveled in easy stages, and the tracks made by the cloven hoof are covered with flowers. The devil never asks anybody to go very far away from home at first. He only asked Eve to look at the forbidden tree. He did not ask her to climb it and shake the limbs. Oh, he knows his game and plays it only too well. The first steps toward the pit always appear to be such very little ones, but the very smallest will take you more than a mile from heaven.

The young man isn't tempted to go to Jericho, but only to the bright object so near by, in the hope that he will find it to be gold.

So away he goes, all the easier for having already taken the step that took him away from the city. When he comes to it he finds only a worthless bauble some one has thrown away, and it was the play of the sun upon it that made it look like gold.

"How did that thing fool me?" he says, as he gives it a kick of contempt, "I thought sure it was gold." But just as he is about to turn and go back, he says, "Well, I declare! What a fine road that is over there! Magnificent road! Wonder where it runs to. I never dreamed there was any such road as that so close by. And only see the fine-looking people who are traveling on it! Well-dressed people; stylish people! Respectable people! Why, as sure as you live, there is a priest! And a Levite! Well, what do you think of that? There's no harm in going where they are. I believe I'll step over there and see if there's anybody there I know." And that is the way young men and women begin to travel in the Jericho road.

The Jericho road looked fine to the young man from where he stood. The devil puts all the gravel on his roads right where they come in sight of God's country. He never spends any money or labor on them anywhere else. Many of the saloons in cities are palaces of art. Everything in furnishing and decoration is elegant. On the walls hang paintings that have come from the easels of masters, and the finest of cut glass and silver are used. Such places are the most deadly of all death traps, for where there is so much beauty and sham refinement no danger is suspected. It is in the elegant places that tippling most often begins. If liquors were only sold in back alley dives there would be no drunkards. Yes, the Jericho road is only well paved near the gate of Jerusalem; but wait till you get around the bend and you will soon be floundering in the mire and the mud. When you are still near the golden dome of the temple everything looks harmless and safe, but you can't go far, young man, before the robbers will beat you down and tear off your clothes and leave you helpless and half dead. Keep away from the Jericho road.

Just as the young man in the parable went down from Jerusalem toward Jericho, so the young men and women of every age began the journey from safety to destruction. They might have been safe, but appearances deceived them. They believed a lie to be the truth, and it was this that slew them. It is the same old story of the moth and the candle over and over again.

But let us see how it fares with him there. At first, perhaps, he soon found himself in the midst of gay company and was easily persuaded to keep on going down hill with them, but the friendships begun there never continue long. One by one his new friends drop

away, and at length he is all alone. One of the awful things about perdition will be its eternal loneliness, for there can be no such thing as companionship or congenialty there.

By this time the poor man has gone so far that he has no heart to even try to go back, and it is so much easier to keep on going down hill than to face about and go to climbing up. Don't forget that it is down hill every step of the way from Jerusalem to Jericho.

And now in a moment when least expected, the robbers spring upon him from behind the rocks. One grabs hold of the bright robe of which he has been so proud and tries hard to tear it off, while another strikes at him with a club. The young man holds his robe almost as dear as his life, for it shows to all that he is his father's well-beloved son, and for it he makes a stout resistance and puts up a brave fight. This is shown by his having been beaten so near to death before he could be stripped of his raiment and robbed. Had he tamely submitted to being shorn of his belongings at the first demand, he might have escaped the cruel punishment he received. But his good clothes meant so much to him that he was ready to die rather than give them up and have to crawl back into Jerusalem in a way to bring shame on his father's house, and so he kept on striking out from the shoulder as long as he was able.

About the last thing the devil takes away from a young man is his robe of self-respect. There is hope for him as long as he holds on to that, but when that is lost there is little chance of saving him. As long as he clings to his self-respect there is something in him you can hope to reach.

At last the poor fellow has lost so much blood from his many wounds and his strength is so nearly gone that he is beaten down, his fine raiment, for which he fought so hard,, is torn from him, and leaving him half dead, the robbers make off with their plunder to seek another victim. And now, as he finds himself so helpless and forsaken, what sad regret overwhelms him. Oh, why did he trifle with danger? Why did he ever even take that first fatal look toward Jericho? Why did he leave his father's house and the holy city in which he had been born and bred, to walk where there was no hope of any gain and everything to lose? Why did he forget his father's tears, or disregard his mother's anxieties? How could he ever hold up his head again? How could he ever show his face in the streets in which he had long walked so proudly?

But he is lost, he thinks. He can scarcely lift his hand, and when he tries to cry aloud for help the voice with which he scarcely whispers frightens him. It is so unlike his own. He cannot even

rise and stand on his feet, and no one will come to help him, for at home he will not be missed until night comes, and by that time he may be dead, for he finds himself fast growing weaker.

But after what seems to have been a very long time, when he has lost so much blood that he is almost famished for water, he hears approaching footsteps, but this gives him no comfort, for he fears the robbers are coming back to finish him. Nearer and nearer come the footsteps, and now they are very near. His heart is almost in his mouth, so great is his fear. He tries to turn himself to see who is coming, and after a hard struggle he finally manages to twist his head about, and—joy of joys! he sees a priest coming down the hill. The very one he would have had to come, for he has known the man almost as long as he can remember. Often, very often, has he seen this very priest offer the family sacrifice which his father put into his hands at the temple. This good priest will help him, he thinks, for surely God has sent him. So he plucks up heart and gives a feeble cry that catches the priest's attention and makes him turn his head and give the bloody man a long cold look, but without even breaking step he passes by on the other side and quickens his pace for Jericho.

"I know that boy," I can almost hear that priest say to himself. "He belongs to a good family and I feel sorry for him. He has been well raised and ought to be ashamed of himself to be where he is. He is a bright young chap and might have made almost anything out of himself. It was only a week or two ago that I saw him at the temple. Why is it that these young bucks can't stay inside the walls where everything is safe and healthy, I wonder? I would like to help the lad, but if I went near him I should be defiled, and so I can't do it. The Lord gives every man his work, and my work is to offer sacrifices at the temple, and then beside that I've got to give a lecture at the synagogue in Jericho tonight on 'How to Swallow a Camel Without Choking,' and so there's nothing doing. I'll send word to the young fellow's folks, though, by the first Levite I meet that they'd better see after him." And on he goes at a ringing pace, thanking God that he is not like other men.

As the priest passes out of his sight the half dead man gives a sigh of despair and says to himself, "If he will not help me no one will!" And then he breaks clear down and begins to sob in a way to melt a heart of stone. Soon he is again aroused by the sound of coming footsteps, and, again twisting his head about, he sees the approaching Levite with a censor in his hand that he has taken home to brighten and polish against the coming of the Passover. Once more

the feeble man gives a weak cry for help. The Levite does a little better than the priest, for he goes near enough for a better view, then stops a moment and says, "It's too bad I can't help this poor fellow. But the Lord gives every man his work, and my work is to swing the golden censor filled with burning incense at the temple, and if I touch this bloody man they won't let me come near the holy place for a month. It's too bad, but it's according to the law and the prophets, and so my conscience is clear." Then on he goes with a calm smile on his face as he thinks upon what a good thing his kind of religion is.

Not much was expected of the Levite after the priest had passed so coldly by, and yet when he, too, went on his way without lifting a finger to help or giving a single word of cheer, the poor man found himself crushed and lay there moaning like one who has lost all hope.

The time drags wearily on, and after what seems to have been almost an age, again the feeble young Jew hears once more the sound of coming footsteps. But he is now so weak and despondent that he makes no attempt to turn his head to see who is drawing near. How little he dreamed of what a friend was coming to him. When the Samaritan is quite near, his horse stops and snorts with fear at the smell of blood, and as the Samaritan looks up to discover the cause, the half dead man is seen, and the moment he is, the stranger has compassion on him and goes to him and begins at once in earnest to do all he can to save the man who is nearly gone. "Cheer up, brother!" he exclaims in a most hearty way. "Cheer up; you're better than a dozen dead men, and we'll soon have you all right again. Oh, but that was a hard blow! Lucky it didn't fall a little more to the left or it would have finished you."

All this time the feeble sufferer is cringing and shrinking from the friendly touch of the Samaritan, for the Jews hated the Samaritans with all the bitter venom of religious hate, and they hated as probably no other people in the world could hate. Had the Jew but had the strength to get away from the Samartan he would have rejected all his friendly efforts to help him, even if it had brought him to his death. But his utter inability to resist saved him.

And see how the Samaritan went at him like a brother. Like more than a brother. He didn't lose a minute, and went at it in the most energetic manner to stop the flow of blood and keep the poor man's life from seeping away. "He bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine." Don't that make you think of brotherly love with its coat off and its sleeves rolled up? "He bound up his wounds." He went right at it to make the man comfortable and safe. And what

do you suppose he bound up the wounds with? Remember that the Jew had been stripped of his raiment and had no material about him from which bandages could be made. But it wouldn't do to wait for the Ladies' Aid Society to meet, or the poor man would be dead, and so the Samaritan off with his own shirt and was tearing it into strips before you could count ten. But, bless your life, he didn't even stop there, for the next thing we see is that he is "pouring in the oil and wine." He poured the wine into the famishing man and the oil into his wounds. In that country the air is very dry and wounds soon become harsh and painful, but the Samaritan had compassion and wouldn't see the man suffer unnecessarily, and so he softened up those wounds with oil that soothed and relieved the pain. He never stopped to figure on what the expense would be, as a lot of people today always do. "He poured in the oil and wine." I tell you there is a lot of pure and undefiled religion in that word poured. That Samaritan was certainly a hilarious giver and there must have been a commotion in heaven that day as the angels watched him fixing up that poor man. Had Judas been there he would have said, "Why was not this oil and wine sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" There are some people today—and they belong to every church—who would never have poured in the oil and wine. Not once. They would have hiked away to a spring to get a hatful of water, and so save their wine, and had they used any oil at all they would have dropped it in, and some of them would have spent ten minutes in trying to split the drops and get one drop into a couple of wounds. What the world needs today is more of the Good Samaritan kind of religion that will make us do more pouring and less dropping than some of us do.

When the wounds were all properly dressed and the man made comfortable, the Samaritan didn't swell out his chest and say, "And now if everybody else will do as much for this fellow as I have done, he'll be all right." But even if he had done that and then stopped, he would have double-discounted the priest and the Levite. But he didn't stop there. He had started out to save that man, and he didn't propose to give it up until he had him out of the woods. So the next thing he did was to get him to a place of comfort and safety, and this brings us to some more good reading in the story. Listen:

"And set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn and took care of him." And there is an example to every one of us as to the manner in which we ought to do the Lord's work. We should be alive all over and all the way through whenever we undertake to do anything for God, just as the Samaritan was. You can't find the slightest drop in his energy from beginning to end. He put every-

thing he had into the work he had set out to do. There was none of the "shake-hands-with-two-fingers" business about him. He never stopped to think how much it was going to cost him to get that man out of danger. Some folks we all know would have dropped with heart disease had they seen their wealth melting away as he did his.

"He set him on his own beast." He didn't go and borrow some preacher's horse, as many folks in little towns often do. Not much. He just lifted him up in his arms and set him on his own beast, and then went on very carefully, keeping his hand on the poor weak brother to hold him there. And notice what he did with him. "He brought him to an inn." He didn't put him under the first shed he came to. He didn't hunt up Brother Goodheart and turn the half-dead man over to him. No. He brought him to an inn, and I want to tell you something about an inn. It's a place where you have to pay to get in. What a reckless fellow that Good Samaritan was. His religion didn't stop at his chin, but went clear down into his pocketbook.

And then when he got to the inn he didn't give the hostler a quarter and ask him to give the man his medicine during the night, but he looked after it himself. He wanted to make sure his man didn't get a backset for lack of proper care. And so he gave up his sleep and his comfort to become the patient's nurse. In this parable God is showing us how to present our bodies as a living sacrifice. If that Samaritan didn't do it, there is no use for any one else to undertake it.

Throughout the long night the Samaritan was there at the bedside of the sufferer and saw to it that he didn't lack for proper care. But he didn't stop even at this. Let me read the next verse: "And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him, 'Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee." He remained with him as long as his immediate presence was needed and then made provision for his future care. He probably made it very plain to the landlord that he wanted the patient to lack for nothing that a man in his condition ought to have. Whatever was necessary in diet or care or medicine he must have, no matter what the cost should be. And now that we have seen the man so well taken care of until he is out of danger, and further provision made for him until he shall be able to take care of himself, I want to say some things to you about that Samaritan.

In the first place he is made an example to us in practical Christianity, for the charge of Christ to each of us is, "Go thou and

do likewise." We cannot get away from this. If we would do as Jesus would have us do, we must do as this Samaritan did. His spirit and conduct must become a controlling principle in our daily life.

Let us try to get below the surface and see for ourselves just what the Lord expects from us. As I look into it I am amazed to discover how completely all self interest had to be crucified in everything the Samaritan did to save the man. Everything he did required a sacrifice on his part. He had to give up something at every step he took. "By chance there came down a certain priest that way." "But a certain Samaritan as he journeyed." The priest just happened along, in a mere accidental kind of way, as so many of them do, but the Samaritan was going somewhere. He had an object in view. He had a business on hand. He was on a journey, and this he had to abandon for the time being. The business of saving the man was urgent and couldn't be shoved aside or put off, and so his journey would have to be abandoned for the time being. This may have caused him great loss and much personal discomfort and inconvenience, but that made no difference. The only thing of real moment was what must be done to save the life of the man who was half dead; the man who could do nothing whatever for himself. So the journey and all business connected with it was given up without a moment's hesitation. Wonder how many of us have ever done anything like this in trying to save some one?

The Samaritan had next to give up his prejudices and religious scruples. An old Presbyterian sister said she knew she was a Christian because she hated the Methodists so. Well, the Jews graded their piety by the degree of hate it had in it for the Samaritans, and the Samaritans hated the Jews with every drop of blood they had in their bodies—and then some. The Jews and the Samaritans had no dealings with each other. A Samaritan wouldn't wipe his feet on a dog that a Jew had kicked. They wouldn't go near each other, and the half-dead Jew would have struck the Samaritan dead for touching him had he been able to do it. You can see from this what crucifixion it must have been to the feeling of the Samaritan to go to the Jew and minister to him as he did. Before he could do it, the feelings that had been bred in his bone had to be killed as dead as the lamb used for a burnt offering. In binding up the man's wounds he had to sacrifice all that was needed of his own good clothes. Some people think that because they give an old coat to a rummage sale now and then they will get to heaven sure. When the Samaritan poured in the oil and wine, that was his merchandise, and he had to give up that. When you get religion right it will be an expensive thing. This thing of a cheap religion is something I never have be-

lieved in. I don't believe any man's religion is ever worth any more than it costs. If it didn't cost so much it wouldn't do so much. But somebody says, "But ain't love as free as water?" Yes, love is free, but it takes money to marry and keep house.

The next thing the Samaritan did for his Jew patient was to set him on his own beast, and that required him to make a sacrifice of his own horse, for he couldn't have given him away to any Samaritan after that. So it was almost the same as giving the animal away to place the wounded Jew on his own beast. The next thing he had to give up was his money in paying his bill and providing for all the necessities at the inn. And then he had to give up his rest and comfort and his sleep in taking care of the man through the night, and then he had to give a mortgage on his future by becoming surety for the wounded man until he was able to take care of himself. All this the Samaritan did, and the Lord says to every one of his followers, "Go, and do thou likewise."

We can tell about how near we come to measuring up to what is expected of us by standing up alongside of this Samaritan.

But the greatest thing on the part of the Samaritan, and the one that explains everything else, I have not mentioned yet. Here it is. Listen: "And when he saw him he had compassion on him." Ah, that's it. That's what counts. That's why the man could put himself and all his selfish interests out of the question and do for a helpless stranger more than most brothers would do. That's why he could give up his journey and his business and his merchandise and his ease and comfort and his money. When he had compassion on him that made everything else easy. The moment he saw the bleeding stranger he had compassion on him, and this means that he gave him his heart, and when he had that he had everything. Nothing else could be withheld.

He had compassion on him because he could realize at a glance all that the poor man had suffered, and he could do this because at some time in his life he had suffered in exactly the same way. He, too, had been stripped and robbed and left half dead. Ah, yes, he knew; and so, as he looked, he saw not a hated Jew—his natural enemy—but a brother in misfortune, and he could not have been true to himself and his God had he not at once gone to him to bind up his wounds and pour in the wine and oil.

And Christ, our Good Samaritan, deals with us as tenderly and lovingly because He has compassion on us, and in having compassion on us He not only suffers for us, but with us. "I do not feel for the

wounded man," said Walt Whitman, "I am that man." Jesus tasted death for every man by being born into the world, where death is the common lot of all. And that is why He has compassion for every man. We cannot tell Him anything about trouble that He has not been through. The time will probably come when we shall find out that He went into the pit itself to keep us out of it. He knows the bitterness of every cup from which we have to drink, just as the Samaritan knew all about what the poor half-dead man had been through.

And now a few words about the man who was saved. Is it thinkable that he kept right on hating the Samaritan as venomously as before? Is it supposable that his heart was not overflowing with gratitude to the one who had done so much for him, Remember that the Samaritan was not his kinsman. He did not belong to his tribe. He was not his brother in any lodge. He was not under any obligations to do anything for him. It was natural that the wounded man should have expected much from the priest and the Levite, but he never for a moment expected the slightest favor from the Samaritan, and would not have received anything from him had he been able to refuse. He scorned and hated him and could have spit upon him. He had never mentioned the name of Samaritan without a scowl and a curse. But if he had the heart of a man, do you not see the more than brotherly help of the Samaritan, and the spirit in which it was given must have changed his heart not only toward that Samaritan, but toward all Samaritans. He must have loved him always after that, and I don't see how he could ever think of him without a glow of gratitude in his heart. He would have been lower down than a dog not to do that.

You can't imagine his going back to Jerusalem after he got well, and never having a word to say to anybody how much the Samaritan had done for him and trying to tell what a grand man he was. And when he heard others reviling him, as he no doubt often did, and calling him a cursed Samaritan dog, can you imagine him standing there and taking it all down as a matter of course without a word of remonstrance or protest? Can you imagine his being ashamed of him or constantly denying that he was his friend? Not for a moment. Can you think of his paying his money week after week, and year after year in going to entertainments gotten up to dishonor the name of his Samaritan friend? Can you imagine that he would choose for his familiar friends and associates those who would scorn and jeer and hate his good friend? Then what is to be thought of those who will follow a similar course in regard to Jesus Christ, who has been a

Good Samaritan to them? Aye, He has done more than a Samaritan's part, for "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."

The Call of the Master

By REV. JOHN P. BRUSHINGHAM, D. D.

My text is John 11:28: "The Master is come and calleth for thee." These are the words of Martha to her sister Mary. Martha the worker and Mary the winsome were both friends of Jesus. Contemplation and action are both essential to the program of redemption. When Jesus came over the hillsides to visit the afflicted home in Bethany, Martha went out to meet Him, but Mary sat still in the house. Yes, still sat in the house, and, therefore, missed His wondrous words, "Thy brother shall rise again; I am the resurrection and the life." Doubtless Martha felt if those great words had meant so much to her, a bustling housekeeper, how much more would they mean to Mary, the devout thinker. It was the Master's call to the masterful inactivity to bestir itself; the time had come to do rather than dream; Lazarus must be raised from the dead. I suggest that the time has come in the church of God again to perform the doing of it. A Scotch lady was late at the kirk; she met a retiring worshiper and asked, "Is the sermon done?" "Nay, nay! the sermon is said; it is yet to be done." Many beautiful things have been said in the church of Christ; it is time to perform the doing of them.

I would not have you think that Mary was a lazy Christian. Some one has suggested that if a person is to select a wife he should choose Martha before dinner and Mary after dinner. That is hardly in harmony with St. Luke's gospel, for we read that a certain woman named Martha entertained Jesus at her home; and she had a sister named Mary who also sat at Jesus' feet, and, as one commentator says, the key to the interpretation is in the little word "also." Mary also, in addition to her doing her part of the housework—besides the Monday's washing, the Tuesday's ironing and the Wednesday's baking, and we know it is the Friday's sweeping, because of the dust—in spite of the routine of the household she economized time to sit at the Master's feet and listen to what He had to say. "Oh. I am so busy!" Busy people are the ones who are asked to do things apart from their business.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

Not to do the housework, not to add dollar to dollar, nor comfort to comfort—God forbid!—that and more besides. To know the will of God and to do the work of God; that is the great business of life.

Let us ask a few questions concerning the Master's call. First, who issues the call? The marginal reading is "the teacher"—the new version of "the master teacher." You cannot have a master teacher with a little soul. It is the great-hearted Christ who issues the call to the great business of life. None of us are such geniuses that we need not sit at the feet of some master if we would excel in art, literature, music, or the common business of life. A little girl was singing in a choir in the State of Maine. They noticed the rare quality of her voice—the velvety tone, the mighty compass. They said, "Shall we keep her here or send her away to study?" "Oh, send her away and bring her back to sing to us again!" She went to New York, and they also observed her wondrous gift. They said, "Shall we keep her here or send her over the sea?" "Send her over the sea to sit at the feet of the masters, and then bring her back!" And when Nordica came back to New York she sang for one hundred dollars a minute, because she had been at the feet of a master. And our divine Master towers above all these like Alpine peak above the foothill that casts its shadows all down the vale. Once despised and rejected of men He is now respected by all, adored by many and hated by none. Workingmen cast their caps in the air and shout His praises. His is the great name in religion; He is to religion what Edison and Marconi are to electricity, what Shakespeare is to literature, what Homer, Milton and Dante are to poetry. They were specialists in their respective lines and worthy of all confidence and following as specialists; but He is the great specialist in religion—not one among many, not one in a row; there are no others, there is no row; Jesus Christ is first, last and forever in religion.

There is a general consensus of opinion on this subject, but He sought to accomplish more than a universal verdict in His favor; He sought a personal following which should be crystalized into an individual affection; He did not propose to save the world in the mass, but one by one, man by man. He saw St. Matthew at the receipt of custom, and He said, "If you will follow me and live my kind of a life you will tithe souls." He saw St. Peter in ordinary fishing gar-

ments and He said, "Peter, follow me, and henceforth thou shalt catch men." He saw St. Luke, an ordinary physician with a lucrative practice, and He said, "Would you like to be a physician of souls as well as of the body?" Oh, we ought to have more of that kind; we would have less room for modern fads. He met a rich young man who had made fine progress in business and success in politics; He said, "Young man, put your worldly interests on my altar; do business in my name; I will take care of you; it will be all right;" but he went away; he did not have the courage of his convictions. Have you and I the courage of our convictions, and are we ready to do business for the King? I preach to myself! I said that He would have a following based upon personal surrender to His will. In other words, He would have us know the measure and the meaning of His cross. At the time of the great Welsh revival I asked Evan Roberts to furnish a little letter for a book on evangelism. He replied, "I am not led of the Lord to write at length, but if you can use this, namely, CHRIST AND HIS CROSS ARE ENOUGH FOR ALL—crucified with Christ, risen in Christ, reigning through Christ; therefore out of the devil's way and out of God's way." He was giving God a chance to do His work. Providential history is finding out which way God is going and clearing the track. That blessed man of God, Jacob Riis, philanthropist and publicist, passed on recently. He was once a little foreign boy, a newsboy in New York City. He slept in the barracks with the others. One night he attended a special revival service and saw a vision of Christ. He came back and joyfully bore testimony among his brother newsies, who laughed at him. He said, "Boys, if you saw the Christ I saw tonight, with outstretched, nail-pierced hands, you would not laugh." That vision of Christ never left him. He wrote that splendid book, "The Making of an American," and in the last chapter he tells of visiting his mother in Denmark. He was taken very ill with typhoid and sent to the hospital. He was given up to die; worst of all he had lost courage; he himself expected to die; they wheeled his bed around to a window where he could look out upon the sea, that waterway of the nations, and he saw the water shimmering in the sunlight, and ships of every flag passing, and the blue hills of Sweden towering black against the sky. He said the waters had no music for him, the sunlight no message for him, and the black hills no cheer for him. He sat there gloomily, plucking the coverlet and ready to die; but one day a ship came a little nearer than the others and he looked out and saw a flag, the flag of liberty, the flag that has never known disgrace, a flag that has never led an army to an unholy or a selfish way, and he said, "That is the flag of the country where my children were born, MY FLAG! And I sat up

in bed against the doctor's orders, waved my handkerchief, wept, laughed and shouted—and gone was sickness, gone was the fever, gone was the fear of death. In the making of an American, one American was made by the vision of his country's flag, and like the man in the New Testament, I took up my bed and walked." What the vision of the flag was to Jacob Riis in the making of an American, the vision of the cross is in the making of a Christian.

Why will not men and nations hear the voice of Jesus? The Master is come and calleth for them. It is the lack of vision. If the nations of the earth and the rulers, the kings and princes, had this vision they would not drench the fields with blood in what seems almost a senseless and surely a cruel war. We may thank God that the modest and unassuming man in the White House in this land of ours appears to have a vision of Christ and adopts the policy of peace. He is subjected to ridicule, with his Secretary of State, because of what is called by "yellow" journalism, "Sunday-school diplomacy," "Kindergarten statesmanship," "Biblical diplomacy," and yet he has received the highest compliment. When Huerta was compelled to flee from Mexico he said that his troubles could all be charged to the account of another republic on this continent with its Puritan President. A Puritanism that successfully protests against government by assassination is worth while. We might fancy it to be a great thing to have been a Greek in the days of Pericles, a Roman in the days of Julius Cæsar, a Scandinavian in the days of Gustavus Adolphus, a Frenchman in the days of Napoleon the First. It is a greater thing to be a consecrated Christian American in the days of Woodrow Wilson and William Jennings Bryan, the apostles of peace and office bearers in the Protestant church of the living God.

Why do not all men and nations hear the Master's call? They are absorbed in other things. They are not so antagonistic to the program of Jesus as they are preoccupied. One man buys a piece of land and is commercially ready now to sell it, to estimate it; another man buys a yoke of oxen and he must needs prove them; and another man marries a wife and he cannot come. Here is a man who has wealth enough for himself and his children and children's children ten times over, but he will continue to starve his soul and body through pride and foolish ambition to still get more. Norman Angel, that magnificent English scholar, who penned the greatest utterance aganst war, says that "what is true of the individual is true of nations, pride and ambition. A nation should have some better excuse for independent existence than mere facility for money making, and that applies particularly to America, for although our population were to double in a year, though the rushing roar of our machinery

were to silence the music of the spheres, though we had wealth enough to buy the whole world, our population could not bully history, our wealth bribe or prevent the retributive finger of justice writing upon us, Ichabod, Ichabod—the glory has departed." And what is true of the nation is true of the individual. "The man who makes money," as John Ruskin says, for no other purpose than to make money to add to the number of his millions to surpass some other man with millions is playing a game of dollars as surely as the boy is playing a game of marbles, for a heap of dollars is no more use to the man who does not need them than a heap of marbles is to the boy who does not need them. At any rate, he should play fairly and squarely. Thus we are preoccupied with games of dollars or marbles!

I saw Goetz's great piece of statuary representing Christ. It was entitled "Despised and Rejected of Men." There was the Master with clasped hands and bowed head and the throngs of people passing by absorbed in other things, unmindful of His presence; the gay votary of fashion with her well-dressed escort; the newsboy vending his wares; the flower girl selling her blossoms; the day laborer with his pickax over his shoulder—all passing by absorbed in other things—the Socialist harranguing the crowd; the lawyer with his brief going to court; and, if you will believe me, there was the proud ecclesiastic with his gorgeous robes, and beside him was the Puritan with his broad-brimmed hat and open book trying to convince the ritualist that he was wrong, and the ritualist trying to convince the Puritan that he was wrong, both unmindful of the presence of the King of Kings. At the base of the statue was a mother with her babe, looking into the face of her child, but forgetful that the greatest friend of widowed motherhood and orphaned childhood was within speaking distance. One felt like saying, "Wait! listen! the Master is come and calleth for thee, and thee, and thee."

Why will not men and women hear the Master's call? Because they are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," and the language is discriminating; it does not say because they are lovers of pleasure, but it is the idolatry of pleasure. Godhead alone should sit on the throne. "Thou shalt have no other God before me"—the god of pleasure, nor any other god. Let us not make a mistake! No one has so good a right as a true follower of Jesus Christ to have joy and gladness in his soul. Let us not impress our young people that because they follow Christ they must creep into the jaundice, assume a vinegar aspect and move in a funeral procession to the music of the Dead March in Saul. Some of the saddest and gloomiest people I have ever seen have been those who seemed to possess everything except that good part which Mary chose and

which shall not be taken from them; they seem to have everything but Christ, while some of the most radiantly joyous people have been those who received that great promise that they shall receive joy for sorrow and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. They were handicapped and burdened with a thousand disabilities, nevertheless they rejoice always and in all things because Jesus Christ made them glad.

To illustrate: When I was pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, one evening an old soldier of the republic, over seventy years of age, sitting three rows of seats from the front, who had not been to church in twenty years, seemed so disconsolate. If he ever had a friend he must have lost him, his face was so long; but a reference to his mother in a verse of song impressed him, and before that service closed he had found Christ precious, and his face brightened like a full moon. He went from that house with a smile that never came off. He sold mucilage for a living in the down-town offices. One day he came into the place of business of one of our trustees, Mr. Harberer, a real estate man, who said to him, "You need not sell mucilage any more; just sit here and smile on the customers and I will take care of you." It was a good investment for that office; it seemed as though a ray of sunlight had come in through the window. One day he negotiated a particularly good transaction and Mr. Harberer gave him a hundred dollar bill as a bonus. He said, "Is this all mine?" "Yes," answered Mr. Harberer, "that is all yours." "Why," he said, "I never have seen so much money in my life before; it pays to be a Christian." I should say it does.

Why will not men always and everywhere hear the Master's voice? It is because they are "dead in trespasses and sins," Scriptural language again—"twice dead and plucked up by the roots,"—there can be no life apart from relationship. Pluck a rooted vine from the soil and death will ensue; take a man's brain and heart from the body and life becomes extinct quickly. You can have no spiritual life apart from Jesus Christ, who is the author of life. "I am come that ye might have life and have it more abundantly." We were conducting some union services in a large city in Kansas. There was a generous attendance, but not very much spiritual result; the chariot wheels seemed to drive heavily, so far as immediate consequences were concerned. One evening, at the close of the service, a railroad man stepped up and said, "Mr. Preacher, you will excuse me, but if your voice should fail or health break down—it does not look as if that would happen—I know a secular line of business you would be good at." "Well, what have you in mind?" "The undertaking business." "Why do you say that?" "Because you work so skillfully

among the dead." I said, "You must not think, my friend, that I came here to bury the dead. I came here to invite the spiritually dead into the presence of the living Christ, the very same Christ that stood by the grave of Lazarus and said, 'Come forth!' Mr. Buckley, who had a department store, did not attend the services, but he closed his establishment in time so all his employes could come. I said to him, "Why is this? Why do you not come to our meetings?" He replied, "I have lost interest in those things. I am past feeling. I think that I have committed the unpardonable sin, but I would not let my people reach that state for all the world. I want to give them a chance." I said, "But, Mr. Buckley, there cannot be any resurrection except from the dead. Be not deceived as to the unpardonable sin. The very same Christ that stood at the grave of Lazarus will speak the word of life, and you will come forth. He will loose you and let you go to do His will and service." Thank God! He surrendered.

Bear in mind that the Master calls us for great and holy purposes; He calls us to duty here and destiny hereafter. God calls us through His Holy Spirit. I thank God that I am privileged to come here this year, because as He has blessed me here He will bless you; He will bless us all and will send us forth to conquest. He calls us not only by the Spirit, but by the Holy Word, and He calls us not only to be saved, but to do a saving work, and not only to save individual men, but to help save society and save the governments of the world. Dr. Meyer has stated that in England he tries to do a practical work, such as to close the saloons and to wipe out the brothels. The church must make itself felt in an intensely practical and aggressive fashion. I felt like saying to him that votes for women would help him clean things up. I believe in the democracy of the platform of Jesus Christ. We have had the academic season with this woman question in Illinois; but, thank God! the academic season is past and women are voting. It is not a question now as to the right or the wrong, or the expediency, or anything of that kind; it is simply a question of getting out the vote, and the politicians see a handwriting on the wall; and our mayor in Chicago, who is never accused, as is President Wilson, of being a Sunday-school man, or a Chautauqua diplomatist, has seen a great light. He had a couple of party men, saloon keepers in the First Ward, popularly known as "Hinky Dink" and "Bathhouse John," and they went in to see him in his private office every day, but a few weeks ago he said, "No more, gentlemen, stay away; I do not want to see you any more; I will have no more to do with you," and he said it publicly. Please do not report this: When a man starts on a good line do not discourage him—just sim-

ply commend him. The women of Illinois have closed the doors of one thousand grog shops since they have had the vote, and they are going to have the ballot in Indiana and Ohio, and in all America. In England they are going to have the ballot. Although they sneer at the militant suffragette and her little husbandette, the time is coming when they are going to rise above that blunder of our times, that effort at violence, and are going to listen to the sweet persuasiveness of the Holy Ghost gospel of equality, where there is neither male nor female, neither bond or free, where they are all in One. I say that we are called to do our duty—to duty here and destiny yonder, and a man or a woman who has the right to vote has no more right to turn his back on the ballot-box in times of peace than a soldier has the right to desert his regiment in time of war. The bullet is the instrument of war, the ballot is the weapon of peace—

A weapon that comes down as still
  As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
  As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors, nor locks
Can shield you; 'tis the ballot-box.

You are expected to do your duty in civic life, in domestic life, in social life, and in all phases of life.

What a glorious destiny it is to which we are called! In the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," our splendid Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes sits on a rustic seat beside that schoolma'am of New England, and he asks her whether she would care to go the short or the long way home—that is, if she should go the long way it would mean that she would walk with him forever. Now, school teachers are generally deliberate, but she decided very quickly and said, "I will walk with you the long way." Thus Jesus Christ calls us to walk with him the long way. I have but a few minutes in which to speak of the all-powerful voice of conscience calling us to be our best for God here and hereafter. We are to keep alive that celestial spark of divine light called CONSCIENCE. What a picture Victor Hugo, the prose poet of the French people, gives in his character, Jean Valjean! He reads in the newspaper of a wretched man who had been arrested for stealing a bough of apples and who had been taken for Jean Valjean. He falls asleep and has a dream. He dreams of a beautiful little village outside of Paris, where the grass is green and the flowers bloom; but in his dream the grass is withered and the flowers are faded, and the scene is dark, and the people are dead; skeletons ride skeleton horses; they extend their skeleton fingers and

ask Valjean, "Do you not know that you have been dead a long time?" He awoke from his dream, got his conveyance and drove in haste to the court. He stood in the doorway and shouted, "I am Jean Valjean!" and he saw a great light. They did not believe him; he had to bare his arm and get some former fellow prisoners to swear to his identity. Thus he began to walk by the lighted torch of conscience; and we are asked to walk by the light of God's eternal truth, and conscience. It was a beautiful thing that Joseph Choate said when he came back from the court of St. James. They gave him a banquet, and he took this Book of God to the banquet, held it aloft, and said, "When the Puritans came over from England they had but few jewels; they were very poor people; but they had one jewel—the King James version of the Holy Scriptures—and they read it every year from cover to cover, and it became the cornerstone of the American Republic." There is a person who has a bit of radium and he says it will burn for eighty thousand years; but here is the radium of the moral and the scriptural universe, which will burn—

> When the moon is old and the sun is cold,
> And the books of the judgment day unfold.

I thank God for this Bible Conference. Let us stand by this institution. Let us stand by this Book and the conferences which are held in the name of this Book, and He will bless us, here and forevermore. Amen.

Walking Worthy of the Lord

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

I think the most profitable theme I can present, and one which I trust God will bless to us through the conference, is suggested in the first chapter of Colossians, verses nine to twelve:

"For this cause we also since the day we heard it, do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding;

"That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God;

"Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness;

"Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

When Paul says, "For this cause," he refers to what he had said previously in the chapter. The cause he has in mind is their faith in Christ Jesus, the love they had for all the saints, and the hope that was laid up for them in heaven. "For this cause," "since the day we heard" that you had come thus to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as your Savior and Lord, we have ceased not to "pray for you and to desire that ye may be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding."

This, then, is a prayer, and a very remarkable one from two or three points of view: First, because it is not for the world, but the church; not for the sinner, but the saint; and all the more remarkable as we consider that that is true of all the prayers of the New Testament. They are not prayers for the world, but the church; not for the sinner, but the saint.

There must be a reason for this worthy of God who indites the prayer, and worthy of the saint who utters it; a reason which involves the well-being of the world. What is that reason?

The answer is that a saint is of more importance to the world than a sinner. I trust that declaration will not be misunderstood. I trust no representative of the Associated Press will send it broadcast over the country separated from its context, because it would create a false impression. And yet it is true in the sense in which I make it.

WHY A SAINT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN A SINNER

Let me illustrate it in this way: You are a husband and father of a family, the wage-earner, the bread-winner in that family, and every member of it is dependent upon you for his well-being. That being the case, you must be "on the job," as the saying is, all the time; you must execute your task every day of the week and every week of the year. You cannot afford to be out of sorts, to be in ill-health, or to give up your position for such a reason, for if you do, every member of your family will suffer. Now, if you are to be in condition to execute your task, to bear your burden every day, you see how it is your first duty to take the best of care of your body. You must eat and sleep well, digest your food, take proper recreation and exercise, and in every way keep your body at its best all the time. It is not selfishness to do this; it may be the highest altruism to do it, for it is on behalf of them who are dependent upon you.

The same is true from the spiritual point of view of the church of Christ, "which is His Body, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all," for it is in "the church," "which is His Body," that Christ lives and manifests Himself and blesses the world. When I speak of the church in the large, I include, of course, every member of it, every saint who names His name. It is only as every saint is at his best in the spiritual sense that the church is at her best, and it is only as the church is at her best that she is truly manifesting Christ and fully blessing the world. If the church had been at her best in all the centuries, if every saint of God had been at his best throughout the recent decades of history, would we have had this awful European war today? I read in this morning's paper that the Church Peace Union now proposes to Christianize the nations. It were time. They have been civilized a long while, but this is what civilization accomplishes without God. Christendom, my brethren, is one thing, and the church of Christ, "which is His body," is another thing; and it is only as the latter is at its best that Christ is being witnessed to, and the nations are being Christianized and wars are being brought to an end. That is the reason the prayers of the New Testament are not for the world, but for the church as God's instrument in blessing the world; not for the sinner, but the saint, that the

latter by his testimony to Christ may cause the sinner to become a saint.

In the second place, the prayer is wonderful, in that it contains but one petition. One would think if an inspired apostle were to pray for a church he would have many things to ask, that he would exhaust himself indeed in pouring out his supplications before God on their behalf. But Paul does no such thing.

There is but one petition in this prayer, but how comprehensive it is! He says, "We do not cease to pray for you and to desire that ye may be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding," and that is all there is to it. When he speaks of "HIS" will he means God's will, and when he speaks of His "WILL" he means His WORD, for God's will for the saint is found in and limited to the Bible.

"That ye may be filled with the KNOWLEDGE of His Will." That word "knowledge" is peculiar. It does not mean so much knowledge of His word as you may gather from a Sunday school leaflet once a week, although that is good so far as it goes. It does not mean so much knowledge as you may gather from a thirty-minute sermon once a week, especially when the sermon is the kind where the preacher takes a text, evolves a topic from it, and then says anything he thinks or doesn't think. "Knowledge" there might be rendered "deep, thorough, accurate knowledge," that knowledge of the Word that means the reading of it, the study of it, the comparison of it, the meditation upon it, with the prayer that it may be transmuted into life and conduct.

And the word "filled" is peculiar, meaning "that ye may be filled FULL." Let the saint get there, beloved, and he will be where his life and testimony will amount to something for the God and Savior he professes to know and serve. Think of it, brother pastor, brother evangelist, fellow parent, fellow Christian worker. "That ye may be filled FULL with the DEEP, THOROUGH, ACCURATE knowledge of His word."

Nor is that all, but there follows "the knowledge of His word in all spiritual wisdom and understanding." It is one thing to have knowledge, and another thing to have wisdom in the use of that knowledge. "The Sunday School Times" said a great thing the other day in an editorial on

"THE DANGER OF GETTING TOGETHER."

There is a disposition in our day to get together, to get all kinds of religionists together on the supposition that in union there is

strength. But in such union there is weakness and not strength. The greatest union this world will ever see is that which will be headed up some day in the battle of Armageddon, the union of the Roman Empire with the greatest human despot who ever lived at the head of it. That union will be an expression of the weakness of a world without God; and so in this getting together of so many so-called Christian federations and movements of one kind and another, there is not strength, but weakness. "The Sunday School Times" said, and this is the remark I desire to quote, "There is much study of the Bible which leads men away from the God of the Bible." That is true, and hence we not only need the word of God, but the Spirit of God in the study of the Word of God. He alone can reveal it to our understanding, and preach and teach it through our lips with power and fruitfulness. And that is what this inspired apostle means when he says, "We pray for you that ye may be filled with the knowledge of His will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding," the Wisdom and Understanding which come from the Holy Spirit.

In the third place, the prayer is wonderful in that it has but a single object: "We desire that ye may be filled with the knowledge of His will in all spiritual wisdom and understand THAT YE MAY WALK WORTHY OF THE LORD UNTO ALL PLEASING." That is all there is to that. The object of the church considered as the body of Christ, the object of the saint considered as a member of that Body, is simply to do one thing always and everywhere, to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing." There are Christians who think there are so many things they ought to do that they are almost consumed with their activities. They remind me of a tow-boat I saw coming out of the Chicago River, puffing so hard as to be enveloped in its own smoke; you could hardly see it, but you could hear it puffing a long ways off. Some of us Christians are so active that we have no time to pray or to study the Word of God. We have no time for our families, no time for the amenities of life, no time to take care of our health that we may serve God acceptably. Our Christian activity is making "neurasthenics" of many of us, and yet it is possible to be walking "worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing" when we are not "walking" at all, when we are just sitting still, or lying on our back in bed. Jesus walked worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, but He was never excited, never in a hurry, never running hither and thither, as we are, and never dishonoring the service of His Father by breaking down under it. As we are "filled with the knowledge of His will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding," we shall know how to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing," as Jesus did, and find it to be our "meat" to do it always and everywhere.

HOW MAY WE WALK WORTHY OF THE LORD UNTO ALL PLEASING?

Paul indicates the answer along four lines, namely: Fruitfulness, growth, patience, and gratitude. What a combination! If we were to answer the question unaided, we might name the first, possibly the second, but how many of us would think of the third and the fourth? Yet we are walking "worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing" only as these things are true of us.

First. "BEING FAITHFUL IN EVERY GOOD WORK;" not one or two good works, but EVERY good work. There is such a thing as keeping a balance in our spiritual life, if we are to keep in a state of spiritual health. For instance, there are three kinds of good work—worship, character and service. While seated here this morning singing these hymns, pouring out our hearts in prayer and listening to the exposition of the Word of God, we are engaged in a good work. When the "fruit of the Spirit" is being brought forth in our lives, "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, faithfulness, self-control," there is a good work. When we are clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, comforting the sorrowing, and, above all, seeking to win the lost, there is a good work, and to be walking "worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing" we must be faithful in each and in all.

Second. We must not only be faithful in every good work, but "increasing in the knowledge of God." There must be GROWTH as well as fruitfulness. In other words, a Christian is not like a stalk of corn, which, when it is ripe and has borne its fruit, is cut down, or pulled up by the roots, or plowed under; but like a tree rather, which, as it bears fruit, grows and increases that it may bear more fruit. That apple tree in your orchard is bearing fruit at this harvest time, and it is growing at the same time. Its roots are finding deeper lodgment in the soil, its trunk is thickening, its branches spreading, its leaves multiplying, that a year hence it may bear more fruit. So in your case and mine, as members of the body of Christ, not only are we to bear fruit, but see to it that this year we bear more than last year, and that in the coming year we shall have a richer fruitfulness than this.

Third. While "increasing in the knowledge of God," we are to be "strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness." I repeat the earlier question, How many of us would have thought of this? Why should the apostle incorporate "patience" in this revelation of the way to walk well pleasing unto the Lord? What association is there

between patience and fruitfulness or growth? A very close and important one indeed. Take the tree as our illustration again. It is bearing fruit, and growing as it bears, but what enemies it has to meet, what obstacles to overcome, and what perils to threaten it every day! There is the drought withering its roots, there are the birds and insects sapping out its life, there are the worms eating up its leaves, there is the wind breaking down its limbs, or trying to tear it from the ground.

The church, or the saint, is like the tree. You and I are to bear fruit, and to grow as we bear, and yet think of our fightings without and fears within! What patience we need, even with long-suffering and joyfulness! The more trials that come, the heavier the temptations, the more fearful the perils that confront us, the sweeter, the stronger, the nobler the patience to be put forth against them. Our long-suffering must be mingled with the joy of God, and thanks be unto Him, He meets us in our necessity, and strengthens us "with all might according to His glorious power," or, as it might be rendered, He makes us "powerful, with all power, according to the power of His glory, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness." God is able to make us stand, He is able to cause us to bear fruit, to grow as we bear it, and to stand up under all trials and perils that confront us, and having done all to stand.

Finally, there is GRATITUDE. "Giving thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." This is the climax of the glory of it. Giving thanks unto God, for what? Put that question to ten Christians whom you meet on the road today. Say to them, What is that for which, above all else, we are to be giving thanks unto God if we would be walking worthy of Him? and what would they reply? How widely different would be their answers? How widely different from this? But this answer is so fundamental as to include every other, "Giving thanks unto the Father who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." If we have come to God through faith in Christ, then we are saints. We do not have to die and go to heaven to become saints, but rather the moment a man believes on Christ as his Savior and confesses Him as Lord, does he become a saint. Then he is set apart for God forever. The saint has an inheritance. No saint has the whole of it, but every saint is a partaker or a sharer in the inheritance of all. He has not earned that inheritance, nor was it his by nature, but he has been begotten again unto it through the resurrection of Jesus Christ. In the moment he was so begotten he became an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. Hence the significance of the words "giving thanks unto God

the Father, who HATH MADE US MEET TO BE PARTAKERS OF THE INHERITANCE of the saints in light." Notice the past tense. This is not something God is now doing for us in Christ, nor something He is yet to do, but something HE HAS DONE once and forever when He redeemed us by His blood and delivered us out of the powers of darkness into the Kingdom of the Son of His love!

RIPENING FOR GLORY.

We sometimes speak of an aged saint, one who has reached threescore years and ten, or perhaps four-score years, as "ripening for glory." The phrase will pass in an accommodated sense, but from the scriptural point of view such a saint is no more ripe for glory than on that day when he accepted Christ. Moreover, no Christian man is walking "worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing" who does not recognize this fact, recognize that he is a child of God through faith in Christ and a partaker of the inheritance for which God has made him meet. He is not walking "worthy of the Lord" except as he not only recognizes this, but is giving thanks to God, the Father, for it. You can do that anywhere, and when you do that you are pleasing God.

See the sequence here, see the working of this supernatural law of God. First, we are filled with the knowledge of God's will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding. Then we walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing. And we walk worthy by being fruitful in every good work, by growth, by patience, through the power of God, and by thankfulness for His grace.

WOOING THE BLACKBIRDS.

Once at Winona, some years ago, Colonel Brown, the great bird lover, called my attention to the number of blackbirds flying around here, and said, "If it were not for these blackbirds you could not have any Winona."

I asked, "Why?" and he said, "Because they are such great scavengers. Thousands of people come here every season, bringing their lunches with them, and picnic on the grounds, leaving the fragments about, and if the blackbirds were not here to eat up the fragments the place would be unendurable from a sanitary point of view." Then he added, "But the blackbirds were not always here; I brought them here."

I asked, "How did you do that?" And he replied, "I 'wooed' them. One day I was over on the other side of the lake and saw a great flock of them and determined to bring them here if I could. So the next day I went over again, carrying with me some cracked

wheat, and I dropped a little of it under the trees and then started slowly back to the grounds, dropping more of it as I walked. The birds came down to pick it up, and followed me all the way back, but when they arrived here and saw the great feast provided for them by the people, they needed no second invitation from me. They returned home, packed up all their goods and chattels, and, bringing their families with them, came and settled here ever since."

It is something like that which Colonel Brown did for the blackbirds that I want to do for you this morning. I want to spread for you a little of the cracked wheat of God's Word. I want you to see what God does for the feeding and strengthening of His saints. I want you to get the inspiration which can only be obtained from His precious Word, that so being "filled with the knowledge of His will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding" you may learn, if you have not learned before, what it is to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing."

Thus may you go back to your homes and fields of labor by His grace to be "bringing forth fruit in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness; giving thanks unto the Father who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

The Gospel of Matthew From the Dispensational Point of View

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

Part I, Chapters 1 to 4.

To make this distinctively a teaching hour, I have chosen the Gospel of Matthew, which we will consider from the dispensational point of view. But before turning to the text, let me ask an introductory question:

How many have ever asked, Why are there four Gospels? If more than one were required, why were not two enough? If more than two why not five, or a dozen, or a score? Why has the Holy Spirit transmitted to us these four records of the sayings and doings of Jesus, no more and no less? There must be some reason for this that has a vital bearing upon the Person and work of Christ.

Of course there have been many attempts to answer the question, but the answer which interests me the most is one that goes back to the Old Testament as its starting point. In that Testament the Coming One is spoken of under different titles and is described in different ways, but all may be summed up in four. He is revealed as the King of Israel, the Servant of Jehovah, the Son of Man and the Son of God, and the four Gospels present Him from these same four points of view. Moreover, it is equally remarkable that at the time of the promulgation of the Gospels there were just four representative classes of people on the earth to whom these four representation of Christ peculiarly appealed—the Jews, the Romans, the Greeks, and the Christian Church, subsequently composed of Jews, Romans and Greeks as they were won to Christ and baptized into His Body.

MATTHEW IS WRITING FOR THE JEW.

Now Matthew is writing for the Jew, because, as will be seen, the central plan of his Gospel is to present Jesus as the Messiah, the King of Israel. Mark presents Him as the Servant of Jehovah appealing to the active, energetic Roman. Luke presents Him as the Ideal Man for whom the Greeks were looking, who made their gods

in the likeness of men. John as the incarnate Son of Man, but Matthew as the promised King. How do we know this?

There are several indications of it. First, Matthew gives no descriptions of locations in his Gospel, evidently because he is addressing a people acquainted with Palestine, the land of the Jew. It is not so in the other Gospel. Second, Matthew refers frequently to the "washings" of the Jews and their sacrifices and offerings, but never pauses to explain them, as if he were writing to a people who understood all about them. Mark explains, Luke explains, John explains, but Matthew never does. Third, Matthew makes frequent references to the kingdom. I do not say that the other Gospels never do so, but it is peculiar to Matthew, who is laying stress upon the kingdom because he is writing to a people who were expecting another kingdom than the Roman and another kingdom than Cæsar. It would have been treason for the Romans or the Greeks to nave been cherishing such an expectation, but it would have been treason in a higher sense for the Jews to have failed to do so. Fourth, he makes frequent references to the Old Testament prophets, saying again and again, in one form or another, "All this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord through the prophet." The other Gospels do not quote the Old Testament as he does. Mark never refers to it, if I remember correctly, after the introduction of his Gospel. He and Luke were writing for Gentile peoples who knew nothing about the Old Testament prophets, while Matthew was writing to those who would take no interest in one professing to be the Messiah who did not fulfill in himself and in his work what the Old Testament prophets had said concerning him. And, finally, we find Matthew presenting a genealogy of Jesus from Abraham and David. Luke has a geneaology, but he traces the line of Jesus back through Adam to God, and there was a reason for it, which does not apply in Matthew's case. Unlike the Greek, the Jew, with his knowledge of the Old Testament, would have expected any man coming into the world to trace back his genealogy through Adam to God; but he was interested in a particular man who would come down from Adam through Abraham, and through one particular family of Abraham, that of David, which was the kingly line. Matthew is very careful about this. There are other indications that he is writing for the Jew and presenting Jesus as the King of Israel, but these are enough.

THE DIVISIONS OF THE BOOK.

Now let us come to the text itself. Matthew is the longest of the four Gospels, and while for that resaon it might seem difficult to

study, yet as we read it from the dispensational point of view, it breaks itself up into five or six very simple divisions.

First. WE HAVE THE PERIOD OF THE ADVENT, chapters one and two, the contents of which are the genealogy just referred to, the angelic announcement of the birth of Jesus, which, significantly in Matthew, is made to Joseph and not Mary, and the account of the flight of the child with His parents into Egypt.

Second. THE PERIOD OF THE PREPARATION FOR HIS PUBLIC MINISTRY, chapters three and four, the contents of which are the baptism of Jesus by John, the anointing of Jesus by the Holy Ghost, and the temptation of Jesus by Satan.

Third. THE PERIOD OF THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KINGDOM, chapters five to fifteen. God had promised David that in his seed He would establish the throne of His kingdom forever (2 Sam. 7:12, 13), in which promise He was referring not to a spiritual kingdom in the sense in which the church in this dispensation is sometimes so referred to, but to a physical or political kingdom on this earth and over which this seed of David should reign. We learn from other parts of the Word of God to associate this "seed" with the Messiah, the Son of God. It was this kingdom for which the Jews were then waiting, and for which Jews intelligent in the Old Testament are still waiting. It is for this kingdom that intelligent Christian men and women are waiting, for it is over it that they as co-heirs with Christ are to reign in a glorified condition with Him when "He shall appear a second time, apart from sin, to them that wait for Him." (Heb. 9:28, R. V.)

If we get that thought in mind as it is revealed in the Old and the New Testaments, it will save us from much confusion in our study of the Bible, as well as in our study of current events.

When our Lord came it was to proclaim that kingdom as His forerunner had already done by saying, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Some are misled by the phrase "kingdom of heaven," as though it meant a kingdom only to be realized in heaven, while it really means a kingdom controlled by heaven, though set up on earth. Is there not need of such a kingdom on earth today? That, I repeat, is the kingdom Jesus Christ came to proclaim, and the portion of this gospel allotted to the record of its proclamation is covered by these chapters.

Fourth. We come to THE PERIOD OF THE MESSIANIC CLAIM, chapters sixteen to twenty-five. It was not enough, speaking after the manner of men, for Christ to have come into the earth

and proclaimed the kingdom and called upon men to prepare themselves to enter into it. He must go further because His nation was not ready to receive Him. Before that rejection by His nation reached a climax it was necessary that in some formal and definite way, and beyond a peradventure, He should assert Himself as the Messiah and promised King. He does that in this division of the book, which will be dwelt upon more particularly in a succeeding lesson.

We now come to the two closing periods, which are hardly different in Matthew from the other gospels. We call the fifth, the PERIOD OF HIS PASSION, chapters twenty-six and twenty-seven; and the sixth, the PERIOD OF HIS TRIUMPH, that is, His resurrection from the dead and ascension into heaven, "from thence expecting, till His enemies shall be made His footstool," chapter twenty-eight.

From the dispensational point of view, this is all there is in Matthew, and after you have gone over it this way and fastened these divisions in your mind, the outline of the book can be carried very easily and used very profitably in your teaching.

We have not time to consider in detail any of these periods, but I would call your attention in passing, to one or two features under the head of the first and the second.

THE VIRGIN BIRTH OF JESUS.

Take the period of the advent. Read the first verse of chapter one: "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham." Sometimes we pass over these Bible genealogies as being worthless and practically uninteresting, but some of the rarest revelations are found at times in these lists of names. In this instance, for example, why did Matthew begin with David, when he did not live for a thousand years after Abraham? Did he make a mistake? Should he have said, "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of Abraham," and omitted David until he came to him in the chronological order? Certainly not, when we consider that he is presenting Jesus as the King of Israel. It was important to the Jew that he be the son of Abraham, but more important, if that were possible, that he be the son of David. In Abraham's seed all the nations of the earth were to be blessed, but that did not mean any seed or any family of Abraham, but only one. It meant the seed that came down through the family of Judah, peculiarly the kingly seed of the house of David. Therefore, Matthew at once challenges the Jew in his opening utterance, saying in effect, "You have been looking for the son of David who was to sit upon the throne of

his father and reign over the house of Jacob forever (Luke 1:32, 33); here He is, I present Him to you—the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David."

Another interesting feature will be noticed in this genealogy. Matthew proceeds in regular order, saying, "Abraham begat Isaac," "Isaac begat Jacob," "Jacob begat Judah and his brethren," and so on until we come to verse six, where we meet with David again, "and Jesse begat David THE KING." After that the genealogy is only in the line of the king. "David the king begat Solomon," "Solomon begat Roboam," "Roboam begat Abia," and so on, all kings, down to the captivity, verse eleven, where we read, "And Josias begat Jechonias and his brethren, about the time they were carried away to Babylon." This Jechonias, or Jehoiachin, was the last of the divinely chosen of the kingly line at the time of the captivity.

But what about the time after the captivity? The next verse answers that question by saying, "And after they were brought to Babylon, Jechonias begat Salathiel, and Salathiel begat Zorobabel." We identify Zorobabel, or Zerubbabel, as the leader of the first company of returning exiles from Babylon. Zorobabel was never called the king, because the kingdom was not restored at that time, but had it been restored he would have sat upon the throne.

The genealogy continues: "Zorobabel begat Abiud, and Abiud begat Eliakim," and so on to verse sixteen, where another Jacob is reached—"And Jacob begat Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ." Herod the Great was sitting upon the throne of Judah when Jesus was born, but he was an usurper. He was not an Israelite, but an Edomite, who had been placed in power by the Cæsars, while the real heir to the thone was a humble and obscure carpenter of Nazareth of Galilee named Joseph. And if he were the heir to the throne it meant that his legal son was heir to the throne. What a valuable testimony we have here, indited by the Holy Spirit Himself, as to the kingly right of Jesus Christ!

But still another interesting feature of the genealogy is found in verse sixteen. In all the preceding verses the word "begat" is used, "Abraham begat Isaac, Isaac begat Jacob, Jacob begat Judas," and so on for thirty-nine times, until we come to this verse, which tells us that "Jacob begat Joseph," but does not say that Joseph begat Jesus. It says rather that "Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom WAS BORN Jesus, who is called Christ." At the very beginning of his Gospel Matthew indicates the Deity and hence the absolute sinlessness of our blessed Lord. I think of all the heresies of the day, and how sad to think that it has found its way into

the evangelical church, the most blasphemous is that which denies the virgin birth of Jesus. There is no time to dwell upon the inferences therefrom, further than to say that if Jesus Christ were not conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of a virgin, then He was a sinner like ourselves, and how could a sinner redeem other sinners? Of course those who deny the virgin birth of Jesus are obliged to deny the supernatural character of the Bible altogether, but alas! that comes easy to them. The moment they come to anything supernatural in the Book they strike it out. Their theory is that the Bible is to be understood just as any other book and to be taught and received on the natural plane of things; therefore since the birth of Christ of a virgin is not natural, but supernatural, it can not be accepted by these, whom John McNeill calls "superior minds." May God keep us faithful to His Word, my brethren, for keeping faithful to the Word written will keep us faithful to the Word incarnate.

WHY WAS JESUS BAPTIZED?

A word under the head of "Preparation." Here as we have seen are three great facts, the baptism of Jesus, the anointing of Jesus, and the temptation of Jesus. Concerning the baptism, look at chapter 3:13 to 15:

> "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan unto John to be baptized of him; but John answered, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness: then he suffered him."

John's baptism was a baptism for repentance unto remission of sins. Did Jesus have any sins to be remitted? Had He any need of repentance or any fear of the wrath to come? Certainly not. Then why should He have come to John to be baptized? No wonder John hesitated, saying, "I have need to be baptized of thee." He would not have baptized Him had not Jesus said, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness."

In other words, while Jesus was baptized BY John He did not receive the baptism OF John. He received a different kind of baptism altogether, although it was received instrumentally at the hands of John. What was His baptism? We cannot understand it except as we recall the teaching in other parts of the Word of God concerning the eternal covenant entered into by God the Father with God the Son for the redemption of the world. According to the terms of that covenant, God the Son was to become incarnate, to leave the

glory He had with His Father before the world was, and take our flesh upon Him, and "suffer the just for the unjust that He might bring us to God." He has now come, He has exiled Himself from His glory, He has taken our flesh upon Him, and the hour has arrived for Him to enter upon His public ministry in the actual fulfillment of that covenant. Thus it is that He comes to the River Jordan and seizes upon this opportunity publicly to dedicate Himself as the incarnate one to His holy Father for the work He has come into the world to do. He offers Himself for this service in the outward act of this baptism, which is the sign and seal of His taking upon Himself the obligations of the covenant. As later, when nailed to the cross, His experiences were the fulfillment of the twenty-second Psalm, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" So now, as He goes down into the waters of Jordan, there is being fulfilled in figure, the words of the sixty-ninth Psalm:

> "Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of my head; they that would destroy me, being my enemies wrongfully, are mighty.....Deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink; let me be delivered from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters. Let not the waterflood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up."

We are not surprised that the Father should have expressed His approbation of the Son symbolically and orally, as in the verses following; but we fail to see the full significance of that event save as we listen to our Lord's own interpretation of it in the fourth of Luke. This was His anointing, His enduement for the holy service to which He had offered Himself. It was His setting apart by His Father "to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted," and "to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." The situation recalls that later one in the church at Antioch, when as the brethren "ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, separate me, Barnabus and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." (Acts 13:2.) It impresses us with the distinction between a man-made and a God-made ministry. The man whom God accepts and calls is always one who has the Holy Ghost upon him, and there is an unction in his work that tells for the deliverance of the sinner and the edification and comfort of the saint. But the other kind may have the cultivation of the schools and the ordaining hands of men upon

his head, but his ministry in contrast is as the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal.

How strange, however, that the Son of God, thus accepted and anointed, should have been led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil! And yet doubtless it was necessary for one who was taking our place under the broken covenant of the first Adam. As a free agent He, too, must have an opportunity to choose freely whether He would serve God or not.

But how different were the circumstances of His testing in comparison with those in the Garden of Eden! It goes without saying in this presence that in Satan we have to do with a personal being, and that this temptation of Jesus was real and objective, and not a mere vision or hallucination of His mind. Moreover, there was some show of reason in Satan's offering to Him the "kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," when we remember that the Word of God itself speaks of him as the God of this world. Little do most men dream, even Christian men, of the power and dignity of the archenemy of our souls.

But there is no more noticeable feature of this awful experience of Christ, than the ease and ability with which Satan could quote the Word of God to answer his purposes, and the corresponding fact that the victory over him by Christ was gained by the simple use of the same divine instrumentality. "It is written," and "It is written again," were all that was necessary to vanquish the tempter; and it remains as true for them on whose behalf he was vanquished as it did for the Vanquisher, that when in the use of that blessed Word they resist the devil, he will flee from them. (James 12:7.)

The Gospel of Matthew From the Dispensational Point of View

Part II, Chapters 5 to 20.

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

The divisions of Matthew indicated in these studies are in a sense arbitrary. That is, studying the book from some other point of view, one might make a different outline, but from the dispensational side this seems to me the best.

I am only pointing out the great Alpine heights of the book, however. You are standing in a valley and are asked to describe a range of mountains in the distance, and you say that it covers a space of so many miles and is outlined by so many peaks. You perceive smaller hills in between and among the higher ones, but without a field glass you are unable to determine to which of the higher the smaller are related; it would require closer investigation to do that.

The same is true as to the divisions of this Gospel. I am giving you the great outline facts, knowing very well that there are other facts related to these, but for the purpose now in mind they may be omitted.

The period of the proclamation of the kingdom referred to in the last lesson, covers chapters five to fifteen, and may be divided as follows:

(1) The Laws of the Kingdom.—Chapters V-VII.
(2) The Credentials of the King.—Chapters VIII-IX.
(3) The Heralds of the King.—Chapter X.
(4) Opposition to the King.—Chapters XI-XII.
(5) The Kingdom in Mystery.—Chapter XIII.
(6) The First Ministry to the Gentiles.—Chapters XIV-XV.

The proclamation was that the king had come into the world to set up his kingdom. His messenger, John the Baptist, had announced Him, saying, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," and Jesus began His ministry with the same words.

First. He announced THE LAWS OF THE KINGDOM, chap-

ters five to seven, in what we call the Sermon on the Mount. These are the laws that would have maintained in the kingdom had it been set up on the earth at that time, and the laws that WILL maintain when it is set up at Christ's Second Coming.

Following the laws of the kingdom, THE CREDENTIALS OF THE KING, showing that He had the authority to announce these laws. The credentials are presented in a series of ten miracles, chiefly of healing, gathered together in chapters eight and nine.

Following the credentials of the King, we have in Chapter X, THE HERALDS OF THE KING. He puts power upon them, and gives them the same authority He Himself had to work signs and miracles, and sends them out with the same commission to proclaim that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Note that He sends them only to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," for it is in Israel only that the Kingdom is to be set up.

Now that He has multiplied Himself by twelve, and the heralds are going throughout Judea and Galilee proclaiming the kingdom and showing their credentials, what is the result? Is the nation ready to receive Him, or will it reject Him?

The answer is found in THE OPPOSITION TO THE KINGDOM, now expressing itself (Chapters XI and XII), not only sporadic, not only opposition of individuals here and there, but at length crystallized as the Pharisees call a council (XII-14) to see how they may destroy Him.

At this point there is a marked change in the character of His ministry, for immediately following, that is, in chapter thirteen, "THE MYSTERIES OF THE KINGDOM" are revealed. It were as though the Master said: "I am no longer to preach to the multitude that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, because it is not at hand; but to you, my disciples, I will now reveal certain mysteries of the kingdom, an outline of events that shall take place on this earth while the kingdom of heaven is in abeyance, while the King is away. The nobleman is now to go into a far country to receive His kingdom and to return (Luke XIX), and while He is away certain things will be transpiring on earth with reference to the kingdom until He returns again to set it up. These things I will now reveal to you in parabolic form." Then follow the parables of the sower, the wheat and the tares, the leaven, the mustard seed, the treasure, the pearl, the drag-net which outlines the course of Christendom until Christ returns.

At this period He begins a MINISTRY TO THE GENTILES,

as emphasized particularly in the case of the Syro-Phœnician woman (Chapter XV).

The order in which Matthew groups these events may not have been that in which they occurred, and indeed a comparison of Matthew's Gospel with the others would indicate that such was not the case. But we are not now studying the life of Jesus, but the book of Matthew, in which the Holy Spirit is pleased to group certain sayings and doings of Jesus for a definite purpose He has in mind; and that purpose is the impact He would make on the Jewish mind that Jesus is the Messiah promised in the Old Testament and the King of Israel.

THE MESSIANIC CLAIM.

We now come to the fourth division, THE PERIOD OF THE CLAIM, by which is meant the Messianic claim. It was necessary before the final rejection of the King that in some way He should, beyond a peradventure, affirm Himself to BE the King. It was not enough for Him to announce the laws of the kingdom, or to show His credentials, or to send out His heralds, unless in connection with it all He had in some formal or definite way said to the people, "I AM HE THAT SHOULD COME." He does that, according to this gospel, in chapters sixteen to twenty-five.

His Messianic claim is presented in two divisions, so to speak, first, before His disciples, in chapters 16-20, and then before the nation, chapters 11 to 25. He first makes it clear to His disciples that He is the Messiah, and then to His nation if they are willing to accept Him.

His claim before His disciples was led up to by the confession of Peter, chapter sixteen, was followed by the transfiguration, chapter seventeen, and accompanied by the revelations of His death in chapters seventeen to twenty.

A word about the confession of Peter. Jesus was up in the Gentile country, the highest northern point He had ever visited, Cæsarea Philippi. He had been for a long while engaged in His public ministry, and the time having come for the formal announcement spoken of, He leads up to it by saying, "Who do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" The answer indicates that "men" were unable to rise higher in their conceptions of Him than to speak of Him as a prophet. "But who say YE that I am?" brings the confession of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Immediately our Lord accepts the confession as true and confirms it by saying, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven."

It is now that He first reveals His death, and I wish you to observe the sequence of the thoughts that follow, for we never can see the significance of the transfiguration of Christ now coming into view, except in the light of what immediately precedes it. Peter having confessed Him as the Christ, from that time forth He began to reveal to them that He was going up to Jerusalem to suffer and die. Why from THAT TIME FORTH? Up until now it is not mentioned in the record. "From that time," doubtless, because until then His disciples were not prepared for such a revelation. And even then, how poorly prepared they were for it is seen, inasmuch as Peter takes Him aside and rebukes him by saying, "Oh! that can never be, Lord! Thou art surely mistaken about it; thou art the king of Israel, and hast come into the world to set up thy kingdom, and art thou not going up to Jerusalem to seize the reins of government? Thou canst not be going there to suffer and to die."

Why did Peter rebuke Christ? What was the secret of his interest. I speak with reverence, but I think the context bears me out in saying that as the representative of the disciples, Peter had a worldly motive in his heart. When the kingdom was set up, who would be the closest to the King upon the throne and receive the emoluments of office save those who had been nearest to Him in His obscurity and rejection? If He were now going up to Jerusalem, and His disciples with Him, it must be to take the throne, and to let His disciples share with Him in its honors and glory, otherwise their hopes would be dashed to the ground. No wonder Peter said, "This cannot be."

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Peter's temptation of Jesus, though he knew it not, was like that of Satan in the wilderness; that is, he wanted Jesus to take the kingdom in some other way than by the cross. Satan said, "All the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me," and there was a sense in which Satan could have carried out his purpose had Jesus complied with his demand. But as Jesus resisted him in the wilderness, so He resists him now on the way to Jerusalem in the person of Peter. Then He gives this instruction and warning to His disciple, saying, "If any man will come after me,"—as you are professing to do—"let him deny HIMSELF and take up his cross and follow me." The emphasis is on himself. "Let him take up HIS cross"—not mine. The cross thou hast to take up, Peter, is thy disappointment with reference to thine entrance upon the kingdom now. Thou must take up that cross and follow Christ, if thou follow Him at all, "for who-

ever will save his life shall lose it." Were I to save My life in the physical sense by shunning the cross, we can almost hear the Master say, I should lose it in the spiritual and eternal sense through the failure to obey My Father's will; therefore, whosoever will save his life, as thou wouldst have me do, shall lose it, "and whosoever will lose his life for My sake, shall find it." Lose it, not necessarily in that he should die physically, though that might be involved, but lose it in that he should yield his will to God absolutely and irreversibly. The man losing his life in that sense will find it in the eternal and spirit sense, because "the Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels, and then He shall reward every man according to his works. In other words, it were as though our Lord had said, "Peter, the kingdom is to be set up, and they who are faithful to me shall receive their reward, but not now; the nobleman is going away to receive his kingdom and to return, and when he returns the reward comes with him." And then to confirm what He had said, He adds, "Verily, I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of man coming in His kingdom!"

"What does that mean?" some may ask. The answer is the transfiguration, which is in miniature the coming of the Son of man in His Kingdom. The sight of it was to encourage and comfort the disciples in the thought that the kingdom was certainly coming, and that they were to have their part in it by and by.

So it is that within six days, that in the mouth of three witnesses every word may be established, He takes with Him Peter, James and John, and goes up into an high mountain apart, and is transfigured before them. There we behold the Second Coming of Christ in miniature, as has been said. When He comes a second time He will be in the clouds in the air, and on the Mount of Transfiguration He is seen in the clouds in the air! When He comes a second time He will be glorified, and there He is glorified. When He comes a second time the dead saints will come with Him, and there are they represented by Moses, who died and was buried by the hand of God. When He comes a second time, the living saints shall be caught up to meet Him in the air, and there are they represented by Elijah, who never saw death, but was carried by a whirlwind into heaven. When He comes a second time Israel in the flesh will sustain a mediatorial relation to Him with reference to the other nations of the earth, and there is Israel in the flesh represented by Peter, James and John, communing with Him and with the saints in glory. And that this is not a strained application of the scene, consider what

one of these witnesses himself declares concerning it. Turn, for example, to Peter's second epistle, chapter one, verses 16-18, where he says that after his decease he desires his hearers to have these things always in remembrance, and adds:

> "For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye witnesses of his majesty.
>
> For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.
>
> And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with him in the holy mount."

Here we have Peter's testimony that the transfiguration of Christ was revealed to the disciples at this crisis for their comfort and encouragement, as being in itself in miniature the coming of the Son of man in His kingdom.

Immediately is this event followed by a second revelation of His death, and then a third. In the first instance He revealed that He would die at the hands of His nation, chapter sixteen; in the second, that He would die at the hands of one of their own number, chapter seventeen; and in the third, that He would die at the hands of the Gentiles, chapter twenty.

This concludes His claim before His disciples and He is now ready to make a similar announcement before His nation, chapters twenty-one to twenty-five. The latter is led up to by His entry into Jerusalem, chapter twenty-one; is followed by rejection, a two-fold rejection indeed, since the nation first rejects Him and then He rejects the nation, chapters twenty-one to twenty-three; and is accompanied by a prophecy of His second coming, chapters twenty-four and twenty-five.

This will be considered in another lecture.

The Gospel of Matthew From the Dispensational Point of View

Part III—Chapters 21 to 25.

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

We have seen that Matthew wrote his Gospel to set forth Jesus as the Messiah of the Old Testament and the promised King of Israel. God had promised David that His kingdom should be established forever on the earth in His Son, and Israel was looking for that Son and for that kingdom. When Jesus came into the world it was as the son of David to sit upon David's throne and reign over the house of Jacob forever (Luke 1:32, 33); and had His people received Him that reign would have begun. His people did not receive Him, and He went away "to receive His kingdom and to return." He is now sitting on the throne of His Heavenly Father, but is coming again to be seated upon the throne of David. He is now reigning in the hearts of His people, but He will reign over the house of Jacob on earth when the kingdom shall be set up. It is the purpose of Matthew to reveal this.

Taking up our new lesson where we paused yesterday, we find Jesus setting forth His claim to be the Messiah before the nation, as He had already set it forth to His disciples, chapters twenty-one to twenty-five.

This claim is led up to by His entry into Jerusalem, chapter twenty-one; it is followed by rejection, a double rejection, since He is rejected by the nation and He in turn rejects the nation, chapters twenty-one to twenty-three, and it is accompanied by a prophecy of His second coming, chapters twenty-four and twenty-five.

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

The story of His entry into Jerusalem is familiar. The prophet Zechariah, four or five hundred years before, had declared by the Holy Spirit that the king of Israel would come, lowly and riding upon an ass, and a colt with her. It is now the last week of Jesus'

earthly life, the climax is at hand, and before He is crucified an announcement of His Kingship must be made that cannot be misunderstood. He therefore sends His disciples into the town to find the ass. They bring her and the colt with her and He rides into Jerusalem. Did He know that Zechariah had uttered that prophecy? And did He realize its significance? Moreoer, knowing all this, did He deliberately, with full intent and purpose of mind, send His disciples to get the ass that He might ride into Jerusalem and fulfill the words of the prophet? If Jesus did that, and I suppose we are agreed that He did, then He was—I speak it with reverance and ask forgiveness even as I suggest it—either the greatest impostor who ever lived, or He was the King of Israel and the Son of God. Which view shall we accept?

We know the result. He comes into Jesrusalem and is rejected. Even the multitude crying out "Hosanna!" only see in Him "a prophet of Nazareth," while the leaders of the nation express their antagonism by demanding that He cause these "Hosannas" to cease. The next day when He again enters the temple they say to Him, By what authority doest thou these things, and who gave thee this authority?" For He had taken upon Himself the authority of a king, driving out the money changers and them that sold doves. In other words, His rejection by the nation is as formal and definite as His claim had been. And now, having been rejected by the nation, He in turn rejects the nation in the three parables that follow: The Two Sons, the Wicked Husbandman, and the Marriage of the King's Son.

At the close of chapter twenty-two the Pharisees apprehend clearly that He is speaking these things against them, and they begin their final effort to put Him out of the way. Chapter twenty-three is taken up with the woes He denounces against them.

REJECTION, BUT NOT WITHOUT HOPE.

It is on the first day of the week He enters Jerusalem in fulfillment of Zechariah. On the second day, our Monday, He is in the temple again, and the formal rejection of Him has taken place. On the Tuesday He is there once more, when the woes are pronounced by Him upon the leaders of the nation. And now it is Tuesday evening, and He is leaving the temple and the city for the last time prior to His crucifixion, and at the close of chapter twenty-three He says: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate, for

I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Here is rejection indeed, but also hope. The time was coming when they would say, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" He foretells it here, declaring they will not see Him again until then.

Now follows the prophecy of His second coming! As He goes out of the temple, the disciples, mystified by the words, "Your house is left unto you desolate," call His attention to the magnificence of the buildings of the temple. It were as though they said, "Master what can Thy words mean?" To which He replies in words still more mystifying, "See ye not all these things? Verily, I say unto you there shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." And as they go over the Mount of Olives and sit down to rest, the disciples come to Him privately and ask three questions: "When shall these things be?" that is, the destruction of the temple. "What shall be the sign of Thy coming?"

THE END OF THE AGE AND THE END OF THE WORLD.

And, "What shall be the sign of the end of the age?" not the end of the world, as the King James version puts it. As you know, there is a great difference between the end of the world and the end of the age. The end of the world is a long way off, a whole millenium—a thousand years—of peace and righteousness must intervene before the end of the world, but the end of the age may be near. There have been many dispensations or ages in the history of the world in which God has been dealing with His people in different ways, for example, the Edenic age, the antediluvian age, the post-diluvian age, the Mosaic, and the present Christian age. Ages have passed, but the world goes on, and this age will pass when Jesus will have come again, but the world will go on.

Jesus answers the three questions, but Matthew does not record His answer to the first, and you will be saved confusion and misinterpretation of this chapter if you keep that in mind. Luke is the evangelist led by the Holy Spirit to record His answer to the first question concerning the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, A. D. 70, but Matthew's object being a different one, he records only the answers to the other two questions, "What shall be the sign of Thy coming and of the end of the age?"

He records the answer to the second question first, which gives in outline the whole course of this age, chapter 24:1-14, and then describes in detail the period of the end in the same chapters, verses

15-23. Finally, He describes the second advent itself, "The sign of thy coming," in verses 29-35, and concludes with certain warnings and instructions for the whole of the age and especially for its end, chapter twenty-five.

Jesus answering, said unto them:

> "Take heed that no man deceive you, for many shall come in my name saying, 'I am the Christ,' and shall deceive many. And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled; for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and there shall be famines and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows. Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you: and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake. And then many shall be offended, and shall betray one another, and shall hate one another. And many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved. And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end of this age come."

In these words we have a panorama of the centuries—false Christs, international turmoil, the persecution of the saints, false teaching and great declension among the professed people of God, but a preaching of the gospel nevertheless.

THE END PERIOD.

But while He is here giving us the course of this age, He is more particularly revealing its characteristics as they will be headed up at the end. We have to go back to Daniel to understand what is meant by the "end" of the age, distinctively so-called. In chapter nine of his prophecy he divides the time of God's dealings with Israel into a period of seventy-seven years, sixty-nine of which have passed, and the last of which is yet to come. In other words, there is a certain period of seven years at the end of this age in which God will be dealing peculiarly with Israel, who at that time will have been restored to her own land, but as yet in the unconverted state so far as the acceptance of her Messiah is concerned. That is the end period, and all characteristics of this age will be summed up and reach an awful climax of intensity at that time, and it is this apparently to which our Lord particularly referred.

Now, after He had thus described the course of this age with particular reference to its climax at the end, He describes the end itself, saying at verse 15:

> "When ye, therefore, shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place.."

To understand this, remember what was just stated in that end period, that last seven years. Israel is again in her own land, and having rebuilt her temple, is worshipping the God of her father, after her former manner, but as yet unconverted to Jesus Christ. The nations of the Roman Empire are federated under the antichrist, who has made a covenant with Israel for seven years. It is part of this covenant that she shall be permitted to restore her worship, but in the midst of the seven years this covenant is broken and the antichrist no longer permits her to worship the God of her fathers, but sets up his own image in the temple to be worshipped. That is the abomination spoken of by Daniel, the "man of sin" referred to by Paul in his second epistle to the Thessalonians, and also what our Lord is speaking of in this verse.

There will be a faithful remnant in Israel who will now bow down to worship this image, and to them Christ now addresses Himself, saying:

> "Then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains,"—that is, the faithful one who will not bow the knee to him—"let him which is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of his house; neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes. And unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days! But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day."

Do we not see how distinctively this applies to Israel? In the olden time her people would not travel on the Sabbath day beyond a certain limit, and when she comes back to Judea again she will be observing the old laws and traditions in that respect. "Pray, therefore that this crisis may not come upon you upon the Sabbath day when ye will not be able to flee to the mountains."

> "For then shall be great tribulation,"—on you, Jacob, Israel—"such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be; and except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved," and so on down to verse twenty-eight.

The advent of our Lord follows at verse twenty-nine:

> "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken: and then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven; and then shall all of the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."

As I understand it, this is not His coming for His church, whose translation is prior to this crisis, but His coming for the deliverance of Israel from her tribulation, and for judgment upon the Gentile nations.

Then follow the warning and instruction previously mentioned, chapter twenty-five, which in a sense are applicable to all these intervening centuries, but in a peculiar sense to that particular period called the end.

The next two divisions of this Gospel, the passion and the triumph, are not essentially different from the same divisions in the other Gospels, and we have no time for them just now, but I trust that this brief outline of the dispensational part of Matthew may not have been without interest and blessing to your hearts.

The Judgment Seat of Christ

By REV. GEORGE E. GUILLE.

I will ask you to open your Bibles to the third chapter of First Corinthians, verses eight to fifteen inclusive. These verses are descriptive of the judgment seat of Christ mentioned in II Cor., 5:10: "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ."

There are three questions which must be answered in this Bible study this morning, viz.: Who? When? What? Who are the subjects of the judgment seat of Christ? When does the judgment take place? And what are the results?

Before we go further we want to put with this text the words of our Lord in John 5:24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment; but is already passed out of death into life,"—that is the revised version. The Greek word which is rendered "condemnation" in the authorized version is the same word that in the context is rendered "judgment." There is the solemn asseveration of the Lord of life and glory that the believer shall not come into judgment. The question of sin was forever settled on the cross. It can never be opened again between God and the poorest believer in His Son; to open it would be to deny the finished work of the Lord Jesus. The judgment of sin is passed; the only judgment that a believer can know is the disciplinary chastening of the Father's house, to which we belong as children begotten of God. And yet, here is the apostles's statement in II Cor., 5:10: "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ."

To whom does he refer? We have to look at the context for the answer to that question. Notice how the chapter begins: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The allusion here is plainly to the tabernacle in the wilderness and to the temple in the land. When God's people were a pilgrim people God was a pilgrim with them, content to dwell in the tabernacle, a temporary structure, but when they reached the

land the tabernacle was displaced by the temple, a permanent structure. "This tabernacle" is the body; it is temporary, but if it were dissolved we have a glorified body, and the apostle goes on to say, "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened, not for that we would be unclothed but clothed upon, that mortality may be swallowed up of life." We are not groaning to die, to come into a disembodied state, but for the Lord's return to change our body into the likeness of His body of glory. He says, "He that hath wrought us for this very thing is God who hath also given unto us the earnest of the Spirit." "Clothed upon with immortality" is being glorified with the Lord Jesus Christ, at His coming. "Therefore, we are always confident,"—not always doubting, because we believe our Bibles; the man who is not always confident is the man who does not read the Bible or does not believe it when he does read it—"knowing that whilst we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord (for we walk by faith, not by sight); we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord: wherefore we labor that present or absent we may be accepted of him, for we shall all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." Clearly, then, it is the saints who are the subjects of this judgment, and only they. No unbeliever will ever appear before the judgment seat of Christ; the judgment place of the unbeliever is the great white throne, and that judgment takes place immediately preceding the eternal state.

Let us see what the apostle means by these words, "the judgment seat." I want to write the Greek word on the board with English letters so you will remember it. It is the "bema" of Christ. We find the word "bema" several times in the New Testament; we read of Pilate's judgment seat and Herod's judgment seat—"bema" in both cases—but when we read of the "bema" of Christ there is no thought of condemnation or acquittal in connection with it. In the Olympian games, to which reference is constantly made in the epistles, "bema" was the place to which the successful contestant in the games came to get his prize. It was a dais on the race-course; there the judges sat, from there they directed the order of the games, and distributed the crowns of victory. That is the significance of the word here. The saints are going to appear before the judgment seat of Christ, not to find out whether they are saints, but because they are; not to find out whether they are saved, but because they are; and to have their works as saints appraised with respect to the reward.

The next question is when? It is very common to hear at the funeral service of an eminently pious Christian that he has gone to

his reward, and to read in obituary notices that the deceased has passed to his reward. That is not true; Paul has not received his reward. He does not get his reward until I get mine. I find the rewards spoken of under the symbolism of crowns. Paul has had no head for a crown. While he has been with Christ from the very moment of his death he has not received his glorified body, and he will not receive it until I receive mine. It is when "the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven" that Paul's body shall be raised; then he will have a head for his crown, but not until then. Dying and departing to be with Christ is not reward. There is no other place in the universe to which the believer could go; he goes to Christ because he is saved and belongs to Christ. Salvation is God's gift of grace; but the reward is something which you earn. You cannot earn salvation or pay for it after you receive it. The answer to our question, When? is at the coming of the Lord, in the day of Christ. We were studying the other day about the four prophetic days mentioned in the New Testament, and there we saw that the DAY OF CHRIST is an expression peculiar to Paul's epistles; we saw that "the day of Christ," "the day of the Lord Jesus," "the day of Jesus Christ," and "that day," are expressions which always have reference to that period of time which begins with the fulfillment of I Thess., 4:16: "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we that are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." That begins the day of Christ—the time of the manifestation of believers in glory with Jesus Christ. The day of Christ is the time for the honoring of the saints. It is a definite period marked by two great events—one is the "bema" of Christ and the other the marriage of the lamb.

See how this is set before us in the epistles: In Philippians 2:16 "That I may rejoice in the day of Christ that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain." II Tim., 4:8, "A crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give to me at THAT DAY, and not to me only." Let us see a few other Scriptures which make this clear: Luke 14:14, "And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." The resurrection of the just, as we have already seen, occurs with the descent of the Lord into the air; and then it is that the dead in Christ, the just, are raised from the dead; and that is the time of recompense, as the Lord Jesus declares. Again, I Thess., 2:19, "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?"

That is the time of rejoicing over the fruit of our labors. Again, I Pet., 5:4, "When the chief shepherd shall appear ye shall receive a crown of glory." Once more: Rev., 22:10, "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me to give to every man according as his words shall be." These Scriptures ought to make plain the answer to the second question, When? The time of reward is when Jesus comes again. I pause to say that here is another evidence of the importance of the truth of the Lord's coming. We find the apostle constantly referring his labors and activities to that day, the day of Christ, laboring with reference to the judgment seat of Christ, and the judgment seat of Christ is established at the coming of the Lord. We have something to work for; we are not laboring as those whose labor is to be forgotten.

We come to the third question, which will occupy the rest of the hour, and that is, What? What are the results of this judgment? The distribution of rewards is the answer, and these rewards we find spoken of in the Scriptures as crowns. There are five crowns mentioned in the New Testament. Oh! there is another crown, but we cannot speak of that this morning—there is the crown of thorns which was on that blessed brow, the symbol of the curse of sin, which He came to put away; He wore that crown of thorns in order that you might wear these other crowns. The first of these crowns is the crown of life; you find it first mentioned in James 1:2 and in Revelation 2:10, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive a crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Plainly, the crown of life is a reward for patient endurance, if need be, unto death; it is the martyr's crown; it is the crown that is given as a reward to those who in the midst of trial and affliction and persecution are faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ. We see the word "tried" in the twelfth verse of the first chapter of James; keep that word in mind for a moment, because we are coming back to it in the consideration of the second crown, namely, the incorruptible crown. I Cor., 9:25—I will ask you to open your Bibles to that verse with me and we will read the context in order to be clear in our thoughts as to what the apostle is speaking of. Notice that he is talking in this chapter about service and reward; he is not discussing salvation or eternal life; he tells us what he does for the gospel's sake that he might be a partaker of it with us. At the twenty-fourth verse he says: "Know ye not that they which run in a race at all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we

an incorruptible. Running in a race and striving for the mastery are not salvation; you do not run anywhere to get saved except into the riven side of Jesus Christ; you get salvation by accepting Him; you do not strive to get salvation, it is given you upon your acceptance of Jesus Christ as the only Savior. Only free-born Greek citizens were allowed to contest for prizes. No man was allowed in the arena who could not declare his citizenship. You are not in the lists for this crown unless you have been born again. If you have been born again here is a special prize held out before your eyes, and that prize is for a victorious life. Notice! "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." I thank God for that word, "not as uncertainly!" There on the race course the racer who reached the goal first was the only one who could get the prize; in this case it is not a question of competition, but a question about observing the rules of the game, and so the apostle says, "I am not so uncertain in my running as they that run in the race course for a laurel wreath that will be faded the next morning." He says, "I put my foot on the neck of the old man and keep him in the place of subjection; I 'make no provision for the flesh'—this evil nature dwelling in him—'to fulfill the lusts thereof;' I 'abstain from fleshly lusts;' I 'have no confidence in the flesh;' " and for the man who lives this triumphant life there is an incorruptible crown in the hand of the Lord at His coming.

Are you in the lists for that prize? There is no reason why every man should not live triumphantly. I do not mean that you are going to live in sinless perfection, but it is your privilege to live in triumph over every known sin, and the more you have your eye on the goal of your pilgrimage the more you will do so. What does Paul mean by saying, "Lest by any means I should be a castaway." I asked you to keep in mind the word "tried," in Jas. 1:12; the twenty-seventh verse of this chapter connects with that. That word "tried" is "dokimos," which means approved—when he has been approved at the "bema" of Christ he shall receive a crown of life. The word here rendered "a castaway" is "adokimos"—disapproved. "Adokimos" was a technical term used in the Olympian games. If any contestant was observed violating the rules of the arena the judge shouted "Adokimos," and the man was disqualified. I was speaking in Wisconsin one day on this subject and a lady came to me and said, "I have seen every one of the pillars erected at the Olympian games." I said, "I do not know what you mean." "Yes, you do," she said, "you spoke about it this morning; don't you know that when the racer

on the race course was disapproved he had to erect a pillar as a memorial to his humiliation and shame? In all the hundreds of years during which the Olympian games were celebrated, only thirteen were ever erected, and I have seen the ruins of them all." That is the word used here, "Lest by any means when I have preached to others," at the judgment seat of Christ, "I should be disapproved" with respect to this incorruptible crown. Even now the preacher to others is disapproved, in so far as his testimony is concerned, if he does not live a triumphant life. "What did Paul mean by fearing that he should be a castaway?" is a frequent question. He did not say that he feared it. It has reference to the "bema" of Christ, where prizes are given. He does not say, "Lest by any means when I have been begotten of God," but "Lest by any means when I have preached to others, I should myself be disapproved."

The next crown is the crown of rejoicing. I Thess., 2:19, and Philippians 4:1, "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? Plainly, then, the crown of rejoicing is the soul winner's crown. The saints of Thessalonica, whom Paul has won for Christ, are his crown of rejoicing. Those whom you have won for Christ are to be your crown of rejoicing in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at His coming. Are you in the lists for that prize? There is no reason why you should not win it. You are rich in speech and influence and you have in your hand the key that will unlock the door of some man's heart; you have the Bible; you have a fair degree of intelligence, so that you are able to commit to memory a few simple passages of Scripture like John 1:12-13 and John 3:36, and you can sit down with your Bible and show a lost man or woman what it means to believe in Jesus Christ as Savior. I think I understand why this is called the crown of rejoicing, because there is no joy comparable to that which results from the consciousness of having been used of God to lead a soul to Jesus Christ. Think of what an incentive this is to personal evangelism! Every one of us ought to be a soul winner, and God will give us abundant opportunities if we will put Him to the test.

The next crown is the crown of glory, I Peter, 5:4. The preface to the statement of that fourth verse is this: "The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, and also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed. Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock. And when the chief shepherd shall

appear ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." The crown of glory is for feeding the flock; it is for the man or woman who with a heart of solitude has put before him the spiritual welfare of the saints and has a ministry of helpfulness to them, nourishing them up in the things of the Lord. Have you gotten a fresh loaf of bread out of God's bakeshop? Share it with somebody. Have you gotten some precious truth from the word? Pass it on. "Feed the flock of God," ministering to their spiritual need and building them up in Christ. There is a solemn responsibility resting upon us to do that very thing, and there is a crown of glory for those who do it.

There is one more; and there are some people here this morning who are going to gain this crown. II Tim., 4:8: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day,"—he has not received it yet, for the day of Christ has not yet dawned—"and not unto me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." Why should the Lord offer a special prize to them that love His appearing? I do not know; I only know that He does so. He may have foreseen the sneer and scoff of the last days, as of course He did foresee it, and that it would perhaps involve some persecution to bear testimony to His appearing, for no man could love it without bearing testimony to it. It may be that, I do not know, but I do know that there is a crown of righteousness for those who love His appearing, and who pray, "Come quickly, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

My brethren, are you in the lists for these crowns? I think I can understand why they are called crowns; the crown suggests immortal regencies. Do you know that you are going to reign with Christ when He comes in His glory? Your position of honor in connection with the millenial reign of Christ as King of kings and Lord of lords is determined by your fidelity to Him. Did you ever hear about the four hundred? Of course you have, but do you know who they are? Let me tell you: David is God's anointed, but he is rejected and an enemy is on the throne. Saul still occupies the throne, but that throne is doomed and judgment has been pronounced upon it. And God's anointed is waiting in the cave of Adullam, and every man that was in distress and discontented and in debt, gat themselves down to David, and he became captain over them, and there were four hundred men with him in the hold, sharing the rejection of God's anointed. Do you remember how Jonathan on the occasion of his last meeting with David, said, "Thou shalt be king in Israel and I shall be next to thee?" But he left David in the wood and returned again to his house—the house of Saul that was under judgment from

God—he left the anointed and went back to that judged house. O Jonathan! the place you sought by David's throne is not to be won in that way! Jonathan fell miserably with his royal father on Mount Gilboa, and when David went up to take the throne these four hundred men, who shared his rejection, went with him and became his mighty men. Who are the "four hundred?" They are the saints of the present day, who are sharing the rejection of the Lord Jesus Christ; they are in fellowship with His rejection now, and will have fellowship in His glory by and by. We are waiting for our inheritance; there is not anything good enough for us on earth.

One verse more in conclusion, I Cor., 4:5. There is some poor heart here this morning saying, "I am not going to receive any of these crowns." I want that one to get this verse: "Therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts: and then shall every man have praise of God." He will find something praiseworthy in your poor life after all. It is like the Lord; He has saved you by grace alone, without condition, without measure, and there is no service, however trifling it may have appeared in your eyes, rendered at your hands to His blessed name, that He does not treasure in His heart of love and that He shall not reward at His coming." Then shall every man have praise of God." "Look to yourselves, that ye lose not those things which ye have wrought, but that ye receive a full reward."

ADDRESS

To the Members of the Interdenominational Association of Evangelists Assembled in Their Eleventh Annual Conference at Winona Lake, Indiana.

By REV. HERBERT C. HART.

Dear Fellow Workers:

It is with much joy and thanksgiving to our Gracious Redeemer that I bring this, my first message as President of the Interdenominational Association of Evangelists, because of the splendid reports that have reached me from the field, describing the great awakenings and large number of conversions that have crowned the efforts of the members of this association. Truly, this has been a marvelous year. I know you join me in thanks to our Lord and Master, whose we are and whom we serve.

In surveying the work of the past year, I note there are very many encouraging signs; also some things we, as evangelists, are grieving over. There is need of further advancement. There is need of careful and prayerful consideration of these problems and perils that confront us. We need to put our association on record as commending the good and disapproving the bad in Evangelism.

There is need of planning for greater achievements in this work for the Master. Therefore I have thought it might be helpful to mention some of the things that might appeal to you, and which we might take action upon, thus increasing our usefulness and helping to save from anything that may be detrimental to us and our work, and build a more efficient evangelism.

While we rejoice in the success of the past season, we must ever keep the evangelistic note emphasizing pre-eminently the need of regeneration and not reformation, for it seems that one by one these great reformative movements that came out of the womb of Christianity are gradually drifting into crusades that employ almost, if not entirely, worldly weapons, while every great revival of permanent record was the result of exalting the Christ and the work of His atonement, and honoring the Holy Spirit.

I heartily agree with the position which the great surgeon, Dr. Howard Kelley, takes against this drift from true Christianity. He says, "I have absolutely no faith in the permanent results of any reformatory movement that is not looking consciously to Christ as a personal Savior to change the human heart and bring it into harmony with divine ideals."

It seems to me we are facing an age, where, instead of laying the axe at the root of the tree, we are content to lop off the branches. We are directing our thought to conduct instead of character making. Instead of emphasizing "To be carnally minded is death" and salvation through faith in Christ alone, we are allowing the drift of the times to substitute the socialistic settlement religion through the eclipsing of the great central truth, the cross. Understand I do not question but what there is much good in these needed reforms, but we must direct all to the Great Fountain Head. Some may say this is mouldy and old-fashioned, but I call your attention to the fact that all great revivals of the past have had their source in Christ the Redeemer.

Genuine reforms have always been preceded by the proclamation of soul-stirring, divine truths. Paul's preaching of the cross was to a certain class, foolishness, just as many are dubbing us evangelists today, but Paul's message changed the moral map of the world then just as uncompromising, pentecostal, dynamic, blood-bathed preaching will change it today, just as John Wesley and his Holy Club changed it one hundred and fifty years ago, and Finney, Edwards and Moody did it later. Brethren, we must, we must stand by the old blood-stained land marks of a spirit-filled, Christ-uplifting message.

If we place emphasis on Social Betterment, environment, reforms, sex hygiene, cleaning up a town and getting men to vote dry, without getting their hearts truly regenerated, we are going to be up against it, as we seem to be today on the Prohibition issue, with tremendous gains here and there, and yet with the startling facts existing that while we are making counties and states dry we are consuming more gallons of booze this year than ever known in the history of the United States. There has been a certain class, headed principally by non-churchmen, that have been crying "Peace, peace," failing to recognize that without exalting the Prince of Peace as Redeemer and Lord there can be no peace. Hence, we are plunged into the midst of a world war that will mean the loss of thousands of lives and millions of property.

Don't misunderstand me. I do not want us to let up on fighting

the evils of our land, but I do want such transformation by the power of the Holy Spirit in His regeneration that the converts will not only make a temperance wave in a town, but will be truly saved from sin in any form or desire. Therefore, I am going to suggest also that with the pressing of the Christ message shall we not also place special stress upon the following in our campaign. "The Abolition of the Saloon," "The Abolition of the Drug Habit," "The Abolition of White Slavery," "The Condemnation of the Vile and Nude Picture" and "Semi-Nude Dress," "Placing the Bible in the Public School," "The Observance of the Sabbath." Yet, if we emphasize these to the exclusion of the omnipotent Christ, we are merely building the dam without shutting off the head waters, or mopping up the floor without turning off the faucet.

We mention the following for your prayerful consideration:

First. What suggestions would you offer to create a greater desire on the part of the churches for the evangelistic meetings?

Shall we seek to identify our association with the COMMISSION OF EVANGELISM OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES IN CHRIST in America, so as to allow them to either work with us as a clearing house for engagements, or shall we simply recommend that they recognize us as an association, the high standing of which we believe we merit.

Shall we make a strong effort to secure a General Secretary whose work primarily shall be to secure engagements for evangelists? If so, how shall he be secured and compensated? Should not his specific duties be named in the recommendation?

Shall we appoint some member of the association to secure such material as will be helpful in securing work for all classes of evangelists, such as reports of the success of evangelistic metings, testimonials, and other material that might be used in urging ministerial associations to consider a campaign? Shall we send to the religious press an article from this association, stating our determination to elevate evangelism, the men and the methods, so as to increase the work and commend the men?

Second. How shall we reach the foreign population that is thronging our land and of whom many have no church connection whatever? For example: Chicago has over a million and a quarter of foreigners, and less than seven hundred thousand of these are identified with the Catholic or foreign churches, leaving five hundred thousand without any church connection whatever. Many of these, I am told, are within easy reach of the gospel, yea, anxious to get the message. Shall we not encourage, and, if possible, endeavor to

secure evangelists who speak their languages to arrange summer tent meetings in these centers somewhat like the work which Mr. Arthur J. Smith has been conducting in New York City for many years.

Can we use evangelistic helpers in our parties who speak the foreign languages and thus help solve the reaching of this one of America's greatest problems?

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO ASSIST IN REMOVING CERTAIN PERILS IN THIS WORK?

Among the problems and perils it has occurred to me that the following are among some of the most prominent and need our thoughtful consideration:

First. The need of thoroughness in the instruction and counsel given to seekers in the after-meeting. There has come to me much complaint on this matter, some stating that we were drifting to seek numbers at the expense of immortal souls through careless dealing. If we had been dealt with as some of us have been dealing with enquirers, we would not be here to tell the story. Are we not creating a conviction in the churches that will cause much reflection upon us, viz.: Filling them with members who have no real spiritual life, and hence will soon lapse into worldliness and hypocrisy, a condition we so vigorously preach against in the early part of our campaigns.

Beloved, truly this is a matter of the gravest importance, for if we do not see to it that those who come to the front are so instructed as to lead to immediate, real regeneration, are we not doing the spurious work that leading pastors have accused us of doing? I candidly believe that the cause of evangelism will suffer a great reaction and that the aftermath will be so calamitous as to leave the future consideration of evangelistic help (union and individual) a matter of the pastors condemning the whole work. Brethren, we cannot be too careful or too cautious in our dealing with precious souls. To deceive here may prove disastrous.

I beg to recommend that whatever else we do as an association, let us set a standard for thoroughness.

Second. There has been much criticism as to the numeration of converts. Many complaints and several articles have appeared in our leading church papers of several denominations on this point during the past year. Some are reported as counting in the total converts, church members who came forward to reconsecrate themselves to the work, and among such have been found officials, Sunday school superintendents and others who did not come under an invi-

tation to be converted or reclaimed, but simply to reconsecrate themselves anew to the work. It is further claimed that some have counted as converts men who were stirred to pledge themselves to fight the liquor traffic and came to the front and gave the evangelist their hand. These were reported as converts and reported in the papers as such, and after the campaigns these things were severely criticized. Again, some have reported that count was made of the people who raised their hands for prayer, as being converted. How far these reports are true we cannot say; yet, fellow workers, there is evident need for some careful study and possibly some action taken here by our Association.

The Executive Committee and the secular and religious press have criticized the evangelists in their estimating the seating capacity of their tabernacles, as well as the reports of attendance, which they claim is always greatly exaggerated, often stating one-third, one-fourth and even one-half more were reported than the actual attendance. What shall we do? Shall we agree as an Association upon a standard as to how many a certain sized tabernacle will actually seat? How shall we estimate the size of the congregation?

Fourth. What further action shall we take regarding the ecclesiastical endorsement of the churches of the evangelists of our association?

Fifth. What shall we do toward making an engagement binding with cities where an evangelist has a signed call, the engagement booked and date given, and possibly committees appointed, so that committees will not break the engagement for little or no excuse?

In conclusion let me state the only true successful weapon in the warfare against Satan, the only sure remedy for sin-sick humanity God has ever given man has been preaching in the power of the Holy Spirit, the uplifted Christ to a perishing world.

Our country is just waiting to see what Christ can and will do with an entirely consecrated church and evangelism, when, after a divine call, we give the work our best thought, genuine sympathy and earnest consideration, and when we all, as evangelists, tarry in the upper room until filled with the Holy Ghost, and then go forth endued with the divine dynamic to do this most important work which filled the Master's heart and life. "For the Son of man is come to seek and save that which was lost," and again in Christ's last message to His disciples, "As my Father hath sent me, even so I send you."

The Parish of the Pines

By REV. FRANK E. HIGGINS.

You people are going to hear things tonight that I have said before, but in this congregation there are those who have not been here before, so you who have heard me tell some of these incidents before will pardon me for repeating them and listen to me with patience. I love to speak of my field in the language of a little poem entitled "The Parish of the Pines:"

Where the winter's chill is deep and still,
  Where the summer days are long,
Where sighing breeze and branches fill
  The air with sob and song,
There lies a parish of the Lord,
  No wall or street confines;
There waits the coming of the Lord—
  The parish of the pines.

No tower uplifts its gilded spire
  Above a house of prayer,
No organ tower or swaying choir
  Makes sweetest music there;
For 'tis a vineyard choked with weeds
  And lush with tangled vines;
Yes, much it lacks and much it needs—
  The parish of the pines.

Come with me in your imagination and I will take you through part of that parish. As I look into your faces I realize that you are people who have church homes and libraries, and all the conveniences of life, and all the blessings that go to make up character. I will try to bring before you tonight a class of men that are deprived of all these privileges. Christian people in this missionary age should turn their attention to these men wherever they may be found, whether in mine or forest or on the mighty deep. We can go to Minnesota, where I am best acquainted. For the last fifty years they have been

logging in that state. Last winter we had in Minnesota not less than 20,000 men living in the logging camps. Over in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan, where they will tell you that the timber has all been cut, there were not less than 10,000 men. In Western Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California there were not less than 20,000 and as high as 50,000 men in some of those Western Pacific States. We can go to the Southern States, Alabama, Mississippi, West Virginia, and then go into Northern New York, into the Adirondacks, and over in Northern Maine, where we are about to organize the work, and I would say tonight that conservatively there are half a million men who live in the logging camps of this country. I have spent nineteen years of my life among these men. As I have traveled along the trails and up the mountains and across the streams, I have yet to find a church or religious society up to within the last three years, that is doing anything for these men. In some places the Y. M. C. A. has taken hold of the work. There is room for the doing of a great deal by that or some other organization. I will welcome any church or any body of people that will send out missionaries to this great army of men. I have never seen a more destitute or neglected class of men than these in the forest. Where you folks have your homes there are churches and school houses and wives and mothers and children, but come with me into the great forests of our country, and there you do not find women, and you do not find children, and you do not find churches. You find nothing of that sort; but you do find that the breweries of this country send their representatives there. You find saloons back there in the forest. The conditions are much worse today than they were say twenty years ago. Then men logged up the rivers; they were far away from civilization. In Minnesota they went from Minneapolis back a hundred or two hundred miles, and they remained in camp nine or ten months of the year; they were far away from the temptations of civilization. But logging today has come to be of a different kind. Railroads are run through the forest, and long before they are completed there will be a string of small towns every few miles along the right of way, which are nothing more nor less than the locations of saloons and gambling houses and other awful places of sin. To illustrate the awful condition of affairs, we might go into Bermidji fifteen years ago, when I went in. The railroads were not built; there were not more than 1,500 people in the community; but there were forty-six saloons and twenty gambling hells and other awful places of sin. A logging railroad was built and along it every few miles where it was yet to be completed there were established one hundred of these hell-holes waiting for these men. There is to be 10,000 men working in these camps and of course they will spend their money. When a

man dared to raise his voice against that condition of affairs, it was a serious matter. The saloons ran wide open twenty-four hours a day and seven days in the week. It was an awful condition of affairs. There was no place of decency to which the men could go. In some cases I have had to say that it was a blessing for the lumber jack that there was a saloon. Is not that an awful thing to say? But remember, it gets to be 40 and 50 degrees below zero up there, and these men would come in and there would be not a solitary place in town to which they could go but the saloon. That saloon with a sawdust floor is better than a snowdrift when it is 40 degrees below zero. I have had to go there myself. Twelve years ago the people said. "Whoever heard of doing anything for the lumber jack?" When I dared to take it into my pulpit to preach on it, the people raised hands in holy horror. When I went to the officials of the state, they said, "You are right; we realize that there are these conditions, but what else is there to be done? You must arouse public setiment in your own community." And they are right. You cannot enforce laws in any place unless there is a public sentiment to back you. So I went to work to arouse public sentiment in the little village of Bemidji. Do not think for a moment that I did it all, for I did not. I was only one minister in Bemidji. The minister of the Methodist church and the minister of the Baptist church stood shoulder to shoulder with me in arousing that sentiment. I went into a camp that had one hundred men, and into another camp the next night, and into another the next night, and spoke to those men, and told them of their fellows in jail and lock-up, and in the poor house, because of this wide-open policy that had existed for years in that state. I said to them, "If I have to give up my church and wife and home and all I have in this world, may I not depend on you to help me?" They said they would help me, and, thank God, they did. That was public sentiment. In Northern Minnesota I saw gambling paraphernalia burned in the streets; saloons were compelled to close according to law. Tell me it doesn't pay to fight! I have no use for those people who say, "I wonder if we can do it?" Aitken was the last saloon town; that has been wiped off the map and is now dry. That shows what may be done by getting out among these men. Many ministers think they are not called to do this kind of work. My brother minister, you are called to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, no matter where you are. I have no patience with the cry, "I do not seem to be the man for this place." God is not going to hold you responsible for how many conversions there are, but He is going to hold us responsible as to whether we have done our duty. God have mercy on the minister that is afraid to do his duty. Some years ago, when the fight was on in the town of Aitken, I heard this

story. The saloon keepers said, "We will wait until the boys come from the woods." The saloon keepers said, "The boys will save the town." And that night when the votes were counted, a German saloon keeper said, "Mein Gott, men, all the vets have gone dry," and that was so. Why was it? Because they were reached in the camp, where the men had time to think, and when they came to town they were ready to cast their votes. In the first part of my work I found it necessary to give up my church, and twelve years ago I gave all my time to this field. You may understand how the work would grow. I would speak to one hundred men in one camp this winter, and the men would be scattered the next winter to a great many camps, and the invitation would come from many camps. . The result was that I made up my mind twelve years ago that I would be a missionary to these men. I found that I could not reach 20.000 men, and I devised the plan of dividing the field into circuits of twelve or fiften camps, and over that number place a missionary. We have been able to go on increasing our missionaries until today we have missionary work carried on in eight states — Minnesota, Northern New York, Wisconsin, Idaho, Oregon, California, and others. This work today is carried on under the auspices of the Home Board of the Presbyterian church, and only a short time ago I was there to see the Secretaries, and after I told them what I wanted they looked at each other and then at the floor and said, "Higgins, where do you expect to get the money to carry out that plan?" I said, "From the Home Board." They said, "The condition of affairs is such that you will have to go before the church, and you must tell the Christian people about it." Why? It is because we have so many spongers in our churches who enjoy all the gospel privileges and throw into the collection twenty-five cents, or maybe five cents, and call that an offering for missions. Do you think that a man who has spent the best years of his life in that missionary field is afraid to speak the truth? I have been on the frontier. Do you ask me to make any apology to you when I have given my life to God's cause? Well, I will not. I want to impress upon you your obligations to this great cause, not only to Minnesota, but to the entire United States. This is the greatest home missionary field in all this world. Are we keeping up with the influx of population? No, we are not commencing to do it. I am confining myself to these men. I am pleading for them who are in the logging camps. You have your churches and schools and libraries and everything to make you happy, but what have these men got? Who are these men? They are sturdy, honest and hard-working men. Some people say, "Are they not tough and rough?" The great wonder to me is that they are not tougher, when you think of what has been done to them. Take any one of you out

of your environment and put you in the place of these men for twenty or thirty years, where you would never hear a sermon and have no associates but saloon keepers and gamblers, I question if you would be one-half as good as the average lumber jack today.

How do I talk to these men? I go into a lumber camp where there are fifty to one hundred men, and after the evening meal I take these little hymn books which you have here, and we sing, "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder" and "At the Cross," and other songs. Then the Scripture is read; then a prayer follows, and then a gospel talk about home and mother and lost opportunities and the opportunities yet to come. Do the men always listen to you? They listen; they would not dare to make any disturbance. In the early times some thought it was a smart thing to disturb the preacher when he came around, but they have cut all that out. In the early times I had to plead sometimes with the foremen to let me into the camps, and with some of the logging companies. They said, "Those men up there will think you are proselyting, and others will think you are preaching for the capitalists." I told them I would not be guilty of anything like that, and the result is that some of the lumber companies are willing to help pay the salary of the missionary if I can get the right one. I would to God that I had more means. What kind of sermons do I preach? I preach the gospel, as you do in your church and in your prayer meetings. I would not be guilty of preaching anything else. I do not know of any higher criticism up there. We do not even discuss it up there. We do not know what it is. If I were asked tonight by any one in this audience for a definition of higher criticism, I could not tell you what it is. I have been so busy all my life preaching the old gospel of Jesus Christ that I never have had time to get that far, and I never intend to get that far. What do you mean when you say that you are preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ? I first preach to these men that sin is a reality, that there is such a thing as sin in this old world. When a fellow comes up to me and says, "You gave us a fine talk, but I don't believe in that religion," I say, "What do you not believe?" And he says that he does not believe in God, or he does not believe in this or in that. In most of the cases I can look into his face and say, "I knew you didn't believe it without your telling me; its mark is on your face." I try to see if we cannot find some ground on which we can stand. I say, "Do you believe there is such a thing as sin in the world?" "What is sin?" A man of that kind said to me, "Sin is the transgression of the law of God." If I can I will get the man to agree that there is such a thing as sin in the world and such a thing as sin in his life, and I say, "I have a great remedy for that sin; it is the

very thing you have been denying; Jesus Christ is God's power to save men from sin," and then to back that up I tell them about John Schoenberg, or Mike Daley, and scores of others. I say, "You knew these men in sin, and you know them today; are they not the better for changing their awful life?" We get on common ground. I never argue; there is nothing gained by arguing with the men. There are many Socialists in the camps in these days, and they are not all wrong. They will say, "Environments make men." I say, "Two men come into this great wilderness and they both take up homesteads, 160 acres of land adjoining each other. One man sells off the timber and buys himself a yoke of oxen or a team of horses, and he builds a little home and improves his land, and in twenty years he is quite comfortable. The other fellow, with the same kind of land, sells off his timber and goes fishing and hunting and neglects his place and does not improve it at all, and in twenty years he is twenty years older and has nothing. The environment was the same, where was the trouble? It was in the man. One fellow would overcome environment, and the other fellow let environment overcome him. And that is the situation of every man who is not touched by the grace of God. I always point out to the men that Socialism is politics, not religion, and that I am there to talk religion to them, and not politics. I distinguish between Socialism and religion, that Socialism is politics, and religion has to do with man's relation to his God.

We are giving these men reading matter. The libraries of Minnesota are saving their old books. Every clerk in the camp is a librarian. We distribute to them copies of magazines and church papers sent to us. I can tell you of young men who are ministers today, who a few years ago were in the camps. Where do I get my missionaries? The best missionaries I have are former lumber jacks. From twelve to twenty I learned to swing an axe to the tall tree, and when I commenced to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ the first place I found in which to preach was the great forest. I took to these men in the woods as naturally as a duck takes to water. In other words, I was in my own home. It is a great thing for a man to feel that he is in his place and then has horse sense to stay in it. A lot of people ask, "Is it not hard work?" No. "Is it hard to tramp several miles through the terrible cold?" Not when you are used to it. I have just come from the hospital, where I had to spend several weeks; I had a serious operation. To be honest with you, I believe that if I had never left the camps I would never have been sick. When I was walking I had my exercise, but when I got down to Winona and Chicago and New York and the other places and got to eating at the best tables and sleeping in soft beds and doing without the exercise which

I usually took, my health went back on me. I wonder if it is not a lesson to me to go back to the tall timber and stay there? I mention these things to show you how I feel. God has put me into the work; what am I doing it for? I have something I want to leave with you young men and young women. God had a purpose for me, and God has a purpose for every boy and girl in this audience. The reason why men are miserable today on the farm, in the banks, in churches, and everywhere, is because they are doing what God never intended them to do. They are like a ship at sea without a rudder. Young people, first and foremost, consecrate yourselves to God; link up with God, and get it settled for all time to come where your right place is. When you go along the street and see a poor fellow who has been kicked out of the back door of a saloon, who is lying with his head in the gutter and his feet on the sidewalk, do not button up your coat and pass by; pick him up and take him off and take care of him. I have taken care of them day after day and night after night, administering medicines every so many hours. It is part of my work; it is what Jesus Christ said we should do. They soon realize that it is the missionary who cares for them when they are down and out. If a man is harsh in the camp, that makes no difference. Never lose faith in a man. If a man comes and tells you he wants to be a better man, and the next day you find him drunk, don't lose faith in him. We must minister to them in every shape and form. Some time ago I was called to the hospital. My dear old friend, whom I had known for a number of years, was at the point of death. I tried to cheer him up. Looking at me, he said, "Pilot, it's no use; this time the jig is up; this time there is no hope for me." I tried to encourage him, but he shook his head. He said, "I am a Roman Catholic, but I have not been in the church for forty years; I do not even know the priest who is in the hospital here, but sure you will do just as well any way; I want you to fix it up for me." I looked at him and shook my head and said, "I am sorry to say that I can not fix it up for you." He said, "What is that you say to me?" I said, "I cannot fix it up for you." Looking at me and raising his head from the pillow he said, "What in h—— did you come here for anyway?" I said, "I have come to tell you how you could fix it." He said, "How I could fix it! If I could fix it, what would be the use of sending for anybody else? I said, "I have just come here to show you how you could fix it," and I explained justification by faith, as you would to any little child; how Jesus Christ came into the world, how the debt is all paid, how we must depend on Him alone for salvation, and you do not need any minister or priest; you have to accept Jesus Christ. I then tried to illustrate by telling him the story of the boy who wanted to see Queen Victoria. The little boy

was bound to see the queen, and he ran away to the gate, and when he got to the gate the guards kept him back. He went down the pathway crying as if his heart would break, and he met a fine-looking gentleman who asked him what the trouble was; and the little fellow said he wanted to see his queen, but these men would not let him. Said the gentleman, "Come back with me, perhaps we can get in." When they came to the guards they saluted him. The gentleman took him into the presence of the queen, and when she heard the story she put her arms around the little fellow and put a kiss on his brow. I said, "Mike, he went away with a happy heart because he had seen the queen; who was that gentleman, do you think?" Said Mike, "Indeed, I don't know who he was." I said, "Well, that gentleman was the late King Edward, the Prince of Wales then, the queen's own son, and he had a right to go into the presence of his mother as nobody else; so Jesus Christ, God's only Son, our Lord, has a right to go into the presence of the Father, and you do not need a priest nor a minister; you have to go in there yourself with Jesus Christ," and the dear old fellow nodded his head. I read the Scriptures and prayed with him, and day after day I saw the light breaking on Mike's soul. I heard him day after day talk to the rest of the boys and tell them that it was all fixed, and how they should have it fixed. One day I came, knowing he was near his end, and I said, "Mike, had I not better now call the priest?" I must be careful not to have any appearance of proselyting. He said, "No, it is not necessary." I said, "Shall I have the priest perform the last rites?" He said, "No, it is not necessary; tell the boys it is all fixed." A few days later I stood by an open grave with his companions, and they mingled their tears with the earth which they shoveled onto the coffin. They had heard the story of how it was fixed for Mike.

Yet word of God is word of God,
  In camp or pulpit told,
And men of forest and of sod
  Await the story old.
'Tis time to hew away the sin
  That now the soul confines,
And let a little sunshine in
  The parish of the pines.

The Kind of Christian Work Which Each Christian Can Do

By REV. "BOB" JONES.

I invite your attention to Acts 8:35: "Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus." I want to talk to you about the kind of Christian work which each Christian can do. You hear people say, "What can I do for the Lord?" There is one kind of work that every Christian can do, and that is personal work. When I say personal work I do not mean that you are merely to ask people to join a Sunday school class or attend prayer meeting, or go to the regular church service. (I am taking it for granted that you are a Christian and know Jesus Christ.) If you know Jesus Christ, it is your business to go out and try to make other people want to know Him, and when they want to know Him, to tell them how. There are many things in the Bible that are obscure, there are heights there I cannot reach, there are depths I cannot explore, there are breadths there beyond my grasp, there are things there which are beyond my power of comprehension, but there is one thing in the Bible as clear as the light of the clearest noonday, and that is God's plan of salvation. How few people there are who can tell a man or woman how to find Jesus Christ! The trouble is not that we do not know how, because it would be a very easy matter to learn how; the trouble with most of us is that we have not got the passion to do the work. We talk about institutions to train men for Christian service, and I believe in them as much as anybody—I believe in the Moody Bible Institute—I believe in all the institutions of this country that train men to do work for the Lord Jesus Christ, but what we need most of all in the churches of this country is a passion for our Lord's work, and the man who has the passion will find the way to do it.

Has it ever occurred to you that most of the Christians of this country are really playing with God? Most of you have enough religion to trouble you to death; you are always afraid that the devil is going to get you; you would not die suddenly for anything in the world; you have it all fixed up; you hope you will live a long time;

and when you get on the death bed you hope to be sick a long time, to have time to fix everything up. Most of us are dragging through this world utterly miserable because we have not absolutely yielded our lives to Jesus Christ. In some way we hope to go to heaven when we die, but we are afraid to risk it. The trouble with most persons is that they never have given themselves to God. Do you remember the passage in the Word? "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." That is addressed to Christians. Whenever there is used the word "brethren" the writer is talking to Christians. He said, "I beseech, you, Christians, to give God your bodies." You remember the story in the Bible where the child died, and the prophet put his body on that of the child and the child came to life. God wants your body. We could cablegram the gospel to heathen lands cheaper than to send missionaries, we could print it and send it there cheaper than to send missionaries there, but God wants men in China and men in all the pagan lands of the earth, with hand to grasp hand, with eye to look into eye, with foot to keep step with other feet, and with arms to embrace the fallen. God wants human bodies consecrated to His service.

Let us quit shamming and playing! Let us not make a joke of Christianity! Let us quit talking about so much else and give ourselves to God! Let us take our hands and put them on God's altar! Did you ever think of how selfish your hands are? How many times did you ever raise your hand that it was not raised selfishly? How many steps did you ever take that were not selfish steps? How many times did you ever use your eyes except for your pleasure, just to see something to delight and charm you? How many times have you ever used your ears except for your own joy, to hear something which was amusing and entertaining and deligthful to you? How many times have you ever used your tongue except to talk for your own business and pleasure? Let us give ourselves to God! Let us tell God to take our selfish hands to lift up the fallen, and these feet to send us on errands of mercy and love to the lost! Let us tell Him to take these eyes and keep them ever open to see the life that needs God! Let us tell Him to unstop our ears to hear the cry of the soul for God! Let us give ourselves to God!

Has it ever occurred to you that there are men and women in this country who will never be saved unless some of us yield ourselves to Him? Some great Christian worker says, "If I had a thousand souls to save I would save them one at a time." God seems to put a premium on individual soul winning. As I listen to tales of human wretchedness I am made to say over and over again that the

great need of America today is not to get the people to the churches, but is to get the churches to the people. The thing to do is not to get folks inside the church; it is to get the church outside to the lost. Let us give ourselves to God and go out as we hear the cry of those about us who need God. Do you remember when Jesus went to the pool where the angel troubled the water once a year? He found there a man with an infirmity of thirty-eight years. Jesus was always moved with compassion towards the needy; He never saw a sad scene that did not appeal to His heart; the funeral procession always attracted Him. He saw this man, and He said, "Why do you not get into the water?" With despair in his face and voice, the man said, "I have nobody to help me; I want to get in; I have been waiting a long time to get in, but I have nobody to help me." Did you know that there are sinners in this country by the thousand who are in sin because there is nobody to help them? There are drunkards and gamblers because there is nobody to help them. People say, "Oh, they have the preachers in this country; let them do it." Yes, but there are folks in your town whom the preacher cannot touch. There is a soul in your community to whom you have access and nobody else can reach. There is an avenue open to some heart, but it is open just to you; there is a key which you hold and nobody else. There is a perishing soul in this world, and if you do not reach him he will never be reached in time or eternity.

I go up and down the country and I hear it said, "Yonder is a man who is doing the work of two men." It is not so; no man can do two men's work. My work is my dead level best; I cannot do another man's work; it is all I can do to do my own, and if you do not do yours it will be undone throughout eternity. Every man's work is his dead level best, and no man is able to rush into a place and take the position of somebody else. I was holding meetings in a town in Northeastern Louisiana several years ago. An old Mississippi swamper had died; he was an old miser; nobody ever loved a miser; there were not enough people there to put him away decently; there was only one woman at the cemetery; she lived near the cemetery, and she gathered a bouquet of flowers and put it on his grave; his son was at the funeral, and when I was through with the funeral I put my arm around him and said, "My father died and it well-nigh broke my heart, and I do not know what I would have done without Jesus Christ; how will you get along in this hour?" And tears overflowed his eyes and began to chase down his cheeks, then with tears in his voice he said, "I am thirty years old, I have lived in this country all my life and this is the first time that anybody ever spoke to me about Jesus Christ." And I would not be

surprised if you could find a neighbor in your town, in the next block to you, to whom no soul has ever gone and spoken about his immortal interests. People have time to talk about politics, they have time to talk about everything else in the world but souls. I am tired of seeing the people of this country go wild over politics and pleasure and sit down and fold their hands with souls perishing in the communities in which they live.

In Savannah, Georgia, several years ago, while I was in meetings, they had a municipal election; they rented the two biggest halls in town; they hired automobiles and carriages, and they had the finest music, and they sat up in those two buildings all night long, eating and smoking and drinking, and the next morning they marched the men by thousands to the polls, taking them under banners and streamers, and they took them in automobiles and carriages. I have never seen Christians get that much wrought up over souls in my life, yet the biggest work in the world is the soul-saving business. I know a man down South who paid a lawyer ten thousand dollars to keep his boy off the chain gang when he ought to have been there. The soul winner keeps men out of trouble that makes them deserve the chain gang. I know people who will spend money for a big doctor's bill to keep their children from dying; the soul winner keeps the soul from dying eternally. The biggest benefactor who ever lived is the soul winner. I hear people who grumble about the cost of an evangelistic campaign and the cost of the pastor. If a pastor wins one soul to Christ in a year you have not money enough to pay him. Do not talk about the cost of the evangelistic campaign, if men are brought to God, for the mightiest benefactors in this world are the men who care for the souls of men. Would you not like to be a soul winner? I like my job. The reason there are so many failures in this world is because there are so many who do not like their job. I would rather be a soul winner than anything I know. The sweetest joy I have is the joy that comes when I look into the face of a man whom I have been able to bring to the Lord Jesus Christ; and whenever folks get too big to get down and do soul-winning business I have not much patience with them. I know some people who are entirely too stuck up for that kind of business. Do you not want to be a soul winner? I will tell you how this morning. I am not going to give you theory; I am not going to say, "Study your case." I have known little children who knew nothing lead strong men to God. I am not going to advise you to handle the case very gently. The whole secret of soul winning is in the chapter in which the text is found. The angel said, "Go down that road." Philip said, "All right, I will go." If he had been some of you folks he would have

said, "Lord, what do you want me to do? Now, you know that I can not pray in public. When I was a child I never could speak in school. Now, if there has to be any speech-making, Lord, of course, I cannot go—I would be glad to accommodate you, but I cannot make any speech; and you know that I paid ten dollars recently, and if you want any more paying I just cannot do it. Our church is undergoing repairs; it has a big debt on it, and I cannot go if it is going to cost anything!" "Philip, go down that road!" "I will go!" That is the way I used to mind my father. My father was the wisest man I ever saw in my life. I always agreed with him. If he said, "It is going to rain," I said, "Yes, sir, it's coming right now." If he said, "I think it will be fair before night," I said, "Yes, sir, the sun is coming out." If he said, "It is time to be going to Sunday school," I said, "I am done gone." God Almighty needs children who will agree with Him whenever He wants them to do a thing. The idea of a little, insignificant frail man who will sit down and have the audacity to argue with Almighty God about what he can do and can not do! Do you know the trouble with people in this country is that everybody wants to have his own way; that is the matter at your home; that split your church all into pieces; that is what destroyed the harmony of the convention that you attended; that is what ruined man in the beginning; the devil told Adam to have his own way, and man has wanted it ever since, and God could never do anything with any man who wanted his own way. I will never forget when I told God that I would let Him have His way. It was in Colorado. I was a preacher at that time, and I was fighting battles with poverty and sorrow, and this Saturday night I took the reins out of my hands and put them into the hands of Almighty God, and I said, "I have been running my life and making a mess of the whole business; I will never try to run it any more; Thou canst hold the reins of my life," and things have never been the same since that time. It is a glorious thing to know that I am not running my business; it is a joy unspeakable to know that I am not directing my own life, but that the reins are held in the hands of the One who created the world and put the stars in the heavens. If I could get my audience here, those sitting and those standing, to unconditionally and uncompromisingly yield themselves to Almighty God, to let God have His way until they die, this would be the biggest Bible Conference that Winona ever held.

The angel said, "Philip, go down that road!" and he went, and he got down there and found a man reading the Bible! That is just like God! Whenever God wants a man to do a job God fixes the job so he can do it. I do not believe that God sends a man to a fruitless field. I believe that when a man is making a failure that God did not

send him. I hear people talking of invisible results—I believe in them, too, but I want some visible results in mine, and I would not sit down anywhere on earth when nothing was happening. Jesus Christ does not expect it. He said, "If you go into a town and nothing happens, shake off the dust from your feet and leave." The idea of a man sitting down on a job forty years and doing nothing! A man who is doing nothing has not been sent of Almighty God. If an evangelist comes to your town and makes a failure, God did not send him. If a Christian worker makes an absolute failure, God did not send him. I remember when I started in the ministry; I started younger than most fellows; I held my first meeting; I had five sermons and had to preach twice a day and stayed five days. There was a man in that community who was said to be the smartest man in the country; some said he was an infidel, others said he was an agnostic, others said he was an atheist. I did not know what some of the words meant, but I knew he was a sinner and needed God. I said to the pastor, "I am going over to see the old colonel." He said, "He will insult you in his home; he has insulted three or four preachers." I said, "He needs God, does he not?" He said, "Yes, but you cannot handle him; he is the smartest man in this country; you'd better let him alone; he will eat you alive." I said, "All right." But that night I thought of the old man in sin, and I was troubled. Yes, I was impulsive—but did you ever think how God can take the impulsive spirit in a young Christian and use it? Did you ever think how it is that some men succeed in evangelistic work when young and when old they cannot? It is because they lose that impulsive spirit. God wants a man to be venturesome. The next morning I hitched the horse to the buggy, and I drove up one red hill and down another. After a while I came to the old home—a magnificent Southern home. I got out and hitched the horse. I was so scared that my legs shook. I went up the front walk with my knees hitting together. I went into the house just scared to death. There sat inside the door the handsomest man I ever saw, with long grey hair. He looked to me like a giant, physically and mentally. I said, "This is the colonel?" He said, "Who are you?" I said, "Yes, sir, my name is Jones, sir." He said, "What Jones is this?" I said, "I am Bob Jones who is holding meetings over here." He said, "I am glad to see you, Brother Jones. I have been thinking about sending word for you to come to see me. They will tell you that I am a skeptic, an atheist, an agnostic. I have been a sort of a doubter all my life, but I have felt wretched the last day or two. I read the Bible all day yesterday. I know I have got to go before long, and if there is anything in Christianity I want it. Talk to me like I was a little child; take that Bible and tell me what I must do to be saved."

I said, "God bless you! I came here for that business." I read the Bible and prayed with him, and after a while he got up with the light of heaven on his face, and he said, "I see it now." I got into the buggy and started back, and I said, "Forgive me, Lord, that I was not willing to let you have your way in my life." God wanted to send you one time, but you would not go, and a soul waited for you, but waited in vain.

Philip came down there and ran to him. God wants a man to run. Whenever a man gets enthusiastic for God everybody thinks he is crazy. If the babe is unusually good they say, "They will never raise that kid," and when he gets grown, if he gets right with God, they say, "He has lost his mind." On the day of Pentecost they said, "That is a drunken crowd out there." They never think that about any meetings I have attended in this country. One day they said that Jesus Christ was a little bit unbalanced, that He was not Himself, that He was a little bit off. If you have not enough Christianity to make somebody think you are a fool you will never be worth much for God. When I was a young evangelist the papers who wrote me up always wrote me up as being a most conservative evangelist. There are some people who all the time are trying to be conservative. When Paul was preaching at Mar's Hill they did not talk about his conservatism. When Peter walked the benches at Pentecost—I bet you that he walked them, too—Peter sweated when he preached that day. If he had been preaching in this country in hot weather he would have done like Billy Sunday—if he had been preaching in a big coat he would have taken it off. That's my opinion. God Almighty deliver us from the idea of conservatism and set us on fire for God! Here was an opportunity on wheels, and mighty opportunities are on wheels today. Talk about conservatism when loads of opportunities are passing on wheels! A chariot bearing a lost soul was enough to set that man wild with enthusiasm.

I want to tell you a sad story in my life to help you. Several years ago, in Montgomery, I went to a jewelry store to have my watch fixed. The next day I went for my watch and the clerk said, "Are you Bob Jones?" I said, "Yes, sir." He said, "I am a stranger and I want to meet you." I shook hands with him and talked to him a minute or two and walked out. I said, "I wonder why that man wanted to meet me. I believe I will go back and ask him if he is a Christian." I said, "No, I will wait until tomorrow." I said, "I like that fellow; when I come down town tomorrow morning I will ask him if he is a Christian." I said, "I will go back now—no, I won't push the thing; tomorrow I will ask him." I went home, and the next morning I got on the street car at Cloverdale, and I started

down town, and I took up the morning paper and saw in headlines where that man fell dead the night before. I went there as quickly as I could. I said to the proprietor, "Was he a Christian?" The gentleman to whom I spoke hesitated a moment and then said, "I do not know." And I do not know either. I had touched that life for a moment never to touch it again. God rushed that man across my pathway that day for one fleeting moment, and I will never touch him any more; I hope he is in heaven. Life's opportunities are on wheels. I would give everything I have if I had asked him whether he was a Christian. There are men and women on these grounds who are without God, and you elbow them, and they are rushing to ruin; they come across your pathway and you have a chance to speak to them, and some of you never think of it. You have loved ones in your homes without God, and if you do not rescue them pretty soon they will never be saved, for life's opportunities are on wheels.

Is there somebody here without God this morning? I made an appeal in the Auditorium when I spoke during the Chautauqua season, and sixteen people committed themselves to the Lord. I spoke Sunday morning at George Stuart's Bible Conference and a number of people took a stand for God. I wonder if there is any one here! Never mind church membership, never mind form, never mind decency! I wonder if you know Jesus Christ! If not, let me say that there is a chariot loaded with opportunities passing your door. Do not let it pass. This may be the last chariot.

Essentials of Leadership in Christian Work

By MR. MARION LAWRANCE.

We have come together this morning for the last of our Sunday-school talks, the eighth in the series. We began by speaking of the Sunday-school as a world-wide movement, and then of the organization of the Sunday-school for service, and then we talked about the pastor and the superintendent. Two talks were given on the teacher, the teacher getting ready and the teacher in action, and one talk on Sunday-school evangelism, and one talk on the special days of the Sunday-school. This morning we are to talk about the essentials of leadership in Christian work.

Everybody is both a leader and a follower. The world is not divided into two classes, the leaders and the followers, for everybody has followers, and in a sense everybody is a leader. Therefore, all that is said today applies to every one of you in a greater or less degree. The president of our nation is a great leader; the governors of our states and the generals of our army are great leaders; the pastors of the churches are great leaders. Every Sunday-school superintendent is a leader, and every teacher is a leader. The class will follow the teacher, providing the teacher is worth following, and sometimes when he is not. The world is greedy for leadership, so much so that it will listen to unwise leaders, and that is the reason they are carried away by those who are unwise; that is the reason there are so many false fads in the world, and that is why so many people drift from the moorings of their early training and their Christian life. People walk alone until they hear the leader's voice, and then they are ready to follow. A leader is one who goes before; he is of the crowd, but not separate from it; he simply lives and thinks and plans for the people with whom he is associated; if he separates himself from the crowd and runs ahead, he will snap the cord of sympathy that ties him to them and they will no longer be his followers. It is possible for the pastor to plan so many new things and to be so far in advance of his church that the church will be out of sympathy with him and the things he has planned to do

cannot be done. He must be ahead of his church, but not separate from it. I think the best definition of a leader that I know is this: "He is foremost among his companions." The greatest need of the church today is the need of safe and sane leaders. John R. Mott has said in his book, which I want to recommend to you, "The Future Leadership of the Church:" "Wherever the church has proved inadequate it has been due to inadequate leadership." There is no doubt of that. The greatest leaders of the world have been Christian leaders, and the greatest leadership has been shown in the leading of Christian forces; far more than in science, or in politics, or in anything of that kind.

This morning I am going to give quite a few quotations from another book. I never hesitate to mention a good book. The book which I hold in my hand is is entitled "Leadership," by Bishop Brent, of the Philippine Islands. He is an Episcopal bishop, and it is the best book I know of on leadership. I advise every one of you to get a copy of it. It is published by Longmans, Green & Co., of New York and may be ordered of any publisher or dealer. These are the lectures that he gave before Harvard University on the Noble Foundation, which was a fund left for that purpose by a man named William Belden Noble. I have read the book over and over again. It is a marvelous book. Get it and read it. The four cardinal points, according to Bishop Brent in his book on "Leadership," are given as "the social motive," "the human will," "the blameless life," and "fellowship with the matchless Leader." Look at the first division and you will find ten essentials of leadership there, and the foundation essential that he puts in this book is one which I venture to use at the beginning, "humility;" that is absolutely necessary for the foundation of every one that is to be a recognized leader. A leader must accept the service of those better qualified than he, without jealousy, and give credit. I admit that it is one of the hardest things to do. One of the hardest battles I ever had to fight was to learn that there was certain things I had been doing that my private secretary could do better than I could. Lowliness and kingliness go together. Look at Moses, when he was chosen to be the leader of his people. What did he say, "Whom am I? I am not fit." That is the spirit of true leadership. One day the great Gladstone went to visit Mr. Darwin. They were both great men in their line—one the leader of his nation, and the other a leader in science. After Mr. Gladstone went away, Mr. Darwin said to his friends, "Is it not wonderful that that man should call upon me?" Meekness is a great factor in the control of others, and the Old Book says that the meek shall inherit the earth; all judgment comes to the meek; the meek

will He guide in judgment. The moment we rise up in our supposed superiority we fail. Do you know what Christ's greatest weapon was? Christ had a hard time teaching those people that He chose to be leaders, a wonderfully hard time; they were so stubborn; they were so heady, and they wanted the chief places; some of them wanted to sit next to Him on the right hand and the left. There was no humility! As they walked along, they were disputing as to who should take the first place in the kingdom. In the nations of the world today the great leaders are using the sword, and blood is flowing. When one of these heady disciples wanted to defend his Master and used a sword, Christ rebuked him. What was the greatest weapon Christ ever used to teach those leaders of His how to lead? When He laid aside His garments and took a towel and girded Himself and washed the feet of His disciples, He taught them the big lesson in leadership. He who came into the world to minister and not to be ministered unto, washed the feet of His disciples, and then said to the belligerent one, "If you do not like it, you have no part with me." Then He said, "You go and do as I have done." Are our leaders today ready to wash our feet? Are we ready to do that humble thing of using the towel? Any greatness to which one elects himself is cheap and is but gravel in the mouth. During the Civil War there was at one time quite a breach between General McClellan and President Lincoln. They did not get along together very well, and one day Lincoln said, "I will go down to the front and see the General." The General knew he had criticized him for not being quite as active as he ought to have been, perhaps. The President went down and General McClellan was notified that Mr. Lincoln had come. General McClellan said, "If Mr. Lincoln wants to see me he will have to come to my tent." Somebody told Mr. Lincoln, and he expected the President would rise up in his wrath and give orders to have that general treated as he should have been, but Mr. Lincoln said, "I will go; I would hold General McClellan's horse if it would save the Union." That was a leader, and a leader with humility. Why? Because when he was elected President he said this: "I must in candor say that I do not think myself qualified to be President of the United States." You know what the Bible says about it,—the man who thinks he stands would better look out. It also says that we should not think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think.

The leader must believe he can lead and is leading. He must believe that through his work he is to accomplish a given thing. He must have confidence in the work he is doing. He must have confidence in himself. He must have confidence in those on whom he must depend. He must have courage to go forward and do the thing

which God has set him to do. And he must have self-control. Leadership is a passion for a purpose; it is the setting for one's self a certain goal of life. There must be the sheer ability to lead; there must be a full comprehension of what it costs and of what it will require. A leader must be sure of himself. Every leader has within himself a wonderful power of personality, and there is a good deal of this in all great leaders. It was said of Napoleon that his presence in the army at the time of battle was equal to that of 20,000 of his men. That means personality, and personality is the very center of leadership. Leadership is not vested in titles. No pastor can lead his church because he is called a pastor. No superintendent can lead a school because he is the superintendent. No geenral can lead an army just because he is a general. There must be that quality that gives him confidence in himself. Jesus Christ never had an office; He had no titles to His name that were put there by man; He made the office, the office did not make Him. He who cannot control himself cannot control others. Supremacy lies in being well poised and in self-control. I like to see a good game of base ball. The other day a most remarkable game of base ball was played between the Giants and the Pittsburgh team. The ordinary game is nine innings, but this game was twenty-one innings long, and there was only one run made on one side, and during twenty-one innings the other side made no runs at all. It was a battle of the pitchers, and after the battle was over a newspaper man went to both pitchers and said, "How was it you could hold things steady for twenty-one innings?" And both of them, neither in the presence of the other, said the same thing, though not in the same words, "I had perfect control of my arm and could have thrown that ball into a teacup." That is self-control. It was said of General Grant that in battle he would take a position where he could see, and, taking a pencil from his pocket, he would work it back and forth on the pummel of his saddle, and the stiffer the battle, the slower his movement.

Every display of authority lessens authority. They govern best who appear not to govern at all. All the rules you put up in the school room are nonsense—in the Sunday-school room I mean—they are useless. If you have the right person in the lead they are unnecessary. That great Nestor of Sunday-school work, Ralph Wells, now dead, had a wonderful knack of doing Sunday-school work, and a man wrote to him one day and said, "Will you kindly send me the constitution and by-laws of your Sunday-school?" He wrote back and said, "I am busy and can't come." I do not believe in one-man power like that altogether, but that is leadership. The strongest forces in the world are silent. Is there anything stronger than the

growing root of a tree? You remember the infidel who died long years ago, who said that there is to be no resurrection, "I will have my body where it never can be raised," and it was put in a solid marble casket and was buried. A little tree was growing by the side of the grave. By and by that tree turned over the casket and broke it. It was a silent force. Is there anything stronger than the bursting of a bud? And that is a silent force. Is there anything with more power in it than the rising of the sun, and that is without sound?

And then a leader must be patient. You are dealing with those who do not understand, and you cannot always stop to explain. "He that has patience can have what he will," is an old proverb, and another one like it is this, "Patience is bitter, but the fruit of it is sweet." Old Milton said, "Patience is the exercise of saints and victor over all that tyranny and fortune can inflict." When you lose your patience you lose almost everything else. Any one who loses his head loses all that is worth keeping. How hard it is to be patient! How I have wished that I could be more patient. I do not know of anything that I lack more and need so much. Just to be able to stand still and wait! Superintendents, you require that when you open your schools and ask your pupils to come to order. What do you do? Bump a bell and yell and scold? If you do, you will never be a leader. When you open your school have a signal for opening it, whatever it may be. If you want to tap a bell, do it, but don't do it too much. I think the bell is overworked. I never could understand why one person should make a noise to get other people to stop making a noise. The best signal is for you simply to rise in your place and wait. When they know what it means they will come to order. If you tap a bell once today you will have to do it twice next Sunday and three times the next. We must have sincerity and sympathy in the work. We must love everybody we are trying to lead and have sympathy with them. The Great Leader of all leaders pressed all mankind to His breast as a mother her babe; you can serve only when your sympathy embraces those you are seeking to help. Jesus knew what the people wanted better than they knew. He knew they were dying for the thing He had, but they did not realize it.

One of the most necessary qualities in a leader is self-surrender. I know that the popular idea is that the leader shall have a sash and ride on a horse and go in front of the people, but that is not real leadership; that is display. Self-surrender is a grace that we all need more than we have. Self-surrender does not seek greatness; it recognizes that others may have qualities he has not. We must

not make our associates feel small. If you are a leader and treat your associates in such a way that they are made to feel small, you are not a good leader. Greatness is never made greater by comparison. The commands of a real leader become invitations. There is an old saying, "No man is a hero to his valet,"—to those nearest to him. He ought to be. There is no one who ought to be a greater hero to a boy than his father, nor a greater heroine to a girl than her mother—the ones they are with continually—and if they cannot stand that test there is something wrong. A leader wants to act and speak as being among others and yet in advance of them. Self-surrender is hard because it means the burial of jealousy. Jealousy destroys the ability to lead. It was said of a great leader, "He made himself great by making his subordinates great." Here is a little incident that I wrote down the other day: The captain of the winning crew in the great boat race between Yale and Harvard of 1914 gave up a few weeks before the race for a little better man, and his crew won by four inches. The man himself was re-elected captain. He obliterated himself and his team won by a nose. That is what Christian leadership means. Mr. Lincoln put his rivals in his cabinet—Seward was a rival, Chase was a rival, Cameron was a rival, but he had them all in his cabinet. You know the real test of leadership is that those who stand next to the leader shall not be kept down; to treat them as rivals and to keep them down is small and mean, but to magnify them is greatness. "We must not take the stars out of heaven to let the sun shine; the sun is not jealous of the stars; he hides his face every night to let them shine." Greatness is not made greater by comparing it with others; not at all. We should in honor prefer one another. Those two great men in the scientific world, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Darwin, discovered at about the same time the origin of species; they both gave it out about the same time, but it was a question which one found it out first, and here is a copy of a letter from Mr. Wallace to Mr. Darwin in this same book: "I hope it is a satisfaction for you to reflect, dear Darwin, and very few things in my life have been more satisfactory to me, that we have never felt any jealousy towards each other, though in some sense rivals. I believe I can say this of myself with truth, and I am absolutely sure that I can say it of you." That is what it means, "In honor preferring one another." Make your subordinates happy, not by driving, but by drawing; not by fear, but by love. Real leaders command the love of those whom they lead. There is a very touching story told of that wonderful leader, General Robert E. Lee. After the war he was riding along on his horse, Traveller, and one of his old soldiers was riding behind him, and he said, "Marse Lee, I have been one of your soldiers; I followed you through the thick

of the fight, and I want you to do me just one favor." Said the General, "Why, certainly, what is it?" Said the veteran, "Get down off your horse." And the General got down, and they both were on their feet, and the soldier took the horses and tied them to a tree, and, coming up in front of General Lee, he said, "I never had no chance to do nothing for you, but I want to tell you that I love you, and I want to do like the boys used to do." And he took off the old fragment of a hat and he said, "Three cheers for Marse Lee!" and he cheered three times, but the last cheer was a sob. They mounted their horses and rode off in silence. That was the love he had for his great leader. True leadership impresses itself upon its associates. A true leader must be thoroughly a man and humane; his purpose must be true and unselfish. He needs to give attention to small things. The greatest men see the smallest thing. It is said that a doctor renders his best service by rendering his service unnecessary, but it was necessary before it was unnecessary. When the doctor is necessary I want him and I want him quick, but when he is unnecessary I want him to get out as fast as he can, and I will love him all the more for it. One thing that illustrates leadership is in the leading of an orchestra. One evening I sat where you are sitting and I saw Walter Damrosch on this platform leading his orcehstra. He did not play an instrument, but by his movements and his face he was able to draw out from those instruments sweet music. He would have them retire further away, like the singing of birds in a distant tree, and all at once, like a clap of thunder, the heavy instruments would come in, and altogether it was a magnificent harmony. He did not say a word, but he was bringing out the best there was in all about him. Let us, in our churches and Sunday-schools, make an orchestra out of it. There are some who can play the trombone, some the flute, some the cornet, and some the delicate stringed instruments, and we should harmonize them into one great melody, that the music of our church may be all that it ought to be.

Nobody can lead who will not follow. Obedience is the very ground in which leadership grows. The man who would not make a good private, obeying orders, would not make a good captain or general. Obedience is a school of action, and we must learn to obey those above us, if there are those above us; we must learn to obey as we expect to be obeyed. I heard Robley Evans say in the city of Philadelphia, "I cannot answer the question which is in your faces, and that question is, 'Why did you take those sixteen battleships around the Cape to San Francisco?' Everybody is asking that question. I do not know. There was only one man in the United States who could command me to do it, and that was the President of the

United States, Mr. Roosevelt. He told me to do it. I had been in the navy forty-five years, and I had been in a school for forty-five years where I was taught to obey and ask no questions." And Robley Evans was a leader, the head of our United States Navy, and a wonderful man. I wish I could repeat his lecture to you, or part of it. A leader is not to think about a man, he is to think about men; he is to think about the people, and this is the social motive. Expediency may determine methods, but expediency never can determine motives; they must be as pure as the driven snow. A pure motive never fears publicity and never seeks it. One central motive controls every personality. Then there is the human will: I spoke of that a while ago as courage, confidence, and so on. The will is the agent of power; the will uses incidents and circumstances that are not propitious to further its ends. The will to a man is like the sea to a ship—it batters it this way and that way, but it sails through that sea to the desired haven; the sea may be angry, the waves may dash over the ship, but the sea gives it opportunity to sail to its proper destination.

The third qualification is that of a blameless life. General Lee, because he had such a great name, was offered a large sum of money to allow his name to be used in a business where he had no interest and should give no time. He declined and simply said, "I never receive money except for services rendered." How many are there who would stand that same test? The more prominent a man becomes the more searching will be the judgments of those about him and the more necessary that he should be true as steel and as clean as a lily—not free from mistakes, no one is that, but his motives absolutely unselfish and right.

And then the fellowship with the Great Leader of all. Here we learn the true lessons as to what His presence should be to our daily work. Our cry should be—

> "Nearer, draw nearer, until my soul is lost in Thee,
> Nearer, draw nearer, blessed Lord, to me."

Christ never had an office; His disciples gave Him nothing; He gave His disciples everything.

Now, as to the cost of leadership. Leadership means misunderstanding and loneliness and suffering. Often the crowd does not recognize a leader until he has gone, and then they build a monument for him with the stones which they threw at him in life. A leader must be ready for ridicule. He must accept anguish. Our best plans will often be rejected by those for whom they were made. Leaders

are always lonesome folks; you may just as well depend on that. Only two pieces of Christ's autobiography have come down to us, and they were both passed through in anguish as a leader, in the wilderness and in Gethsemane. The way to rise is upon the rounds of suffering if you want to be a leader. There is no real power without a struggle. Those who most truly lead suffer the most. The world's greatest leader was despised and rejected by men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. His wail over Jerusalem is the sign of a leader; His heart was breaking for those He loved. But here was the test of His leadership, "Behold, the whole world is gone after Him," and even His enemies said it. That was the test of leadership.

One thought in closing. It takes life and blood to be to other people the thing they need. A leader should enter into the afflictions of all his people. This incident illustrates my thought. It was told in the General Assembly held in Chicago recently: In a lumber camp in Michigan some time ago a man was hurt; his limbs and body were badly skinned, torn off in large patches, and some of his blood had been lost, and the proprietor said, "We must send him to the hospital," and they raised a little sum of money to send him off to the hospital. Just before he went, his chum, who was a leader in the camp among the men, came to him and said, "Jim, I ain't got no money to send you away; the boss and his friends have given the money, but you know that I like you well, and I want to do something for you; I can't do much, but when you get down there to the hospital you are going to need some skin and blood. Say, Jim, if you do, will you send for me?" No one can be a leader who is not ready to lay down his life for those he represents. Our Master Leader did it. It is required, not always to lay down the life, but to give the life, and we must do that if in any worthy way we follow our Great and Matchless Leader.

Now, our work for this summer is done, and I want to thank you with all my heart for listening to my talks. I count myself only an amateur, a learner, like yourselves. I have tried to help you the best I could with my limited knowledge. May God bless you and make you better leaders than you have ever been, and better men and women, that God's name may be glorified through you.

What Shall the Harvest Be?

A TRIBUTE TO WINONA.

By MR. MARION LAWRANCE.

Here we are at the end of one of these beautiful and splendid summer seasons of Winona. People have come and gone by the thousands. Some have remained during the entire season and are just ready to go to their homes. The season is ended, or nearly so. It has been a great and blessed season at Winona. For twelve years I have been coming here, I think every year but one, and that was last year, when I was out of the country. I am going to talk to you a little while about Winona.

WINONA'S LOFTY AIM.

The history of Winona is written in prayer, in blood, in fire, in purpose. The spirit of Winona never can be translated into words and put into a book. We know what Winona has stood for, this beautiful location, this beautiful spot. The purpose of Winona we know, and the value of Winona we are just beginning to find out. Winona was founded in prayer. Winona stands for the highest standard of evangelical Christianity. Winona stands for the Bible, as you love it and as I love it.

> "We search the world for truth
> We cull the good, the pure, the beautiful
> From graven stone and written scroll,
> And all the old flower fields of the soul;
> And, weary seekers of the best,
> We come back laden from our quest
> To find that all the sages said
> Is in the Book that mother read."

That is the Book we stand for here. Winona stands squarely upon the Bible.

WINONA'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

Winona stands for the broadest conception of missions in the

very best meaning of that word. Winona stands for temperance; Winona stands for good citizenship; Winona stands for education; Winona stands for the highest degree of usefulness; Winona stands for clean entertainment; Winona stands for recreation, for sports of the best kind; and Winona stands for good fellowship and brotherly love. This is the foundation of Winona. Many of the greatest men and women of the world have stood in this place and spoken to the people who have gathered here,—orators from almost every country on earth, lecturers, preachers, evangelists, educators, rescue workers, scientists, missionaries, entertainers, and all the rest have spoken on this platform. Winona has stood for the very best amid the storm against the Holy Word of God and amid many of the beliefs that have drawn people away from the landmarks of our fathers.

WINONA'S DIVERSIFIED RESOURCES.

Winona is a coaling station where God's people come to get the heat from the altar of God; Winona is an armory to which we come to find all needed armor for the warfare of our Christian life; it is a citadel to hide in, a place of safety and retreat where we may be away from the storm and be replenished, built up, edified and strengthened. Winona is a power house. It is a spiritual hospital, if you will, where those who have felt weary and sick at soul and heart have come for refreshment as we sit at the feet of these great men of God. Winona is a Christian West Point, where we come to learn the ways of Christian work. Many a one has gotten the start for Christian work upon these grounds. Winona has been a rest for the weary in these beautiful groves—"Groves were God's first temples;" it has been a playground for the children, and a meeting place for all the clans who work for God and their fellow men. Winona has been the birth-place of thousands of souls, and the inspirer of hundreds to enlist for life in the service of the King, as ministers, missionaries and Sunday-school workers. Winona has been an encourager to the discouraged, the bringer back of many wandering feet, and a beacon light for God in the very heart of our thickly settled Central West. Winona was born in prayer and has been conducted by Godly consecrated men, every one of whom has proved his unselfish loyalty by vast contributions of time, unremunerated, and most of them by gifts of money, much of which has been gladly given without any thought of getting it back again. This is Winona at its best, and we have enjoyed these blessings for another year, and are now about to go to our homes. What shall the harvest be to Winona because of my visit to its grounds this year? What can I do for Winona? Ask yourselves that question.

WINONA'S DIRECTORS COMMENDED.

"Oh, but there are problems at Winona! I have been hearing about it. There are debts upon the place. Mistakes have been made. "What shall I do about it?" Granted, friends, that mistakes have been made; nevertheless every mistake that has been made at Winona has been a mistake of the head and not of the heart; no one man is responsible, not at all. The directors are all good men, and have backed everything that has been done. They are not wise above their brethren, they have made mistakes; but the men who have served thus far upon the boards and in other official capacities, are men, for the most part, who have put the most money into it to prove their love. No worse mistakes are ever made here than are made in many business organizations all over the country. The directors now think they see a way out for Winona that will give Winona a future, compared with which the past is but an intimation. They believe they see the light. I have always been interested in Winona, but since coming on the ground this time, greatly to my surprise, I have been made a director, and now I can see, as I did not before, the seamy side. I have never met with a company of men (and I have traveled all over the United States and Canada), that were more desirous of building up the Kingdom of God than the men who are standing behind Winona. **All I am saying this afternoon I am saying on my own responsibility entirely; not one of the directors knows anything about it, nor has one of them suggested that I should refer to Winona.**

A TIME FOR UNITED EFFORT.

This is the time to stand together. But you say, "I am a creditor, I have lost my money!" So am I; I did not have much to lose. Yet, I do not believe I have lost it; I may have buried it, and some day I will get it again. I expect to get that money, and I expect to get the head of wheat instead of the one kernel I put into the ground. Now is the time to stand by; as our great editor in Chicago says, "Sit tight and do not rock the boat." I would like to give Winona a new slogan, especially to those who feel disgruntled in any way. You can make a man sick by telling him he is sick, and you can destroy any business by running it down. I would like to give you this slogan, **"Throw away your hammer and buy a horn."** Let us quit knocking and boost; that is the right thing to do, right now.

I.

WINONA'S GREAT NEED.

"What shall the harvest be for Winona, because I have been here this summer?" What can I do? I can pray for Winona. Winona

does not need money one-half as much as she needs the prayer and confidence of God's people. Pray for the Board; they are not wise above other men, but they want to do the thing that honors God. Speak well of Winona; tell your friends about it; come back next year and bring others with you; send for the Winona Quarterlies,—leave your name with Mr. Hatfield, the Publicity Manager, who has said that if you will leave your names so he can send ten or fifteen or twenty Winona Quarterlies, they will be sent free; buy "Winona Echoes" at sixty cents a copy—there is no profit in that—and give a copy to your pastor, a copy to your superintendent, and put a copy into the library of the church or Sunday-school; these things will help. Advertise Winona's colleges and schools. The end of this conference should be the beginning of effort, a campaign of prayer and testimony for Winona. You can help the Winona cause a great deal. The financial difficulties have been heavy upon Winona, and those in charge have not done what they would like to have done. We want others to have a bigger and better Winona than we have had. Much is needed by way of improvement. This Auditorium is all right so far as it goes, and should be kept, but I would like to see a new Auditorium built that would hold ten thousand people. We have an ideal spot for it, but we have not the money to build it. There ought to be on these grounds a model Sunday-school building that would accommodate a Sunday-school of twenty-five hundred people; that would be a fine thing; we have a good place for it; it has been partly promised, but we have not the money. None of these things can be done until the foundations have been laid strong and beautiful. If the Sunday-school building were erected, with various rooms for accommodating two to four hundred people, they could be used by the many smaller meetings which are continually being held upon the grounds. The Bethany people need a new hall. Their place has been too small for them, beautiful as it is and the spiritual birthplace of so many fine girls whose souls have found God; they ought to have a hall holding five hundred people; it could be built for a very few thousand dollars. A building ought to be built for the young men on these grounds, exclusively for the young men, just as Bethany is exclusively for the young women. There ought to be a new Administration building, and several other halls holding from five hundred people to a thousand. Large facilities for the merchandising and commercial features of Winona ought to be added. Better accommodations for the field sports and entertainments should be provided. Will you pray for these? They come in answer to prayer. As God lays it on your heart, will you pray for the things that Winona needs? We need a greater program year by year, though it has been good. So strong and help-

ful the program ought to be that ten thousand preachers will come here every year, representing every state and province in North America. It can be done; all we need to do is to spread a feast worth while and let the people know, and they will come. The program should be not only strong, helpful, clean and uplifting, but free from every reasonable objection on the part of Christian people. Talk to everybody about Winona. Send for the literature of all these departments and give it to the young people of your own church that they may come here and get a blessing. Tell them of the uplifting music of our wonderful choir led by Professor Excell. This year's best should be next year's starting point. Try to increase the attendance of next year; bring your pastor, your superintendent and others. Of what value to Winona, to the new Winona, is to be my visit here this year?

What shall the harvest be to Winona because I was here?

"There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that want to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done, and you'll do it."

II.

PERSONAL WORK.

What shall the harvest be to my own church and Sunday-school at home because I have been here? Can I help them because of my visit here? I would like to tell you that you can. When you get home tell your pastor about it and tell your superintendent about it; ask them to call a meeting of the Sunday-school workers and of the leaders of your church, and then you tell them some of the things that you have in your note-book, some of the things that ought to revive the work in your church and in your Sunday-school. It is fine to come here and get all you can, but it is not fair to can all you get. Tell your pastor about the great preachers you heard. Take to your pastor one of the books that these preachers have written; they may be had here on the ground; if you take him a book he will be glad. Do the same thing with your superintendent. Tell them some of the best things said by Dr. Meyer, Dr. McNeill, Dr. Gray, Dr. Brown, and the rest of these great preachers. Tell them about Major Cole's

meetings. Tell them about the Hillside. Tell them about the great Sunday-school and the choir. Tell them of the work for the young women. If your church is dead at home, tell them you have come from Winona, where they believe in the resurrection of the dead. In some places the only thing that changes is the moon, and it ought not to be so in your own church; we want a change whenever it is necessary, and we want to get something better than we ever had. If your church is like that you have a chance to do a good bit of work. Offer yourself for service. Go back and say to the superintendent, "I will take that class I turned down before I went to Winona." Go to the prayer meeting; stand by your pastor; honor him; get into the game and try to help the work at home. Make your Sunday-school what it ought to be. Try to get all of the church into the Sunday-school and try to get your Sunday-school into the church. Cultivate the evangelical spirit. Get them to send delegates to the Sunday-school convention of your county; then they will want to go to Winona and learn more about it than ever before. What shall the harvest be to my church and Sunday-school? It may be great, if you will do the thing you can do when you get home.

III.

HOME LIFE MADE SWEETER.

What will the harvest be in my own home? I have been to Winona under the delightful and benign influence of these magnificent speakers; I have heard prayers that seem to move heaven. Am I going to have any better home because I have been here? Am I going to make my home a sweeter home than ever? Yes, if you will translate into your home life the good things you have received here. Revive that family altar; send to Dr. Biederwolf for his "Family Altar Magazine;" it will give you helpful ideas about making your family altar delightful. Show forth the Christ spirit of patience and good cheer. Make your home a spiritual center, radiating the purpose of Christ. Make your home a love nest. Take home some good books for your young people. Take home some of these song books and sing some of the songs around your organ or piano, or without an instrument if you have none. Get sample copies of the "Bethany Girls' News," and give it to the young women in the home and neighborhood. Carry the blessings of Winona heights to the valley of your home. Make Christ a living reality in your daily life, and your home will reap a harvest the like of which you have never dreamed of.

IV.

WINONA IN THE HEART.

What will the harvest be to me individually? I have asked you

to pray for a harvest for Winona, and for your church and Sunday-school, and your own home: all these depend on whether or not there is to be a harvest in your heart and soul. What shall the harvest be to me personally and to you? No one can enjoy the blessings of this place and be just the same again. What has it done for me? Have I gotten a new vision of God's love here? Have I gotten a new vision of God's family here? Have I gotten a new vision of God's Word here? Is my Bible more precious to me? Shall I read it more than I have done in the past? Has prayer become sweeter and more real to me? Have I found my work? Am I determined to make my life count for more? Has my life broken through into the light of God?

> "Hid in the soil of this, our earthly life,
> We upward press, in spirit, testing strife,
> Till, stronger grown, we break through sod and clod,
> Into the light—the wondrous light of God."

Am I better acquainted with God than when I came? Am I going to be easier to live with than I was? What about my personal influence for Christ? Do I show I have been with him? You remember reading about Hudson Taylor: He went to Australia, and got a lot of seeds of the Australian blue-bell flower; when he went through China he scattered the seeds far and wide, and when the people came from Australia to China they said, "Here are our blue-bells! Somebody has been to Australia!" Will anybody say that you have been close to God when they see you, or when they see me? Am I to be as barren as I have been? Have we learned that we cannot breathe out without breathing in? Have we learned that we can have no influence for good except as God puts His holy influence upon us? Dr. Chapman one day said to Dr. Meyer, so Dr. Chapman told me himself, "I feel so empty sometimes; people come to me and I want to help them. How can I help them more?" and Dr. Meyer faced him and said, "Dr. Chapman, will you try to blow three breaths out without taking one in? try it!" And he tried it and could not do it. You cannot breathe out without breathing in. We must continually breathe in God's spirit, or we cannot be a blessing to others. Do I really want to reflect Jesus Christ in my life? Am I willing to pay the price? Do you remember in Malachi where it refers to the Savior as a refiner and purifier of silver? Do you know how the refiner knows when the precious metal is pure? Under the heat beneath that vessel impurities rise to the top; there is nothing like a mirror there; you can look into it and see no reflection; but as the dross is skimmed away, by and by it gets so pure that the refiner of silver can see his own face reflected in it. Then it is pure. That is what He wants to

do for me, that is what He wants to do for us, to take away the dross, to take away the wickedness, to take away the selfishness, until we reflect the face of the Great Redeemer of our lives. Am I ready to surrender my dearest hope for Him? Am I ready to take a lower place than I had hoped for?

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.

I want to tell you a beautiful story. I think it is one of the sweetest I ever heard. Most of you, perhaps, have seen that wonderful picture of Durer's "Folded Hands," two hands, nothing in the picture but two hands. Have you ever heard the story? "In the little town of Nuremburg there lived two boys; they wanted to be artists. One was Franz Knigstein and the other was Albrecht Durer. Their parents were poor. They sketched on paper or scraps of whatever came to hand. By and by their parents got enough money together to send them away to school to study art. They studied quite a while. Franz Knigstein did not have skill or genius; he had a love for art, but he did not have the deft fingers of Albrecht Durer. They decided after a while that each of them would paint a picture and show it to the other; that picture was to be a picture of the Lord's Passion When they showed their pictures to each other, the picture of Franz was stiff and cold and lifeless, and Albrecht's picture was full of beauty and pathos, and it seemed as if the very lips would speak. Franz saw it all. With one great struggle his hands went up to his face, and he bowed himself in grief for just a moment; he fought his battle; then rising up the brave boy said to his companion, Albrecht, "The good Lord gave me no such gift as this of yours, but something He has yet for me to do, some homely duty is somewhere waiting for me; you be the artist of Nuremburg, and I——" "Stop!" said Albrecht, "hold still one moment!" and he got a pad and pencil and began to sketch. By and by he showed Franz what he had sketched. "Why Albrecht," said Franz, "those are only my hands, my folded hands; why did you draw my hands?" And this is the answer that he gave: "I sketched them as you stood there making the sad surrender of your life so nobly and so bravely; I said to myself, 'Those hands which will never paint a picture can now most certainly make one.' I have faith in those folded hands, my brother friend; they will go to men's hearts in the days to come.'" If you have seen that picture you never saw it without wanting to get on your knees. Am I ready for such a refining? What a surrender was that? But that place comes day by day to you and me. Is my heart crying, "More like the Master?" Have I had a new look into the face of Him who died for me? One good look into that face makes every life anew.

THE TRUE VICTORY.

Friends, it is the love of the One who gave His life for us, it is the face of that One that means victory and joy and peace. Having met Him face to face on these grounds this summer means a different life hereafter. What shall the harvest be in my life? In your life? Have we met Him face to face?

I had walked life's path with an easy tread,
And followed where comfort and pleasure led,
Until, one day, in a quiet place,
I met my Master face to face.

I had built my castles and reared them high,
And their domes had pierced the blue of the sky;
I had entered to win in life's mad race,
Till I met the Master face to face.

I met Him and knew Him, and blushed to see
That His eyes, full of sorrow, were fixed on me;
I faltered, then fell at His feet that day,
And my castles melted and vanished away;

Melted and vanished, and in their place
I saw naught else but the Savior's face,
And I cried aloud, "Oh, make me meet
To follow the steps of Thy wounded feet!"

That is what it means. May your harvest and mine be such, dear friends, as to make heaven glad.

The Pastor and the Superintendent

By MR. MARION LAWRANCE

Not all here are pastors or superintendents, but everybody here has a pastor and a superintendent, and you can carry to them the message, if there is anything worth carrying. I can only touch on the subject in the time at our disposal this morning.

You pastors know that you have shelves full of books which tell you how to be good pastors, and it is rather a risky thing for a layman to speak to pastors and tell them what to do, but if there is anybody on earth ready to do that thing, it is an ordinary layman like me; it is amazing how much we know of how the other man should do his work.

First, I want to give a testimony for my own pastors. For thirty-one years consecutively I was the superintendent of one school. During that time I had eight pastors. I never had a pastor in my life who was not on the platform in the Sunday-school (not because I asked him to be, but because he recognized that as a good place to be) at the beginning of the service, and remained during the service, and to take such part in the service as he desired to take, and he often talked with me about what I would like to have him do. I never had a pastor in my life who was not my friend as a Sunday-school superintendent. I never had a pastor, who, when he saw that I was discouraged, would not say a kind word, such as, "All right, you are doing well; if I can help you any more let me know, and I will try to stand by you."

I do not know of any two men in the whole Sunday-school who can accomplish so much by pulling together as the pastor and the superintendent, and I do not know of any two men who can make the fur fly as they can when they get to pulling at loggerheads with each other.

Jesus Christ gave to His disciples the specific commission that they were to go into all the world and carry the gospel to every creature; that could not be done without some agency by which to do it, so He organized His disciples into a church. The church and the

home are the two divinely organized institutions that we deal with today. Jesus, before He left the earth, laid out a program for the church; no such program could ever have been laid out by anybody else but the Son of God, and no such program can ever be carried out by any other agency but the church of God. I know that it is a little risky for me to say what I am going to say, but we are really bewildered in these days by the multiplicity of organizations. A good many of them, I believe, were divinely instituted. The church must not find too much fault with these organizations, because, for the most part, they have grown up out of the soil that the church itself has left fallow. Many of these organizations are protests against the inactivity of the church along certain lines. I have no doubt about it in my own mind, and the difficulty is that those who are specialists in the Sunday-school work will begin to think that they have an institution to run; that the church is one thing and the Sunday-school is another, and the young people's society is another, and the missionary society is another, and the brotherhood is another, and so on. Friends, the only institution of this kind that Jesus Christ established was the church, and all of these others have value only as they aid the church to carry out its great commission, its great plan. There should never be any organization of the kind I have named that is not directly under the control of the church and regarded as one of its activities. That is where the Sunday-school belongs. The Sunday-school, as such, is not a separate institution; it is the Bible studying and teaching service of the church, and the church is responsible for it. I wish we might get that very clearly in our minds. The church has been very remiss in this matter. If the church had always trained its young people in the way it should, there never would have been some of the breaks that took place in the early days. The church must not complain if the needs of these young people are not served in the regular services of the church. The Sunday-school is the greatest of all these agencies, without a doubt. The young people's society has young people in it, the brotherhoods have men, the Y. M. C. A. men, the Y. W. C. A. young women, but the Sunday-school has everybody from the cradle to the grave, from the child one minute old, enrolled in the cradle roll, to the person who is at the end of life, one hundred years old, in the home department. Everybody is in the Sunday-school, and because of that, it is the field and the force with which we need to deal. The Sunday-school is the field for the local church because it is recognized now that about four out of five of all those who come into our churches by conversion come through the Sunday-school. It does not mean necessarily that they are converted in the Sunday-school, but they get

their training there and come up into the church services, where many of them are converted.

Let me give you an illustration: When we are building a new house we put in the gas pipes and the water pipes, but there is no gas and no water in them. By and by, when the house is completed and everything is ready for the gas and the water, a man makes the connection, and instantly the gas and water fill the pipes, because the other work was done beforehand. The Sunday-school teachers are doing that—they are laying the pipes. By and by the connection is made and the Spirit of God flows in. Why? Because they understand; the way has been made plain. I am saying that as a layman, not to minimize the work of the pastor of the church, not at all, but the Sunday-school has prepared the way for this great work. The handwriting is written on the wall and the pastors of the future will do well to read it. The church of the future will be a Sunday-school church, and the church that does not take its Sunday-school work seriously is going to be left behind in the procession. I believe that with all my heart, and the pastors are believing it more and more. The pastors must be ready for it. The pastor is the recognized leader, the pastor is a God-ordained man to be at the head of that church—I do not mean the spiritual head; nobody can take that place save its great Founder.

There was a time when pastor and preacher were considered somewhat synonomous. It is not so now. What the church needs today is not so much preachers as pastors and leaders. I heard a pastor-maker one day, the president of a seminary, say that what the church needs is leadership, and that is surely correct. Where pastors lead the churches will follow, but we want to remember that leadership is not vested in titles, and no man can lead just because he is a pastor; leadership depends upon leadership ability. The pastor must be ready for this work. I believe that we are coming to recognize that more and more. The pastor should be a Sunday-school man, and, if possible, he should be a better superintendent than his superintendent, although he should not superintend the school, because leaders do not do the things the people are supposed to do. The leader of an army does not carry a musket; the leader of a great department store does not sell shoes. He is the leader, and directs other people. But the pastor, being the leader of all, should know exactly what should be done. He should be a better teacher than any teacher in his school; he should be the teacher of teachers, the trainer of trainers, and he ought to acquire the ability for this at the same time and place that he learns to preach—in the theological seminary. More and more our seminaries are coming to

recognize this matter, and they are putting in Sunday-school chairs to study the English Bible more—the history, management and development of Sunday-school work, the study of pedagogy, psychology, and so on, as relating to Christian education, and these are the things that are coming more and more to require attention by the seminaries. I have the impression that it would be better to give a little less attention to the ancient church fathers, if need be, and a little more attention to the modern church sons. I heard a preacher say once, "If I had my seminary course to take again, I would want more Sunday-school, if I took less of systematic theology." You understand just what is meant by this, and you want to know the Sunday-school; it is your Sunday-school, just like the prayer-meeting is your prayer-meeting, just like the missionary meeting is your missionary meeting. I want to give you a little expert testimony here if I can. The late Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, of the "Sunday School Times," said, "The Sunday-school of the pastor's church is his Sunday-school in the same sense that the pulpit of the church is his pulpit; that being so, it follows if the pastor is what he should be or what he needs to be in knowledge, ability and spirit, his school will be what it ought to be in plan, in scope, in organization, and in methods of work, and it will be all this before he is through with it, even if it is not all this when he takes hold of it." Dr. Foster has said, "The pastor is the chief officer of his Sunday-school in the same way that the President of the United States is commander-in-chief of the army." That is the best figure I have ever found for the pastor. The commander-in-chief does not go into the field; he is not a field officer, but he is behind it all, he directs the general policies.

Here is a statement from the late Charles Cuthbert Hall, who was president of the Union Theological Seminary in New York. Addressing a class of graduates in his institution, he said: "Gentlemen, if I had known in the beginning of my ministry what I now know about the Sunday-school, I could have multiplied my usefulness five-fold." That is a wonderful testimony for that man to give. Let me give a practical illustration of what I am driving at. I was in a convention in ——————; I was invited home by the superintendent of a Sunday-school; he was a man worth several million dollars; I went into his home and met his wife and two of his sons who were connected with financial institutions in that city, fine big fellows with strong, manly faces. My friend said, "We will have to wait for dinner a little; my other son is not in yet, but he will come soon. Let me tell you something about that boy. He is my youngest son. I have spent ten thousand dollars on his education; he went through Yale and he went through a technical school; then he decided that he

would be a master electrician and went through a special electrical training in the electrical school. Do you know what he is doing today?" "No." "He is digging ditches in the streets at a dollar and a half a day." "I would like to see him," I said. Pretty soon he came in. There was a cap on the back of his head that seemed to be glued down; he had on blue overalls and shirt and his hands were grimy. His father introduced him with much pride. I said, "I am glad to meet you, and I was. He went on out to wash and get ready for dinner. I said, "Tell me about him!" His father said, "When he got back from Yale I said to him, "Now you are ready for the electrical business; I have money enough; I will start you up in business." He said, "Not yet; I am going away to the technical school." He went to the technical school and completed the course. I said to him again, "I am ready to set you up in the electrical business; how many thousand dollars do you want?" He said, "I am not ready yet; I want to get more electrical knowledge." And he went off to the electrical school and studied again, and he came back and said, "I am not ready yet, and this is the reason I am waiting: I know what it has cost to educate me, but by and by, when I am master of this business, I will have men digging ditches and wiring houses and laying conduits, and I want to know that it is done right; I want to go to the bottom of this business." Pastors, you cannot afford not to get into the Sunday-school game, you cannot afford not to read Sunday-school books, you cannot afford not to go to Sunday-school conventions. I have heard people say before now, "I never go to the Sunday-school convention any more," but I know that the people who get into the Sunday-school current are the people who get the Sunday-school germ. I never was a Sunday-school man in my life, although I had been in the Sunday-school all my life, until I went to a Sunday-school convention, and there I got my eyes open. There are Sunday-school conventions which are not as good as they ought to be, but the Sunday-school convention is the mother of Sunday-school improvement. You cannot afford to stay away from the county convention. If it is not all it ought to be, go and make it all it ought to be for the sake of somebody else.

If you have something better than the rest have, pass it on. Suppose you were taken ill with a disease and you knew what cured you, and believed it would cure other people, and you saw somebody else ill with the same disease, what would you think of yourself if you withheld the remedy? That is what we are doing when we do not pass on to others the good things we know about the Sunday-school work.

The Sunday-school properly worked will solve more of your

problems than any other agency in your church. Now, of the pastor and the superintendent, I have nothing more to talk, except this last Bible verse, Romans 12:10: "Be kindly affectioned toward one another, in honor preferring one another." Do you know in the Christian way we always get most by yielding most? My friend, Mr. Heinz, the pickle man, said to me one time, "This is one of the mottoes of my life, 'Where no principle is involved, the wiser always yields.'" Put your superintendent forward all the time. Do you know what it will mean? It means that he will honor you and push you forward as pastor. That is what ought to be done. Have confidence in him and sympathy with him. The pastor and the superintendent ought to be a double team, and they ought not to drive tandem. The Sunday-school is the firing line of the church, and when we keep that firing line intact the enemy will go down. The great battle line in Europe is two hundred and fifty miles long, we are told. In the Sunday-school world it encircles the earth. There are 2,500,000 unpaid voluntary officers and teachers giving their time to Sunday-school work, and the pastors are our leaders. The pastors of our land, as a rule, are the most earnest, consecrated, godly, unselfish, overworked and underpaid class of Christian workers, and we ought to stand by them more than we do; many of them are men of great brain, of great caliber, great purpose, and, like all other classes of men, you will find some of them who have not the vision as they ought to have, and we are trying our best to help them all.

Now, as to the superintendent. I have devoted a good deal of my life to this work, and so I ought to know something about it, and the more I have studied and engaged in it, it seems to me the less I know about it; but it is a great place to be a leader among leaders, to be at the head of a great school, for all schools are great—no school is ever small. Why? Let me tell you why. I was talking to a pastor last night on the porch of the hotel, and he is in this audience this morning. He said, "I was amazed to find out how many families represented in our Sunday-school were not identified with the church, and we had one little girl whose family was not identified with the church. That little girl found Jesus Christ in our Sunday-school, went home and got her father and mother interested, and brought them both, and her brother and one other older member of the family; four others that little girl brought, and they are all now members of the church, and they found Jesus Christ, and the one who did it was that little girl from the Sunday-school." Do you know that the best missionary in any man's home is that man's child, and you can touch that child in the Sunday-school. There are many Godless homes which will allow their children to go to Sunday-school; by

and by, when they are out from the paternal control, they drift away, but if we can put that seal on them when they are young they will never get away. No lesson that was ever taught was ever lost. I do not know that I need to go into the definitions of a Sunday-school superintendent in detail. First of all, I want to speak of the superintendent's election by the church. The superintendent ought to be a church officer, elected by the church in the same way they elect their other officers, deacons, elders, trustees, treasurer, clerk, etc., and he should be regarded as a church officer, responsible to the church. This idea of having the superintendent elected by the scholars is a mistake; you do not do that in the public school. The church is responsible not only for the financial maintenance of the school, but the quality of the work it does. Some churches, by the policy of their administration, have a commission to do this. It may be that a "session" will name the superintendent, or a "board;" but that session or board represents the church, because they have been commissioned by the church to do that thing. When you have named your superintendent, do not tie his hands and feet. Let him select his own assistants. Let him select the men who are to be associated with him as treasurer and librarian, and all these people, just as we let the President of the United States select his cabinet, because he can select those who are in sympathy with his purposes and will co-operate with him.

I know of one great Presbyterian school in Ohio where the superintendent, who was a wholesale merchant, a man of magnificent ability, gave up the school entirely. He said, "I cannot do anything with it; I would not run my business so; every night I know what my books have in them; I know who owes me money and to whom I owe money; I know our bad accounts and my stock, but I cannot know the books in our Sunday-school because our session insists upon electing the son of one of the members as secretary, and he is there only one Sunday in four, and I cannot put anybody in his place, and I am not going to superintend the school any longer." That is all a mistake. The superintendent ought to be elected annually. As a man he should be clean and brave, strong and sympathetic, aggressive and patient, determined and good-natured, a lover of God, a lover of God's Word, and a lover of souls (especially of children). Did you ever see a man who had all these qualifications? That is the man or the woman you want at the head of your school. If you cannot get all these qualifications, get all you can. The superintendent teaches those lessons in the Sunday-school that are caught rather than taught, and the superintendent, after all, is the central figure in the Sunday-school in an executive way. He ought to be a man whom the boys

can look up to and say, "I would like to be a man like that." I never read a list of qualifications such as this without feeling my own shortcomings. I am sure we all do. A superintendent ought to have a head on his shoulders, he ought to read; he ought to use that head and his eyes. Sometimes, however, it is a good thing to be a little blind; he ought to see every beginning of trouble, he ought to see where a good word will help, he ought to be ready because of what he sees to pass on the thing that will help somebody else. He ought to have two good ears and never close them. Teachers will come to him with troubles real and imaginary. Do not turn them away and say, "I have troubles of my own." You are their great burden bearer. You want to see a great deal, you want to hear a great deal, you want to talk very little. It is not altogether unfortunate for a superintendent to be a little tongue-tied. Do not say too much. The superintendent ought to have two feet ready to go whenever he is needed, two hands ready to lift anybody's load that comes to him, knees that bend frequently as he carries his school to God. I think it is a good thing for a superintendent to have a good liver and a big heart. I wish I could find somebody who measured up to all this, but I cannot. The superintendent should study himself. The superintendent, as a Bible student, ought to keep close to the Bible. The Bible is the text-book of the Sunday-school—let us study it. The superintendent should study himself and others, and should study books. He ought to be an observer, a soul-winner and a friend. It is said that a doctor renders his best service when he renders his services unnecessary. The superintendent is very much like that. No school ought to be built around a man—it ought to be built around the Lord Jesus Christ. That school or church has been the best managed that will suffer the least when its chief executive officer withdraws.

The superintendent's aim should be to discover workers, to train workers, to make Bible students, to make his school attractive, to make his school as large as possible, to secure conversions, to make good citizens, to set everybody to work, to strengthen the church, and to build up the Kingdom. You never do anything better than to find a young man fit for Christian work and start him to college. Sir Humphry Davy, the renowned English scientist, was asked in his last days to name the greatest discovery he had ever made. They thought he would name the discovery of the fixed alkalis or the principle of the safety lamp, but no; he said, "The greatest discovery I ever made was Michael Faraday."

The Coming of the Kingdom

Matthew 6:10, "Thy Kingdom Come."

By REV. MILFORD H. LYON, D. D.

Some years ago an English traveler in South Africa, riding along a country road one afternoon, stopped to water his horse by a wayside spring near a native hut. While his horse was drinking he observed the children in their play tossing some stones that, in the sunlight, had a peculiar glitter. He was thrilled with the discovery, for his experienced eyes detected their value. He inquired of the children where they had found the stones. They took him along the bank of a little stream that wound its way down the valley from the spring. Not unwillingly the children exchanged their stones for a handful of small coin. Without delay the man sought the owner of the land and purchased as much of the valley as his limited means and credit could command. These stones proved to be gems of immense value, and here was the beginning of the discovery of the great diamond fields of Kimberly, from which already have been taken out more than a hundred million dollars' worth of gems.

This incident is a modern counterpart to an old familiar story from the parable of Jesus, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field: the which when a man hath found, he hideth and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth the field." Again, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it."

Just as for generations the simple natives that passed up and down that valley had their attention occasionally attracted by some small stone glistening in the sunlight, but were more concerned lest some sharp corner of the stone should pierce the soles of their bare feet, so for twenty centuries the attention of Christian students has been largely absorbed with minor issues, while comparatively little consideration has been given to the greatest theme of religion—"the Kingdom of God." Christ spoke very little directly about heaven.

Very seldom did He use the term "salvation," but the phrase, "the Kingdom of Heaven," or its synonym, "the Kingdom of God," was constantly recurring His lips. At the outset of His ministry He declared that He came to proclaim the Gospel of the Kingdom. He went everywhere preaching the Kingdom. His first proclamation was, "Repent, for the Kingdom of God is at hand." He sent His disciples forth to teach the things of the Kingdom of Heaven. His parables are all concerned with some phase or another of the Kingdom. In the model prayer Jesus besought His disciples to pray for the coming of the Kingdom, and after His resurrection He spent the forty days before His ascension teaching further the things of the Kingdom. With such an array of facts as these it is amazing that Christian thinkers and workers have given such scant thought and attention to this supreme subject.

The ancient Hebrew, as revealed in the Old Testament Scriptures, had a very narrow and limited conception of the meaning of the Kingdom of God. They believed that it belonged exclusively to the Jewish people. After their exile and apostasy, their prophets, discerning few present evidences of the Kingdom, foretold a time when peace and prosperity would abound in that glorious future under the reign of a Heaven-sent Messiah. But when Jesus came He declared at the outset of His ministry that the Kingdom of God was at hand. In a peculiar sense, then, the coming of Christ ushered in the real existence of the beginning of God's Kingdom on the earth. In other words, the coming of the Kingdom really began with the coming of the King. It was not until the fulness of time that the world was ready to hear the divine announcement, "The Kingdom of God is at hand." Jesus reversed all of the conceptions of his day regarding royalty. The prevalent idea of a Kingdom was coupled with armies, and thrones, and crowns, regalia and ritual, and revelling, pomp and lavish display, and selfish indulgence. Jesus overturned all this. He taught that the Kingdom of God was not material, but spiritual; that true royalty was not in crowns, but in character; not in pomp, but in piety; not in display, but in deeds; not in gold, but in Godliness. If we are to get a just and true conception of this central principle of Christ's teaching, "The Kingdom of God," we must hold firmly in mind His word that the Kingdom is within you. When they tried to place Him upon an earthly throne He turned away and hid Himself from their presence. He declared His Kingdom was not of this world; that is, it was to be in the world, but not of the world.

It is time that a protest be sounded against the prevalent tendency toward materialism. We have, as a civilization, been prone more and more, to defy things. Multitudes have been like a traveler

riding always in the baggage car. They have become slaves to their possessions. Some of you remember when you started out in married life, perhaps with scarcely enough furniture for a few small rooms. Your business also was not very extensive. But then husband and wife had time for each other's society, for reading, time also for the church and for prayer. Now perhaps you have a big house filled with all sorts of bric-a-brac, keeping the housewife exhausted in caring for it. You are engaged in this enterprise, a member of that organization, a partner in something else. You are subject to the demands of society, of fashion, of financial affairs; now you have no time to get acquainted with your own family, no time for friendships, for mental culture, for the spiritual life. The higher nature is being stifled and starved. Soon death will come along. What has all of this amounted to—this accumulation of things, this madness of materialism? Jesus taught that the true basis of life is spiritual. Thrones may totter and crowns may crumble, but the living presence of Christ in your heart and the acknowledgment of His authority over your entire being is in deed and in truth the beginning of the life eternal.

Let us notice, in the next place, the glories and blessings that come to the children of the Kingdom of God. Jesus spoke so frequently about "the gospel," the good news, of the Kingdom. In His estimation it was the pearl of greatest price. He changed religion from a restraint to an incentive. He sought constantly to inspire His disciples with the spirit of buoyancy and gladness and zeal from the fact that they had become partakers of the Kingdom. First of all, there is the reward of everlasting life. You feel that you have struck bed rock, you can begin to build for eternity, you have entered into a realm of being that has no limit, either in time or space. Here is a value rich enough and an opportunity big enough to satisfy your most intense desire. It is the conception of the blessings of the citizen of the Kingdom that robs death of all its terrors. Separation from the physical body becomes not a limitation, but a liberation. When a man starts on a journey across the continent he is not greatly concerned about the crossing from one state into another—it is all a part of the same journey. So the citizen of the Kingdom of God comes more and more to look upon this world as but the prelude to eternal progress.

Another blessing of the citizenship of the Kingdom of God is divine inheritance. Jesus spoke to His disciples of becoming heirs to the Eternal Kingdom. It is beyond human conception to grasp the immensity of this fact. There is a star known to astronomers as "1830 Groombridge." They tell us this is 2,000,000 times as far away

from the earth as is the sun. It is traveling through space at the rate of 20,000,000 miles every twenty-four hours. This is about 250 miles per second. This doubtless opens to us just a glimpse of the borderland of God's great universe, and all of this creation is to belong perpetually to the children of the Kingdom. The terms rich and poor are relative in their meaning. A man might own the earth, and yet if he took a trip to the dog star he might not have enough to pay his expenses over night. To be an heir of the Kingdom is to have an inheritance permanent and boundless.

Another glory of citizenship in the Kingdom of Heaven is the entrance into membership of a universal and eternal brotherhood. This fraternity does not depend upon time or space. The fountain of its fellowship is loyalty to a common Lord. The ties that bind humanity into families, parties and societies have their inception from material sources and earthly aims, but the brotherhood that binds together the citizens of the Kingdom is like the land beneath the oceans that unites the continents.

It is difficult for us, with our limited vision, to appreciate the breadth and strength of divine relationships. It was not with the intent of depreciating the importance of kinship by blood, but rather to impress upon His disciples the extent and importance of divine kinship, that caused Jesus to exclaim, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." The picture that the poet Burns has drawn in his poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," stands forth in literature as the most striking and beautiful description of the wealth and strength of family ties. In like manner Sir Walter Scott has given us in his "Waverly Novels" a delineation of the mystic power that binds together the members of a clan. It is not until one leaves his native land to travel under foreign skies that he appreciates the kinship that exists between the fellow citizens of his home land. If the human mind were capable of combining in one vast sum the power that binds together the members of a family, and a clan, and a country, and then multiply these by infinity, he would begin to comprehend what is embraced in the brotherhood among the citizens of the Kingdom of God.

Still a greater inheritance than all of these is included in the blessings belonging to the citizens of the Kingdom; it is fellowship with the King Himself. The greatest thing in education is not the facts of learning, nor even the discipline of study, it is the contagion of character. The power of a personality of a strong, noble teacher is of far greater consequence in education than any accumulation of facts. There is an unseen and often unconscious alchemy of influence

that emanates from a great life which is mightier than the power of gravity in its compelling force. Other rulers have sought authority for their own sake, but Jesus Christ sought and gained the eternal Kingship for the sake of others. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and the character of His early life is but an earnest of the spirit and purpose of what His ministry will be throughout the ages. Greater in value than all the gold and diamond mines of earth will be the privilege, as a member of the Eternal Kingdom, to be under the instruction and inspiration of Jesus Christ throughout the ages.

In the time of the grandfather of the present Czar, an officer in the Russian army got into a dispute with another officer, who slapped him in the face. It made him scarlet with anger. He turned and left the company. They all expected there would be a duel. Time went on and he returned among his fellow officers. None could understand why he did not resent the insult and send a challenge, for they knew him to be a man of great courage. Finally the truth became known. This was the secret. Immediately after the blow was struck he rushed to the Emperor's palace, and by his exceeding importunity he was permitted to enter the presence of the Czar. He told the story of the insult and begged that he might be allowed to wipe out the disgrace by a duel. The Czar refused. Then he pleaded that he might be banished to Siberia. "No, come with me," said the Czar, "I have something better for you." Taking his arm, the Emperor led him into a great hall where were gathered the highest royal personages of all the Russians. It was a privilege he had never before enjoyed. Then, before the entire company, the Czar told the story and how he had refused the officer's request. "But," said the Emperor, "I have something better for him." Putting his arm about him, upon the cheek that had been slapped, the Emperor imprinted a kiss. "This," said the Czar, "more than wipes out the stain." Grander than all the beauty and glory of the heavenly environment will be the constantly increasing inspiration and joy of the favor and fellowship of the King Himself.

Let us, in the next place, consider some of the essentials for citizenship in the Kingdom of God. Jesus made these very emphatic and explicit. He continually reiterated that citizenship was not a natural possession that came with physical birth, but something that must be voluntarily acquired. The basis of membership in the Kingdom is not nativity, but naturalization. You may be a subject of the Kingdom, but yet not a citizen of the Kingdom. The claim to inheritance is not through generation, but through regeneration. To the very highest type of a moral cultured human being Jesus said:

"Except that a man be born from above he cannot see the Kingdom of God." The Christian life, then, is not an imitation, it is an incorporation. It is primarily not material, but spiritual. Flesh and blood cannot inherit it. It is not meat and drink, but joy and righteousness and peace in the Holy Spirit.

Furthermore, Jesus explained that a requirement for entrance into the Kingdom of God was humility, teachableness and simplicity. It does not belong to the proud, the opinionated and the self-willed. Except a man be converted and become as a little child, he shall in no sense enter the Kingdom of God. The world says, "Be a man," but God says, "Be a child."

Again, there must be sincerity and earnestness of purpose in seeking a place and part in the Divine Empire. "The Kingdom of God suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." There must be a breaking up of the hard soil of conservatism, a rending of the rocks of prejudice and the carving of a path through the dense forests of ignorance, evil and indifference, before you can reach the royal gate. Jesus taught that the candidate for citizenship must be dead in earnest. In answer to the question, "Are there few to be saved?" he replied, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate." That verb has a strength impossible to express in our language. It implies a straining of every faculty and power to the limit. Anything less spells defeat.

Furthermore, as requisite for admission, there must be righteousness. "Except that your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye can in no case enter into the Kingdom of God." This righteousness, he declared, must be more than correctness of conduct in outward bearing. It must be a genuine sincerity in motive, purpose and desire. His severest arraignments were against the superficially precise. He called them "whited sepulchres." It is here we see the necessity for forgiveness of sin as a prerequisite for admission into the Kingdom. A removal of the debt incurred by past transgressions is essential that the candidate may enter with a clear record. The crucified and risen Son of God is the door into the Kingdom.

Again, there must be obedience to God as an essential for citizenship. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven." Eligibility for admission comes by declaring allegiance to the King, your will yielded to His will. This is an active, not a passive operation. It does not mean a destroyed or an inoperative will, but a will active, decisive, persistent, purposeful. It means

a will backed by an intellect convinced of the truth that Christ's plan of life is the best, and for that reason gladly enters into co-operation with His plans and program.

Lastly, a test of citizenship in the Kingdom is a spirit of service. Christ taught, as recorded in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, that the welcome is given only to those who have shown their love and loyalty to the King by acts of kindness and helpfulness to His subjects. At the outset of His ministry the evidence that Jesus gave to the disciples of John that He was the promised Messiah, was that the lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind receive their sight, and to the poor the gospel was preached. He taught that in the last analysis the test of discipleship was in their fruits. It was to those who, with the spirit of their Master, had given their lives in loving ministry to the needy and oppressed that Jesus made the proclamation, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." This was not a proclamation of the requirements for entrance, but a declaration of the unmistakable evidence that they possessed the qualifications for entrance. In other words, good works is not a source of salvation, but it is a certain test and manifestation of salvation.

Even at a risk of repetition, it is essential that we get a clear conception of the meaning of the Kingdom of God. Where is it found? In what does it consist? Is it confined to a future life, or is it possible to have the assurance of membership in the Eternal Kingdom even here and now? It is the voluntary acceptance of and allegiance to the government of God, as revealed in Jesus Christ. When you go to England or Scotland you are treading upon the territory of the kingdom of Great Britain. If you cross to Canada, to Australia, or to South Africa, you still are in the confines of that kingdom. If you stand on the deck of an ocean steamer flying the Union Jack, even then you are in the dominion of the kingdom of Great Britain. Wherever King George is acknowledged as ruler and the British government is regarded as supreme, there you will find the kingdom of Great Britain. Jesus declared that in heaven the Kingdom of God was a reality. That is the reason why it is heaven. It is because obedience to God's will is the definite settled plan and purpose of its people. The extent of that Kingdom is infinite, both in time and space. The things of earth are temporary. Every earthly element proclaims its transitory character. The dividing line between this world and the next is, to the genuine Christian, a matter not of the greatest concern. Sometimes I have thought it will be worth dying to have the experience that will come with the first five minutes after the soul leaves the body. Nevertheless, eternal life is a unity. It

embraces both here and hereafter. Let the love and will of God reign in your hearts and you will be in heaven, whether in America or Africa, whether in the physical body or in the spiritual. I believe it was Dante, in his vision of Paradise, who depicted some of the former dwellers on the earth who had not noticed the lack of their physical bodies until their attention was called to it. They hadn't missed them.

Jesus taught that the Kingdom of God was primarily spiritual, not material. He said it comes not by observation. It is primarily within. It is not of this world, although it can be within this world. This world is not unfitted physically to be annexed to heaven. The great hindrance that prevents such a glorious consummation is its inhabitants' disloyalty to God. In a peculiar sense the Kingdom of God became a reality on earth with the coming of Jesus. At the outset of His ministry He proclaimed that the Kingdom was at hand. It was something real, present, obtainable and accessible. As the coming of the general upon the battlefield, in the midst of an engagement, brings new hope and inspiration to the soldiers, so it was the coming of the King that breathed life and vigor and reality into the truth of the Kingdom. The Kingdom centers about the King. The Jews considered kingship a matter of rank and wealth and display. In fact, this was the universal conception. But Christ endeavored to instill into their minds that true kingliness was a matter of the inner life. The people tried to take Jesus by force and crown Him king. But He retired into a desert place. Solitude is the mother country of the strong. Jesus told Pilate that His Kingdom was not of this world. It did not consist of armies and palaces, robes and crowns. Robes become moth-eaten, palaces crumble and decay, but the royalty of the Spirit is eternal. It is not ushered in with gorgeous processions, coronation festivals and the blare of trumpets. The Kingdom of Heaven is like leaven hidden in the meal—it works silently, but irresistibly. We come now to the great longing and purpose so clearly manifested in the mind of Christ—the enlargement and development of the Eternal Kingdom. This must be considered in its two-fold aspect, destructive and constructive; destructive of evil and constructive of righteousness. Favorable conditions have much to do with favorable growth. The promotion of the Kingdom is the most sublime and extensive purpose to which the human energies can be devoted. The task first of all is the eradication of those agencies which hinder the coming of the Kingdom.

Picture to yourself a world freed from the blighting effects of vice, crime and sin. Even from the financial standpoint evil is the most expensive luxury conceivable. The overthrow of vice would mean the abolition of poverty and the supplying of comfort and

plenty for all. No more the loss of two billion dollars annually, worse than wasted on intoxicating liquors, and as much more on the social evil. It would mean the abolition of war. No more standing armies or navies with the vast sums expended on equipment and forts and arsenals. The cost of one battleship would build a macadam road from New York to Chicago, or two congressional libraries. It would build forty Y. M. C. A. buildings, or equip fifty manual training schools for seventy-five thousand young people. The increased expenditure of preparation for war by our country in the last eight years would build three Panama canals, would replant fifty-six million acres of forest land, and the annual interest at 4 per cent would give an annual income forever of a thousand dollars to forty-two thousand families. The upkeep of one battleship, $800,000 per year, that is good for only twenty years and then the junk heap, costs in the aggregate $28,000,000. This would build 1,400 churches at $20,000 each, or give a college education to 14,000 young people for four years.

In place of the great cost of taxes which burden the people, the legitimate revenues of our nation, freed from sin, would yield a large dividend to every man, woman and child. Imagine a world where no more the vile words of blasphemy would be heard, where there would not be the staggering steps of the drunkard, where the vile traps and dens of infamy would be forever banished, where murder, thievery and dishonesty would be swept away. This earth could be made the first act in the great drama of eternal bliss. Christian people have never yet set themselves earnestly to perform the great task of bringing to earth the benefits of the Kingdom of Heaven. Do you say this is impossible? Then why did Jesus teach His disciples to pray "Thy Kingdom come?" If the only possible ultimate is for this, our age, to end in hopeless destruction and despair, then this great prayer of the Lord Jesus is mere mockery. It would mean a serious reflection even upon our Lord's wisdom and sincerity. Moreover, to pray for anything, without putting forth our most earnest endeavors to help answer our prayers, is worse than atheism. Furthermore, it is insincerity and hypocrisy. It is incumbent upon us, therefore, to find a solution of the great problems that are preventing the realization of the Kingdom of Heaven.

There is first the great problem of the city. We are rapidly becoming a nation of cities. A century ago scarcely 2 per cent of the population was urban, now it is more than 40 per cent and rapidly increasing. Contagion either for good or evil, on this account, becomes constantly more intense. At present our cities are the hotbeds of iniquity, political and social. The first city was founded by the

murderer Cain. But the ultimate city, in the vision that the Apostle John had of glory, was to be let down out of heaven to the earth. They tell us that 200.000 people in New York live in rooms where a ray of sunlight never penetrates the darkness. A hundred thousand children in three large cities went to school last winter with scarcely enough food to keep body and soul together. Their half-starved, stunted bodies could never be proper habitations for the best intellectual or spiritual life. At least 3,000 people in New York City every year die of starvation. Scientists tell us that two-thirds of the diseases are preventable if the patients have proper food and sanitation, and social vices were abolished. The present tenement-house system is destructive to any proper family life. Better transportation facilities, enabling a scattering out of the people from the congested districts, is really a religious work. We accept it as inevitable that our cities be wretchedly governed and given over to a band of political freebooters to pillage and plunder the people. There is as much bravery and sacrifice required to remedy this condition as to fight a nation's battles in time of war.

Then there is the problem of industry and business. The one motive now that actuates all effort is profit. The rise of the corporation that has no soul, no personal responsibilities, with stockholders clamoring for dividends, is forcing business to the breaking point. Do you say that it is not possible to substitute any other motives but to profit in the activities of men? There are lines of effort that are governed largely by higher incentives. Remember that even the family did not always exist in its present condition. There was a time when man, as the stronger sex, had little care or forethought for the mother of the offspring, but his marital relations were governed almost entirely by passion. The true teacher does not instruct merely for pay. It is from a love for the work and benefit for the pupils. Let a physician or a pastor be known as one governed simply from financial motives, taking only the cases that warranted big returns, and he would fall speedily under the ban of a community. Imagine our foreign missionaries going only to the fields that promised the biggest financial compensation.

This leaven has not yet taken possession of our stores and mills and mines. Why should not a lawyer or a merchant or a mill owner have as a basic principle of his life not profit, but obedience to God and the welfare of his fellow men, just as much as a physician or teacher or parent or preacher? Thirty thousand employes are killed or maimed on our railroads or in mines and factories each year. Investigators say that at least 90 per cent of these accidents, with proper precautionary methods, could be prevented. Property is

regarded much more sacred than life. Said Michaevelli, "A man will much sooner forgive the murder of his parents than the spoliation of his property."

There is a sore need in business of a cultivation of conscience. In the past, if a man succeeded in amassing wealth, he has been hailed as great, no matter how it was acquired. To think of a Harriman obtaining $150,000,000 by manipulating railroad stocks, inflating their values and compelling the public to pay higher rates to furnish dividends on this bigger capitalization! Thus the wages of workingmen are cut down, often below a living wage, long hours, seven days' work a week, the labor of little children, the contagion of sweat shops, all standing in the way of the Kingdom of God. A man who holds up a victim on the street and by force takes away his purse we call a thief. What then should be the designation applied to the man who takes advantage of another's necessities to exact exorbitant prices or obtain underpaid services? This has been called in the past true business sagacity. The tendencies in business have been to starve and stifle the higher elements of the soul and stimulate the worst. Every man ought to have a chance to develop the best that is in him, not an equality of prosperity, but the equality of opportunity. The true follower of Christ ought to be satisfied with no lower principle than this, "To each according to his deeds, and from each according to his ability."

Then there is a necessity of a more complete application of the principles and spirit of the Kingdom of God to the church. Too often the church has been made an end in itself rather than the agency for the bringing in of the Kingdom. The thought and effort of pastor and people have been absorbed merely in building up an organization, regardless of the influence of that organization on the great purpose for which the church was established. Then there has been the process of overlapping. Several small churches have been located in a limited field, duplicating each other's work, while vast regions of country and city have been left unchurched. We need to apply the principles of efficiency to modern church work. At the present most church-goers lie idle almost the entire week. Christian people separate over minor theological technicalities in the face of a sin-cursed, crime-ridden, vice-infested world.

During the Napoleon wars two battleships met in the English Channel in combat at midnight. All during the hours of darkness the battle raged and the decks were covered with the bodies and blood of the brave sailors. When the morning dawned it was found that both ships were floating the British flag.

On the foreign field Christian workers have been forced, in the

face of great necessity, to throw away any spirit of sectarian competition and to present before the heathen a solid front. They have found that any other course would inevitably spell disaster. It is time that we were learning this great lesson in our home land.

Even greater than the social aspect of the Kingdom of God, that we have been considering, is the individual aspect. We must continually bear in mind that even the Kingdom itself is not the ultimate. The gold for which the Kingdom of God is established is the benefit of its individual citizens. Moreover, men are not brought into the Kingdom of God enmasse. They must come as individuals. It is self-evident that the Kingdom can be no greater than the composite character of its individual members. Humboldt said that art, science, literature, were but the scaffolding to build a man. Christ proclaimed the coming of the Kingdom as "gospel," "good news," because it heralded the exaltation of the individual, not the enthronement of simply a select aristocracy, but of the common man. This sounded the death knell of slavery; it proclaimed liberty to captives. All through His ministry, both by His teaching and His examples, Jesus exalted the value of the individual. He delivered some of His most vital and intensive messages to an audience of one. He forsook the great city centers with their teeming throng and took apart a dozen disciples to instruct them quietly and carefully regarding eternal truths. In these days of great achievement there is a natural craving to do things in bulk. The method of Jesus always placed the intensive pre-eminent over the extensive. God always deals with men as individuals.

In the promotion of the Kingdom of God there is two-fold work—destructive and constructive. "The Kingdom of God suffereth violence," saith Jesus, "and the violent taketh it by force." The worker in God's royal garden in one sense must be an iconoclast. Noxious weeds must be uprooted, barren trees must be cut down, quarries must be blasted, and the hard soil be broken up to prepare the way for the Kingdom. It is in the destructive phase that the militant element must be emphasized. We must beware of crying peace when there is no peace. The call to a conflict is essential for developing strength and ruggedness of character. If the war spirit that stirs the human breast to such valorous deeds of sacrifice and heroism can be turned against the great evils and the iniquities of our civilization, it must produce a two-fold result—not only the overthrow of wrong, but also the cultivation of a denser and tougher moral fibre than could ever be obtained without it. And this clearing of the ground is essential if our civilization, either individually or socially, is to produce the fruit and flower of heaven.

My attention was recently called to the vital relationship of the destructive phase of the promotion of the Kingdom to the constructive. It was a case in the State of Kansas, when the prohibitory law went into effect. It put out of business one of the most vicious and hardened liquor sellers in the land. By necessity he was compelled to turn to some other vocation. He learned a trade and engaged in an honorable business. Later a series of evangelistic meetings was in progress and there this man began the Christian life. Had it not been that the prohibitory law separated this man from his evil business, he would doubtless never have been accessible to the invitation of the gospel. He is now a most earnest and active Christian worker.

But with all the value of the destructive work we are forced to admit that it is much easier and less permanent than the constructive. At best it is only preparatory. When the evil spirit was driven out of the house, which was swept and garnished, because it was left empty the evil spirit went and found seven others even worse than himself and came back and took possession. Let us be satisfied with nothing less than the bringing of every life into personal, vital relationship with Jesus Christ. We should look upon every man as a candidate for citizenship in the Eternal Kingdom. The evidence of being saved is saving. This requires a finer type of life, a truer character, a more intimate fellowship with Christ than the mere destructive work of combating evil. It means the giving out of your very self. To the lost God says, "Come;" to the saved He says, "Go."

In the midst of the fierce temptations of the Civil War, Stonewall Jackson, that Christian hero of the Confederacy, was heard to say aloud one night in his tent, "Oh, God! may this cruel war be decided soon, that we may go back to the only work that is worth while, the saving of precious souls."

The story is told of a famous artist, whose crimson coloring defied imitation or analysis. Its peculiar beauty was a marvel to all beholders. No one seemed able to solve the secret, until one morning after a night of incessant toil upon a masterpiece, the artist was found by the side of his pallet and easel, dead. Above his heart was found a wound. He had drawn the coloring for his work from his own life-blood.

This is the call of the Kingdom today. It is a call for sacrifice, it is an appeal to the heroic. If the motives of self, of ambition, avarice and appetite are to be met and mastered, a mightier motive must be put in their stead. Year by year the conflict between right and wrong, faith and doubt, sin and salvation, is becoming more intense. You ask me is the world growing better? Yes; there never

was so much genuine piety, so much earnest, honest, sane, effective Christian character and service as there is today. Do you not also believe the world is growing worse? Yes. White is becoming whiter and black is becoming blacker. Never was sin and vice so brazen and flagrant in their wickedness as now, and this line of demarkation will undoubtedly continue to grow more and more pronounced until the end of the age. In fact, one great purpose of the proclamation of the gospel is to get men to line up and to show their colors, either for or against. There is no basis in Scripture or in reason that in any age at any time all souls are to be saved. God is choosing out of the world a people for His name who are to share with His Son the inheritance in glory. Jesus declared that the wheat and the tares were to grow together until the end of the age, when the tares were to be destroyed and the wheat was to be gathered into the granary of God. The great mission is incumbent upon us to labor that the wheat, the number of the redeemed, may be as plenty as possible, and, on the other hand, that the tares may be reduced to the minimum.

The time of judgment, of separation, of sentence, of reward, is approaching. Some think it is very near. The King is coming in person to His Kingdom. No truth is more clearly taught in the New Testament than the visible, personal return of our Lord. The definite time of His appearing only the Father in Heaven knows. It is our part to help prepare the way for the coming of the Kingdom. We need, each one of us, the spirit of the martyred missionary in whose diary they found recorded this sentence, "Today I must go to my work, for tomorrow I must go to my reward."

In conclusion, let me ask what are you doing to hasten the coming of the Kingdom? Have you entered into the citizenship of the Kingdom and become a partner in this glorious work? This is a field big enough and broad enough to challenge the capacity of the strongest soul. Its issues are eternal. We need not pray for opportunity equal to our powers, but for powers equal to our opportunities. There is a nature latent in every regenerated human heart that awaits only the touch of some great incentive to start it on a course of mighty effectiveness in the service of God and man. The thought of the Kingdom of God is the vision that the world needs. Like a great eagle that for long has been enchained and imprisoned and its spirit has drooped, but when the bird is brought forth and sees the sun and skies and breathes the air of liberty, with one scream it soars off into the azure blue. So the soul of man needs the inspiration of a mighty principle to cause him to lay aside every weight and besetting sin.

Is your life fired with the holy passion to bring others into the

Kingdom? Are you endeavoring to make conditions right that the planted seed may germinate and bear fruitage for the glory of God? It matters little whether we go to meet Him or whether we tarry until He comes. It is enough for us to obey His call, "Follow thou me." Half way up a mountain side in Switzerland, above the grave of an Alpine guide, is carved upon the stone this expressive epitaph, "He died climbing." We have no right to pray the prayer our Lord taught us, "Thy Kingdom come," unless individually and socially we are striving earnestly for its fulfillment. In your own heart let the throne of Christ be set up and make this steadfast supreme incentive of your life that His will be done on earth even as it is done in heaven.

The Cry of the Child Life of America

By REV. CHAS. S. MEDBURY, D. D.

It is a very great privilege to me to share in the splendid Conference of this year. I appreciate more than I can tell the fellowship that Winona affords, and I count myself singularly honored by the courtesy of this platform tonight. But you are not thinking of that side at all, and I will not. We are here upon the King's business and we are anxious for that to be uppermost in our minds and hearts. We are not thinking of going away from the Conference with a specially clear vision of any man and a special remembrance of any particular mannerism of any speaker. What we all desire is to go away with a clearer vision of the face of Jesus Christ, and a clearer ideal as to our duty in relation to Him out in the great world's work.

For nearly eighteen very happy years in two pastorates it has been my privilege to be day by day and hour by hour in touch with the young men and young women of college and university circles. I have come to know their life and to love it. I have come to understand something of the struggle that there is, as out from the boyhood and girlhood home these young people turn to the college and university that they may better equip themselves for the oncoming years. I have gone back through the graded school life and the high school life that I might the better know these whom we come to deal with in the college and university, and ultimately it has come to me in my work that I should be interested in the life of the young manhood and the young womanhood of all the nation. I am not going to preach to you tonight, nor am I going to lecture; I want to talk over with you some things. If I were to announce a topic it would come under the subject of the cry of the child life of America.

I presume we need not take any time considering the fact that when one deals with child life he is dealing with the problem that is absolutely fundamental. If Maude Ballington Booth were standing here, you might feel at the close of her address that you should give more attention than you have ever given to the problem of prison reform. If Ben Lindsey were here you would wish to hurry to the city streets. If some one were here to stand and talk of labor

and capital you would feel that you had not given a tithe of your time to this problem that you should. If those who talk for the great temperance reforms were here you would feel that you had not done your duty as to that great matter. Yet back of all these and of all the others that I might name, is the problem of the child. It has always been termed the problem of the age, and yet we forget, my friends, that the child is the problem, the raw material to the finished product of manhood and womanhood, and we have the problem solved. We know that is true, but we lose sight of it in the daily concrete course of life. There are two or three remarkable things to speak of for a moment, in a prefatory way. Ordinarily we feel, when we are dealing with some great problem, that it is at long range. We say, "I would like to do something about it, but I do not know how to get at it; if I am to do anything it must be through somebody going to Congress to legislate; I must delegate some one else to speak for me." How far labor and capital seem to be away from us individually! How difficult it is for me to do the thing I would like to do in regard to a multitude of these great problems! But it is a striking thing that this problem, which is bigger than any of them, is right at my hand every day I live. For years I faced it coming down to breakfast in my home in the morning as I have looked into the eyes of the boy and girl seated there. It is right at our hands and at our doors, and it is wonderful, my friends, that we cannot get away if we would from this biggest problem of them all, the problem of the child. It is not only the big problem that touches the individual life, but it is a problem that carries a tremendous patriotic challenge to our communities as such. I wonder if there is a man or woman in this house who would be bold enough to name for me a community where there is a community ideal for child life. I know that there are preachers here that care; I know there are school teachers from different schools who are concerned; I know that there are parents who care for their own, but I am talking about a community, as a community, caring for the child. Where is there a town that talks of its children as it talks of its pavements? Where is the town that has conferences about children, as conferences are held about gas and electric light and street-car franchises? Do doctors, lawyers and merchants meet in back rooms and talk about what they can do with the boys and for the boys of their town? Where do you find community ideals along the line of educational reaches?

Years ago I was called to Northern Iowa, to a little town of 2,300, Algona, in Kossuth County. They took me to a school building, a new building. The ladies of the community had got together and had raised hundreds of dollars and they had purchased a number

of splendid paintings, copies of masterpieces, and they had placed pieces of statuary in the halls. The atmosphere in that school was an atmosphere of real culture, gripping the boy and the girl with the first breath of the school day. I was recalled to that community for its commencement this last May, and I was not surprised to find the largest graduating class that I personally have ever had in a high school commencement, where out of the children of a town of a little over 2,000 people, fifty-seven graduated from the high school. That community had taken the education of its young seriously, and the young were thrilled and moved by it. How many of you people here at Winona have been in your home schools this year? How many of you have been there in the last three years? How many in five years? How many in ten years? How many ever? I have dealt with school teachers during all my ministry, and they tell me they are left alone; they tell me they are not even taken into the homes, that parents seldom come to them, and when they do it is when Johnnie or Mary is in trouble, and they come to chide the teacher for doing the right thing. These are teachers dealing with the educational problem of the community, into whose hands we place our boys and girls nine months out of the year for a group of years that are sacred as the plastic years of life, and every week for five days these teachers are to exert a lasting influence. How many of you can give the names of the Board of Directors of the schools of your town? Mr. Steiner says that when he goes into a town and sees on the Christian churches a sign reading, "Divine services between 11 and 12 o'clock," he wonders whether or not the Lord God Almighty will honor that church so that that can be a divine service, if it is only one hour during the week that the church is giving. Churches must be lighted and heated and used as social centers for the children of our communities if we are going to grapple with the problem of child life. I go here and there, and down at the station boys are sitting, six, eight or ten years of age, and those who are older, joking and spitting and smoking and listening to profane language and obscene stories. Their parents do not want them to go there, perhaps they do not know they are there; but there is no provision in the community life to take care of these children. The churches are closed, and where are the children to go unless they go there? Then, in educational circles, note the impress of this street life, how it deadens for the later years. In the communities there should be Chautauquas, lectures and concerts that will make for uplift.

Some one says, "But, sir, it costs so much to put paintings and sculpture into our schools and to have the churches heated and lighted; it costs so much to build buildings and arrange amusements

for the young people." We must quit talking so much about the cost of what we give and we must come to think more of the cost of that which we neglect to give our children. We had Schumann-Heink upon our platform not long ago, at home, and they paid her $1,000 for that night, and there were those who said, "One night, a thousand dollars! That is too much money!" I cannot myself pay Schumann-Heink one thousand dollars for any night, but it is worth to my soul, to my inner better self, a thousand dollars any night to hear that wondrous woman sing. I cannot put into coin values the things that Helen Kellar has been to me and to my children, nor will I talk about the cost of these things. I am rather thinking of what it will cost for my children not to hear and not to see and not to feel the things that these people bring to the doors of their lives during these wonderful opening days of their existence. This call that comes in regard to this problem is not only a personal call and a community challenge, but there is a strange challenge to the spirit of democracy that has to do with the child life of our America. Let us think of what we give them; they cannot demand of us, and because they cannot demand we should not withhold. If we refrain from giving to them what we can, they will scorn us by and by. If, because they were born in Italy rather than America, we count them of no value, if we throw them out on the street and educate them in crime, when they are behind the bars they will almost be ready to scorn the nation that had a chance to win their love while they were in the boyhood and the girlhood of life. These things are at the very door of the problem of the child, and I bring them to you, ladies and gentlemen, as the message of tonight, not in sermon or lecture form, but just the concrete, and if I could presume to think of myself as the apostle of the children, I should be very glad.

There are three questions to raise about child life: One—Who are our American children and young people? Two—Where are they and what are they doing? Three—What of our attitude in relation to them? And that last is the great cry, it seems to me. I am not going to talk to you about the causes of the conditions to which I shall allude—that is another side. I am not going to talk about the social legislation we need to remedy the social conditions to which I shall allude—that is another side. I will talk tonight about the sentiment that must be in our hearts, the feeling that must be in our hearts, before the demanded social legislation shall come. I am only asking this great audience to think with me of the problem of the American childhood, and to care for the children whoever they are and wherever they are, more than you ever have.

Who are our American children? We have in America, in round

numbers, about 20,333,000 male children, boys, let me call them, under twenty-one years of age. We have, in round numbers, almost that number of girls—20,084,000 in the country under twenty-one. This gives us a total of 40,400,000 young people.

It stirs the heart to think of that mighty army of the young, and what a power there is for the nation of tomorrow; what a power for good or evil, and how quickly what we do must be done, for tomorrow they will be hardened into the form which will be their's in the coming years. Out of that 40,000,00 young people, in round numbers, 24,000,000 of the boys and girls are of native parentage, the father and mother being American; and out of that number about 10 000,000 have one or both parents foreigners. Out of the number there are about 5,000,000 negro boys and girls. There are 1,691,000 boys and girls who were born in other lands; and there are over 18,000 Chinese and Japanese children. This is indeed a little sketch of the personnel of American boyhood and girlhood. Look at it in another way, to make the figures even more vivid! The total continental population of the United States is 91,000,000; under twenty-one years of age, more than 40,000,000. Every fourth boy or girl you meet has one or both parents foreign. Every eighth child you meet is a black. Every twenty-fourth child you meet was himself born in a foreign land. In a group of ten children in America six are of native and four of alien races. Is it not on its very face an appeal for great magnanimity in the democracy? You know that six and four cannot live together and build a nation, if the six, or any other little majority, are not considerate, magnanimous and Christian in their relation to the four. What an appeal it is to us, on the very face of it, for right feeling, when you think of any group of children and remember that six out of ten are of the native and four of the alien lands, or alien races within our own land.

Where are the children, and what are they doing? It stirs me, as I try to follow them here and there. In round numbers in the United States we have, between six and twenty years, the school age, as commonly counted, 27,000,000 boys and girls. What a great army they are! How many of these are in school, would you say? When the census was taken, between September, 1909, and April or May, 1910, of the 27,000,000 there were in school 17,000,000; almost 10,000,000 were not. That does not mean that 10,000,000 have no school advantages, and it does not mean that that particular 17,000,000 will go on through school. There are some that drop out and others that do not, but probably this is about the balance that is maintained during the year—17,000,000 in school and 10,000,000 not—altogether too many not. Take the school statistics between five and fourteen:

9,000,000 in there, and more than 8,000,000 not going the next year, and there is a sadness about it, for that means virtually between fifteen and twenty, at the very time when the boy and girl should be equipped for adequate preparation for his life, in the time when he begins to build intelligently by his own initiative and upon the foundation laid in childhood. Between fifteen and twenty years of age there are 11,000,000 children in the United States, and how many of them do you think were in school when the census was taken? Three million five hundred thousand of them. How many between fifteen and twenty not in school? Seven million five hundred thousand. This, it seems to me, is an alarming statement. Why do these boys and girls leave school between fifteen and twenty? You say at first that it is necessary for self-support, or the support of their people. That does not seem to be borne out by investigation. We have had a man in Des Moines investigating the stories of a thousand boys who have left our graded schools; 60 per cent left before they finished the grades, and 90 before they finished high school. He is asking the boys why they left school, and the main thing was not that they had to leave or were forced to do it. We have not great poverty there, but still it would be fairly represented. The boys say this: That it grew monotonous, that they wanted money of their own, that they wanted to be independent. Let me say that in every community I believe the lawyers and the doctors and the business men ought to be at the doors of the graded school, fairly blockading them as the boys and girls come out looking toward the streets. For twenty years I have been every May in high school commencement work, and I have watched the sixth and seventh and eighth grades to challenge the boyhood and the girlhood that they should not leave.

For years I have gone to my own graded school at home and have pleaded with the boys and girls, the sixth, the seventh and the eighth graders, not to leave, and I have told them not to leave because of money matters. I have said to them, "If your parents have not money, come to me and I will see that it is provided for you." I have never had to help, and I know that my own stressing of the importance of preparation, of an educational equipment, has gripped some of the children and steadied parents to sacrifice in order to send their children on further in the educational life of the present day. It did not matter so much that my old father and mother, now eighty-six, did not have all the educational advantages; it did not matter that you and I, perhaps, in the early years, did not have all that instruction, but it is a tremendous handicap to a boy now who is looking toward the future if he does not have an opportunity to build upon his earlier work by the later school life. There are

farmers all over Iowa, Indiana and Illinois who have very little hesitancy about putting a mortgage on a farm, who never shrink a moment about leaving the mortgage of an educational handicap upon the boy or girl, and those young people are in the school trying to work their way through, and sacrificing. Speed them in their educational life. I would like to remove your complacency about one thing: You say to me that there would be a better showing educationally if we did not have to include the great cities and the slums and the foreign element. There is much that can be laid at the door of the slums and the foreign element, but we are inclined to lay too much there and to evade responsibilities of our own. Over 62 3-10 per cent of our population is enrolled in the schools, but the cities are equal to the rural districts save by so much as 1 3-10 per cent. The great city of New York, with all of its foreign element and all the slum life and struggle, is only under the whole total average of the nation 2-10 of 1 per cent. So is even New York grappling with its children, at least as regards school life. Minneapolis, Los Angeles and Boston are far beyond the average of the nation. There is a strange and disquieting carelessness here in the Mississippi Valley about the adequate educational preparation of the young.

Turn from that, and look with me to our boys and girls who are illiterate tonight, who can neither read nor write. Do you think much about them? I want you to think about them and not to forget them until this great wrong to the children is righted. If you should have the page at home, the book or magazine blank to you when you return, and music blotted out, and the precious things of life blotted out, a condition that goes with illiteracy, what value would you put upon the ability to read and write? Why, you couldn't buy that knowledge with all the land of rich and fertile Indiana. And yet there is between ten and fourteen years in our own America 370,000 of our boys and girls who cannot read a line nor write a word; between fifteen and nineteen, 448,000 more; between nineteen and twenty-four, 622,000 more — 1,440,000 under twenty-four years of age in America that cannot read a line and cannot write a word. Will you say that they are Negroes and Indians and the foreign element? My friends, listen! The big majority of illiteracy among the boys and girls in America is white illiteracy, and the majority of the white illiteracy is native. Let us quit being so complacent and let us think of our own American boys and girls, and never mind the Negro, never mind the Chinese, never mind the Japanese, never mind those born in other lands at all—there are 368,000 of our own white American boys and girls in these tender years who can neither read nor write, and then 317,000, or a less number, of these foreign

boys and girls. It is not a thing that you and I can be careless of, as if it were not our own; it is our own American life. Some one has computed the economical loss of illiteracy, and their inefficiency loses us, from the economical standpoint, $500,000,000 a year. I frankly do not care much about that. I have quit figuring, because the men of today are counting everything in coin; but you cannot count in coin, or in any measurement of that kind, what it means for a million and one-half more, in round numbers, who are unable to read or write, when you consider the vision of life, the charm and the significance and the glory that comes with the opening up of the pages of the world which are spread before the man who has had some opportunity to equip that God-given power that is within every life. I cannot tarry here.

Let us look for the boys and girls in another realm. Do you like the title "bread winners," for children ten years old? The United States census tells us that under ten years there are many that are bread winners; it tells us that 142,000 boys and girls ten years old every morning leave their homes and go to toil in our America; that at eleven years of age there are 158,000; at twelve years, 221,000; at thirteen years, 268,000; at fourteen years, 406,000; at fifteen years, more than half a million. There are 1,750,000, and they begin to toil as men and women in the morning, and then return at night with the weariness of the toiling. The other day I was running through some figures like these with my secretary, of whose gracious life there are those here who know. As she was at the machine, all of a sudden she stopped writing. I thought she was looking for an eraser, but did not know, and then she did not start for a moment to go on with her work again, and I said, "Grace, what is the matter?" And she said, with a half sob, "Why, Brother Medbury, I never realized before that there were so many children in our own America that had never had any natural child life," and her eager and sensitive response to it should be yours. I bring it to you with the appeal which it seems to me is in it, a great wonderful cry of 1,750,000 children between these ages that I have mentioned. You ask where some of them are and what they are doing? Drop down between ten and thirteen years. During these days that we have been enjoying Winona, 9,000 little boys between nine and thirteen have gone in the morning down into the coal mines; 26,000 of them have gone every morning to the textile mills in the South, and of that 26,000 there are 13,000 who can neither read nor write. There is the greatest illiteracy in the nation. About 42,000 run messages on the city streets. My friends, when a little boy brings a message to your door, will you think about him a little more? You do not know his surroundings, you do not

know his struggles, you do not know what he would like to be or do, and I want you to think of him. From my soul I feel for these boys, for, will you pardon the reference, my own dear father's failure in his business life came here, and I know these streets that these boys traverse by day and night. I turn from these to speak of a dreadful place, for just a moment to speak of the boys in the asylums for the poor. Sometimes the poorhouse seems almost worse to me than the prison; the air suffocates me. In some way, we have allowed to tarry in our prisons 11,084 little children under five years of age. In the name of God, I do not know why it is. If we cannot do anything for the parents, we should help those children. We have 5,000 little people in our almshouses. We have 13,000 boys and girls, not by their own fault, but by their parents' sins, in the insane asylum, and the shriek of the child mingles with the shriek of the adult because our nation has permitted the pathway of men to be darkened, and so the children's lives have been wrecked. I go to the orphanages, and there I find little people, 92,000, and when I say to them, "How many you are!" they say, "We are only a few thousand or so." There are hundreds and thousands of them who are being cared for in homes; yet 92,000 are in these places where loving care, through Christ's people, is given to these whose fathers and mothers are dead, or worse than dead, having deserted the children whom God has given them. I will not stop to speak of the prison at length; 24,000, in round numbers, in juvenile detention houses. That is the story of the child life, where it is, and how it occupies these days and nights.

This is a great Christian assembly. You and I have learned of God. We are in churches which may be supposed to be grappling with the real problem, and we are supposed to be moved by it, and that cry of the child life of the nation rings in our ears as I speak a word tonight for the child. First, let me say to you, I think we ought to go to our homes from a meditation like this feeling differently toward our very own than we ever have. I am frank to say to you that during the years in which I have been dealing especially with these things and getting statistics, my own children have come to mean more than they ever did before. I would have it so with every parent who is in this presence tonight. I do not believe in the counseling of more love on the parents' part toward the children, but I do believe that there is need of this counsel, that somehow you and I should give our children the expression of our confidence in them more than we do, so that they will feel that they are to go out into the world's great work to be not only Senators and Representatives and Presidents, but missionaries and preachers and teachers and Godly bankers and Godly physicians and lawyers and great big

splendid farmers, and magnificent workers in every vocation of life, and great homekeepers; and the home should be made a nourishing place for the minds and souls of our children, for out of them this type of manhood and womanhood must be made if the nation shall live. A nation cannot live unless there is a proper estimation of childhood. Go home and talk to your child about the bigness of life; open the windows until your child sees things that he never dreamed were in the world before. Are there men and women here who live in communities where there are boys and girls whom you have given up? Have you said of this boy or of that girl, "You cannot do anything for this child?" I have heard men say, "I loaned that youth fifty cents and he never returned it; you cannot do anything for him." I have heard a woman say, "I kept that girl in my home and tried to make something of her, but she stole and lied, and you cannot do anything for her." That woman tells some one else, and out it goes; and that man tells of that boy, and out it goes; and once a boy or girl comes to know that that is the community thought, it is midnight in that life; there is not a star out. I do not believe there is one boy in five hundred, or one girl in your community or mine, that needs to be lost to sin if the forces of God are alert, reaching the boy or girl before sin has forged its fetters about that child. It will not be done by preaching to them, and it will not be done by exhortation. It will be done by a community movement organized with a few men who will follow the boys through the streets, and not say don't do this, that, or the other, but say, "We believe in you and we are more interested in the output of our community in boys than in the daily output of coal, or the product of the canning factory, or anything else that is here." How big do you think a banker looks to a boy of fourteen? The boy looks through the grated window and sees the pile of currency, gold and silver. He wants a quarter, and thinks if he had a quarter he would be rich. He looks through that window and sees that banker, and he is nine feet tall to him. Let that banker come up to him and say, "I want to see you," and then take him into that mysterious private office. He would grip him. Let the women go to these girls in all their heart hunger. A girl sat on my porch waiting my return a couple of years ago. When I came she said, "I want my church letter." I said to her, "Why do you want your letter?" Half bitterly she said, "I cannot live a Christian life; I have no help at home, and I have no help in the box factory down town; I cannot live a Christian life." I said, "Let us go into the study," and we went into the study. We have a pretty home, modest; and after a while she said, "Oh, Mr. Medbury, sometimes I feel that if I had a pretty home like this I could be a better girl." I have looked at our rugs and pictures and books in the light of that girl's

hunger ever since, and wondered whether what I have on that corner was consecrated to God. What of your home, my friend? That girl was hungry. Whom does she meet? Very likely some man who sees a pretty girl with an attractive form, and he grasps her hand with his eye on fire and filled with the fever of his lust, and he thinks she is his rightful prey; and it will be to our eternal shame if we do not do for her. Let us think more of these girls.

What about these little people who come to us from all the lands of the earth? We should think more of them. Have you read Mary Antin's wonderful book, "The Promised Land?" She was born in Russia, a Jewess. She says in that book that little Vanka spit in her face and threw mud at her, and she went home and told her mother, and cried for her mother to help her. Her mother said, "I can do nothing for you; that is the way the Gentiles treat the Jews in Russia." And Mary says, "I came to take it as a duck takes to the water, and finally it dawned on me that little Vanka abused me only because he did not understand me; if he understood he would not spit in my face," and then in her child philosophy this is what she says in her book, "I came to understand that if he could only be a little Jewish boy but one day he would not throw sticks and mud at me." Oh, Christian men and women, that is the appeal, and that is the philosophy of it all — a Jew for a day, a colored man for a day! Here is what Dr. DuBois means by the cry of the negro soul; to feel it for a day; try to live a negro's life for a day. You try it; be a foreigner for a day! Do you know what Dr. Edward A. Steiner says? I feel like apologizing for not mentioning him when I preach or speak. He says that when he was a little lad they called him a Jew. He was as Austrian Jew by birth. Now he is a follower of the Son of God, and a cosmopolite. He says, "It hurt me like the stroke of a whip," and he cries out to democracy here, "Do not call my people Jews—do not call anybody a sheeney, a dago, a nigger, but get those hateful words out of your American vocabulary," and he is right. How are the six going to live with the four if the six call the four niggers and sheenies and dagos and all such names that go with national affiliations? In Cleveland, Ohio, every emigrant is met by workers and they take them where they are provided for, and they get them into American clubs, and now and then they have what they call "naturalization commencement exercises." There are not going to be any anarchists after that kind of a reception and treatment. Frederick Lynch, in his little book, "What It Takes to Make a Nation," tells us about the genius and the glory of these people that come from all these lands, and if we will only treat them right, the six and the four dealing as Christians, how in America we will have the very

consummation of all the manhood of the ages, the manhood towards which creation has for ages been slowly moving, and, in the words of Zangwill, he cries out, "A fig for your feuds and vendettas: Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, Jews and Russians, into the crucible with you all; God is making the American." That is a tremendous sentence!

Go back with me in your thought to the streets of your city, to the children there; are you thinking of them? Will you think of those lads whom you meet on the street? A couple of years ago, coming down town one night at 11 o'clock, a little fellow who did not look to be more than six or seven, but doubtless stunted in growth, and perhaps he was nine or ten, said to me, "A paper, sir!" I said, "What are you doing on the streets this time of night?" He answered, "I don't darst go home until I have sold all my papers." I said, "I will take your papers," and he started off for home. I said, "Have you had anything to eat?" He replied, "Not tonight." I took the boy over to a restaurant near by and he nearly stranded the preacher financially in getting him filled up with eggs and sandwiches. He did not want ice cream; he wanted things that satisfied—he was hungry. Oh, he is only one of the many who "don't darst go home" to some brutal father until they have something that the father will demand. The other day we murdered four of these boys in New York City, but it was done legally. We took their lives, when before God we must not, and that night there was a boy club of thirty-five members met in New York City, every boy of them under sixteen years of age, and they were perfectly orderly and quiet. One fellow got up and said, "Mr. Chairman, I move you that this club stand in silence for two minutes in honor of the gunmen who died today." I do not know what to say after I have told you that, and you do not know what to think, only it is a wonderful cry from the children, being like a rebuke of God, is it not? You go where there are these in the jails, the asylums and the hospitals; you cannot do much for them; they are insane now and crippled and defective; but you can do something for the poorhouse childhood. A German scientist has recently studied ten families of drinking homes and ten families of temperance homes. He found fifty-seven children in the drinking homes and sixty-one in the others. In the drinking homes twenty-five children of the fifty-seven died in infancy, six were epileptics, five were idiots, five of them were stunted in growth. The drinking homes had 17 per cent normal, while the temperance homes had 81 per cent normal. In the name of the Father, America must do away with the saloon, and then this white slave traffic must be abolished, and the cigarette must be taken from the lips of our boys, and drugs

must be removed from the lips of the present generation, so that a new generation may come into existence free from these curses. I know a boy in Illinois who was conceived in drunkenness, and who, if he still lives, still staggers as he walks. His first steps in childhood were staggering steps. I spoke this morning of a boy whom I have tried to help, who for eighteen years was trained in crime. He was let out on parole not long ago, and he went to work on an Illinois farm. He wrote me like this: "You do not know how beautiful the grass is to me, and how beautiful the flowers are down here in the fields. A calf has come near me as I am eating my lunch, as though he would share it, and I ought to be happy; but I am so far broken toward everything that even this calf looks at me as if he knew that I was out of place." That is the hunger of the boy who is trying to get back on his feet. The other day I tried to get a place in a Des Moines business house for a man just released on parole, and that big man of our city said to me, "I would like to be kind to you, but you know that we are not running a reformatory down here." That man has a boy, his circumstances are no better now than were the circumstances of this other lad. I pray that his boy may never so seriously need a friend as this other boy, and if he needs one I pray that he may find him. This is the attitude that you and I must come to have, as it seems to me, toward these children of the street; we must know them and love them as children, and we must think of the promises of God that are wrapped up in them, and we must think of the whole nation, and we must care not for our own only, but for all the children. The other day I spoke in a meeting somewhat like this in Iowa, and when we went home my host said quietly a thing that was to me a compliment which I valued far more than any little word of praise. He said, "I feel that today I have come to know that my life has been too selfish; it has been altogether my own children, or at least of my own town," and then he went on, almost apologizing to me personally, as though in some way I were the spokesman for every poor boy and girl.

There is only one class to which I shall refer in this closing moment, and that is the class to which your boy and mine very largely belongs. They come to me and they come to you, and it is daddy this and daddy that, and we give them gladly all we can; we want them to laugh and sing and play. But oh, friends, let us go back to the children who have these privileges and tell them that they must learn to serve those who have not these things; let us tell them that the beauty and the joy are theirs to be given to the boy and girl whom they may enrich. So do I cry for the children. Let us go back to our homes to think of them more than we ever have in the days and years gone by.

Winning the Modern Man

By REV. CHARLES S. MEDBURY, D. D.

My Dear Brethren: This is not an easy platform to speak from, but I am persuaded that we are thinking of our work and not of men, and I believe that our informal interchange of thought this morning will be helpful. I want to talk to you a little while as men of the ministry upon the problems of the preacher in relation to the modern man—our grappling with and winning for God the modern man.

> Walking by the Sea of Galilee Jesus saw two brethren, Simon called Peter and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea, for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, Follow me and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets, and followed him.

This is a very simple sketch of the life of the long ago; to me it is always of dramatic interest. Those fishermen of the long ago were busy; they were at their tasks when Jesus passed by; they were not idlers. I have seen in the moving pictures the sketch of the life of our Lord from the manger to the cross; I have seen these incidents in the pictures, and they are very striking. In this incident Jesus is seen first coming along by the familiar sea, and the disciples are in the water casting a net into the sea. As the picture goes along, and I think it a natural representation, Jesus stands very quietly looking at the men a moment, and then calls them. At the sound of His voice they look with a certain surprise, and, recognizing Him, they drop their net into the water and wade, splashing, to the beach, and straightway follow Him. The other picture shows as He comes near James and John; they are in the water with Zebedee and at work mending the net. As in the other instance, Jesus observes them a moment and then calls them. They lift their eyes from the net to the Lord, and then they spring out of the boat into the water, not waiting to pull to the land, and straightway follow Him. These were busy men in an occupation that was honorable and that provided for them the comforts and even the luxuries of their day. I sometimes think that we underestimate the sacrifice, from a worldly stand-

point, that these men made. I have heard men say that they were "only fishermen," but they left the thing which made a revenue for them and their loved ones and afforded for them the privileges and pleasures of life, and they did this thing immediately upon the call of the Lord.

These pictures of the olden day yield in dramatic interest to the call of the Lord as it is voiced today. Our men are in tenser situations. They are in great factories and skyscrapers. They are tremendously engaged. It is a tense life they live. I love to think that the Master passes by now, and we can see Him now, standing by the doors of great offices and factory rooms, and by the private offices of men of affairs, and looking at them a moment as He did at the fishermen, and then calling them, bidding them come that He may make them fishers of men. And the response that many make is dramatic, for in our days there are men who come out from their avocations and straightway follow Him. And it is your privilege and mine as messengers to reach out to these men by the truth and win them by thousands to the advocacy of Jesus Christ.

There are a number of points, it seems to me, which lie on the very surface of the narrative and they perhaps do not always occur to us. There are some things we need to know as preachers and act upon, and some things we need very much to impress upon this modern man, this fine busy modern man—this big tense fellow of our modern day with his surcharge of life, the man of affairs, the man of visions, the man of big business; there are some things he needs to know and we are to tell him. And there are some things we need to feel before we go to him.

In the first place, there needs to be borne in upon us and upon the modern man the fact that the Man of Galilee is neither surprised nor dismayed by the things of our modern civilization. I think there are a great many preachers, and I know there are multitudes of other church workers, who weaken in the face of the great problem of the great cities of our day. We have said from the depths of our hearts, "Is this simple message of the Nazarene the thing that is going to grip this amazing day of ours?" Sometimes we question whether the truth that was effective and the name that was so mighty and came to be so dominant in days of old will work in this day of our modern, intense city pressure. Well, the preacher, and whoever feels that way, needs to face the civilization that Jesus unhesitatingly faced in the long ago. You and I have the worldly wise now; sometimes we shrink from them. Athens had the worldly wise long ago. We see that our cities today are mad for gold. Corinth was gold-

crazed long ago. We have false faiths to battle with. Ephesus had its false faith, voiced in the cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." We have men entangled in political matters and intoxicated with political power, and we think there is no way to get at them to pry them loose in order to spiritualize them. Was there ever a day when men were more entangled in political power and more intoxicated with political power than when Rome dominated the earth? You and I face religious bigotry, but it was in Jerusalem long ago. You and I face evil which is open, awful, flagrant and aggravated, but Satan's seat was at Smyrna, Satan's throne was at Pergamum; there was the adultery of Jezebel at Thyatira; they were lukewarm at Laodicea; there was idolatry, open, unashamed and rampant everywhere, and linked with this a sensuality so gross that men even indulged it at heathen feasts, the while they bowing down to birds and beasts and creeping things. The Lord that faced a civilization like this, and threw fishermen against it, is not afraid of our Chicago, our St. Louis, our Philadelphia, our New York, or of London, Paris, or of Tokio. I sometimes think that the very bigness and awfulness of city life constitutes only a challenge upon the tremendous reserve resources of Him with Whom we have to do. It is this confidence that the modern man must see in us. We are to move upon cities and to be heard as prophets within the great centers of population. I do not believe that we all feel this confidence. We must have it. I know that multitudes of modern men sometimes feel that the church is "well enough," but that it cannot grapple with the tense situations of our day. As heralds of the truth we must go forth with mighty confidence in the Christ Who faced that civilization of the olden time without thought of failure, and in that Christ we will triumph in the present day. That is one thing involved in grappling with the modern man.

In the second place, the modern man must be challenged to a recognition of his own spiritual power and called upon to yield that power to the work of God. The modern man takes himself seriously every other way save spiritually. He takes himself seriously educationally, scientifically, commercially. The sea must permit him to bury his cable beneath her waters, and on her bosom must carry him and his goods where he will. The air must carry his messages. If the channel for trade is too long, rock must yield that the way may be shortened. He takes himself seriously every day. He does not think of barriers except to surmount them. He talks about food values, and how stock may be improved. He talks about seed selection, so that greater crops may be obtained. He talks about building railroads and erecting skyscrapers and tunneling mountains and digging canals.

He takes himself seriously all the time. You and I must take him seriously, too. And the Lord does. When the Lord knocks at the door of this man's heart He does not do it to trifle with him. He does not call him away from railroad building to do a little inconsequential thing. He does not take his time for a child's task; but He comes to the big canal digger and railroad maker and tunneler of mountains with a thing bigger than any of those tasks. He knocks quietly at his door and says to him, just as to the fishermen, "Follow me, I have something greater for you to do." So heaven respects this man in his power, and we must do so.

But there is something we must recognize here. The modern man is inclined to talk a great deal about our having done the things we have in earth and land and sea; but, my friends, the Lord is not surprised at that, only at our slowness, for all through the Scriptures it was said long ago that we should have dominion over earth, land and sea, and we have only now entered into these things. But the Lord wants the modern man to understand that his dominion is not to be bounded by air and earth and sea; that that is not all he can do. He is not to be bounded on the north by timber, on the east by cattle, on the south by cornfields, and on the west by the road that goes by his house. He is not to be bounded by corn, or stocks, or bonds. He is not to express himself in material works. His life is to be projected beyond these things. The Lord has a bigger vision for the modern man than any of these things, important as they are. My brethren, if we get this thought about modern man in our minds we can shake him loose from his railroads and make them seem small to him. Once I was at Long Beach. One day with my wife and children I went into the great million-dollar hotel, The Virginia. We looked at the great pillars and beautiful pieces of statuary and the amazing corridors. It is a wonderful structure in every way. My children were tremendously impressed by the great hotel. A little later we took a boat and went out on the sea toward the Catalina Islands. The things on the shore began to grow small. After awhile my oldest child turned to me and said, "Where is The Virginia?" And there it was, like a house of cards, a plaything of children, on the sands of the beach. We had floated away out on the great deep and the hotel had come into its proper proportions. So, when you put a man out where he gets a right view of railroads, tunnels, dams, and skyscrapers, he begins to feel that after all they are not the adequate measure of his soul, and he wants to be joined to a better thing. You know that it is true. Find the biggest man in your community, get close to him, talk with him, and ask him if from the depth of his inner consciousness he is satisfied with things that are

tangible and the things which are in the coffers, and he will tell you he is not. You see the wealth of the world seeking some expression, building libraries and colleges, founding this and that and the other. What are those men doing? They are feeling out after God, and some have waited a long time. I pray that they may find Him soon, but they have waited long, and sometimes the vision is pitifully blurred. There is a wonderful inscription in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is over the burial place of Sir Christopher Wrenn. These are the words, "If you would see his monument, look about you." Men are going to feel that they want people, after they die, to see their monument, not in brick and stone and marble, but in better conditions of life, more of laughter and less of tears, more of joy and less of gloom. It is for you and me to win this busy, bustling splendid man. I love this modern man, and I do not want him to get away from me. I do not want him to get loose. I do not want him to express himself through money, or steel or brick or stone. I want to get at him early and have him get his vision and the true perspective of the thing that is really abidingly big.

The modern man must not only be respected in this way as to the things that are great, but you are to jolt him tremendously in another way. Often after you have met him and talked with him and have applauded him for his bigness, you must open his eyes to his littleness and weakness. That is just as important as the other Did you ever see a great man of the world transplanted, without being moved profoundly by the grace of God, to the board of church officers? Did you ever see a bigger nuisance than that kind of a man, and one with less understanding as to the worth of the Kingdom of God? It is not the strength that builds railroads after all. We need that power, but in the consecration of it what a different shape it takes! When that big man, with his vision of canals and dams and skyscrapers, is humbled by the grace of God, he is mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of evil. I have stood by the side of Mr. Cooper, the builder and engineer of the dam at Keokuk, a man of about my own height, and I wanted to look up to him. I could hardly keep my eyes on his level, so great was he to me. There is another little man to whom I look up further, who is smaller than Mr. Cooper, and that is Ben Lindsey. I cannot help looking up to him, and I look up further to him than I do to Mr. Cooper, because his work is greater. It is greater to reclaim a waif of the streets than to claim for commerce the tides of a river, and it is harder work. The river at Keokuk had to go where men directed it, but a lad made in the image of God does not have to do that. He can say no to you. You can put dynamite under a rock and you can ultimately make it yield,

but you cannot compel the inner life of man. That is a delicate task for deft hands. The challenge is all to the greatness of life. Do not let any man tell you that your ministry is not practical. Do not let anybody put your ministry over against the "practical" ministry of somebody else. There is nothing so practical in the earth as the discovery and building up and shaping of life, of human life, and no task is so great a task as this.

These great modern men must learn their weaknesses and their limitations. I go to them myself and begin to tell them the story of God's work, and they feel for their check-books. And I do not want them to get their check-books—sometimes I feel like throwing away their checks. I want the man. If there was an appeal for a moral leprosy asylum I could raise a million dollars, but I want men to go out and touch those people. They must be made to understand that they cannot do this thing by proxy. Never by gifts alone can they do what is to be done. We must make them see that the grace of God in their hearts, deep and true and strong, is the thing that wins. We have a man belonging to our church who was in the penitentiary for eighteen years. He was once out on parole and went back to his wrong life. We are standing by him. Lots of the modern men cannot understand it. We could not do it if the man was determined to do wrong. But he was nurtured in crime, trained as a lad to climb through windows which were not large enough to admit a man, and then he would go upstairs and open doors and windows. He did not know the difference for a long time. Now somebody must help him up. Oh, my friends, if you can get a modern man interested personally, not through you as the preacher and not through any organization, but have him feel the limitations that are his and force him because of them into the presence of God, you will do a wonderful work for that modern man. He needs to see this man break his parole and go back into sin, and he needs to have the hunger for that soul borne into him, and then, with his strength and weakness blending, he will find his own God and also be a savior of others. Oh, that there might be this personal enlistment of these men for their own sake and for the great work's sake!

There is another thing that our modern men need to be told, and we need to feel it deeply, too, and that is that we are absolutely at the fundamental task. It is the biggest thing on. These men are concerned about commercial lines. They are concerned about conditions of life. They talk about human governments. The modern man needs to know that fundamentally the big problem is the Christianization of those about him, and that when he is linking up with Christ he is dealing with the absolutely basic problem. And if in some way

we can get him interested in that problem as he is in the things of physical expression, he will become mighty before God.

The modern man needs to be made to understand that today we are able to appeal to him by the use of a word that is big in the business world. For years we have lost his hearing because of the waste of our divisions, but now we are able to say to this modern man, who shrinks from waste and who wants all the by-products kept, that we are at a place where we are trying to conserve results. We are trying to keep together. We are trying to avoid waste. We are not going to do things as they were done before. We are not going to build so many buildings nor station so many men in the same field. This is the word which means so much to the business world, and it represents that which is coming into all the fields of God.

I wonder if these things have meant anything to you as we have passed along? First: There is the recognition that the Man of Galilee is neither surprised nor dismayed by modern conditions. Second: The awakening of this modern man to his spiritual power and the challenge to him to use it. Third: The challenge is also to his weakness and dependence upon God, the recognition that it is harder to win a man and do it in the right way and link him to God, and that it is the most difficult task of the world's physical life. Then, that this is fundamental work. Then, that we are to learn to conserve resources and avoid waste.

I shall not speak of this man as to the way we must teach him—others have been dealing with that here, and thoroughly; they have sounded a clear note. But he wants a preacher who does not equivocate, who speaks the truth frankly and believes it in his soul. He wants that preacher to work so hard at it that he can go to any laboring man in all the community and shake his hand without shame, because he is as tired in his toil and at his task as any laborer on the streets in his city. Men want us to be laboring men as we go to them in the tense day in which we live.

Passing over all this, let me say that there is a cost to it all. Shall we say anything about it? It is a pitiful thing for the church to indicate that it will do anything to win an influential man to church membership; that it will lower the barriers and let a man in if he has means. I do not think that is done very often. I think in the main the ministry is clean-cut as to this, but surely men must be taught that it is a privilege to unite with the work of God, and that there is a cost to it. I have seen Frank Gotch, the Iowa wrestler, in his home town, training for a match. And I know this hard training went on for months, that he might be the master that he is in

that particular realm. I have heard Schumann-Heink sing and Godowski play, and I know they paid a price for the mastery. I have seen Woodrow Wilson, quiet when all the world has been excited, and I am sure he paid a price for his poise. I have seen Helen Kellar on the platform, and I have heard her tell how she learned to speak, how she put her fingers on the throat muscles of her teacher and other fingers on the teacher's lips and on the teacher's nostrils, so that she might find out how sounds were made. And how she would even run her fingers into the teacher's mouth to study the movement of the tongue. And if one shall be mighty in the great work of God, if one shall have power to sing and play in the mighty realms of truth, if one shall not only speak as Helen Kellar, but speak the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ, shall we not be ready to pay the price of the long struggle and hard work? What was the first sentence that Helen Kellar spoke after all the years of work and worry? "I am no longer dumb." My brethern, what will you give that as heralds of the truth of God you may be able to say, as those who shall be efficient in reaching men, "I am no longer dumb, my voice is as the trumpet call of God." What shall the modern man be told about the cost? Maybe it will be social ostracism, I do not know; but I know you are not going to spiritualize the church with a lot of dancing and card-playing and wine-drinking members of official boards. It may mean that; tell him so. It may mean more than that. And he may not touch a card or go to the dance floor, but he may oppress his laborers in their hours of toil, in the air they breathe, and in the tasks under which they stagger. Tell him that he cannot do that and be linked closely with the Kingdom of God. It may mean less profit; it may mean commercial martyrdom. The business in which he is engaged may have to go entirely if he is to be God's man in the world. I have seen men who have literally given their lives for the nation in its time of stress, and in pitiful Europe, which great land God bless! men this sad day are doing that, and you and I would not hesitate if it was demanded that we give our lives to this great land. Men thought it was right that men should die for their country in the sixties. Who will say that if the country brings us to such pressure, that it is not right for a man to give up absolutely a bad business if he wants to be linked with the Kingdom of God? I believe that social ostracism needs sometimes to be welcomed, the sacrifice of profits needs to be welcomed, and even commercial martyrdom needs to be welcomed. We are coming to that time. We are coming to the day when men will not say, "I have to live;" we are coming to the time when men will say, "I have to obey God." You and I can love that sort of a man and that sort of thing.

What will you tell the modern man about his rewards? You are going to tell him that he can wake up in the morning and get out of his bed as he has never before awakened or gotten out of bed. Ordinarily, in his business, he has awakened tired and worn. The fever of the thing has been in his bones and he has not rested well, and in the morning the task seems hard and he shrinks from it. Tell him that you can change all that and give him a new awakening. Tell him you can put it into his heart to cry out with every rising sun that "Every day is a fresh beginning and every morning the world made new." Tell him you can get him out of his bed with a spring, and into his clothes with eagerness, and down on the streets with a run. Tell him what you can do for him through fellowship with the people of God. What do I mean by that? I mean that you can take away every dollar I have, but you cannot take away from me Maude Ballington Booth, Booker T. Washington, Ben Lindsey, Clifford Roe, Jane Addams, Woodrow Wilson, and the missionaries in Japan, India and China. You cannot take them from me. They are mine. They were mine when I awakened this morning — they are mine in the Kingdom of God, and around the world they are doing things every hour. Talk to the modern man and give him a view of this feature of life of every day. Tell him about its companionship. Tell him to get away from stocks and bonds, and get away from the figures and give himself time for these other things, and he will look at you and say, "Who is this man and what is this vision of life of which he speaks to me?"

May the God of Heaven send us out this morning with no shrinking or fear any longer of the big man engrossed in the world's affairs, to win this modern man; and, clothed with the power of God, may we realize that behind all the doors and beyond his exterior that is so cold there is a human heart that God has made, waiting for somebody to challenge it and to call it out into the mighty work of the world.

"Who Is This?"

By REV. F. B. MEYER, D. D.

And the multitude that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest. And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? And the multitude said, This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee.

The words of my text are those three words, "Who is this?" There are some people who cannot walk down the principal streets in London, and I suppose the same is true of Philadelphia, Boston, New York or Chicago, without people turning around and noticing them and saying, "Who is that?" One of the commonest observations that we make to one another is that inquiry, "Who is that man?" "Who is that woman?" The question is aroused either because of some remarkable beauty of presence or person; they are lovely people to look at; you cannot help turning around and saying, "That is a remarkable man," "That is a sweet-looking woman; do you know who she is?" And sometimes in London I have noticed that a carriage has dashed past with the royal arms on it, and everywhere men have taken off their hats and ladies have made their salute, and one has stepped up to some policeman and said, "Who is that royal person who has just flashed by?" I want to indicate today the procession of one Person through the streets of history and the mighty masses of people between the cross and Bethlehem's birth, those that went before and the mighty masses of people who have followed, between the cross and the second advent—the people that went before and the people that followed after have all said of this great Person, "Who is this?" There are four passages where the question is asked of Jesus, and I am going to speak on each of them, and I want to show you the reason in each case why the people asked, "Who is this?"

Our first scene took place about the year 33 of this era, and took place at the junction between the road from Jericho and the road that climbed down Olivet and came across the Kidron to the city, and just

at the junction between the road from Jericho and road from the mountain of Ephraim, and that other road that led across Olivet—just at that place where these three roads ended there was an unusual stir among the crowd of Galilæans. I suppose that the Galilæans in that time occupied about the same position as the poor whites do in certain States of this Republic; they were looked down upon as provincial, and they spoke with a nasty brogue—the Galilæan brogue which immediately distinguished Peter when he began to curse and swear. They were supposed to be illiterate people, for when Nicodemus stood up among the rest of his fellow-Sanhedrimists, they turned to him and said, "Look and see, for out of Galilee you cannot expect any prophet." They were a mongrel race; they were not pure Jews, and the high-born Jews looked down upon them with absolute scorn. These people used to sneak into the city at the time of the great feasts, but upon this day all was altered, and instead of their coming in covertly and secretly, as though they were almost ashamed to be there, they gathered around One of glorious presence who had summoned an ass and an ass's colt by His two servants who waited upon Him, and mounted upon that lowly steed, surrounded by the bodyguard of His apostles, preceded and followed by the great crowds of people from Galilee who waved their palm branches and shouted "Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! to the Son of David! Hosanna!" until the streets of Jerusalem were filled with a crowd of people who came from the temple and their houses and came from the courts of law and came from the market-place, a hurrying crowd pouring into the heart of the city, as that procession come down or up the street, saying, "Who is this?" Choir, can you tell me?

The Choir (singing):

"It is Jesus, it is Jesus,
The Man of Galilee;
It is Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Who died on Calvary."

Dr. Meyer: Yes, Jesus, the Son of God, in disguise; Jesus in the rustic garb of an humble peasant; Jesus within four or five days of Calvary. It is Jesus. But do you note how Jesus can take a mass of Galilæan peasants, ordinary people, common people, provincial people, people upon whom the Pharisees and Scribes looked with contempt, and transform them? He does not choose the high and the mighty, the learned or the noble, but He chooses things that are not, and all down the Christian centuries He has not come for many of the rich and learned and great of this world, but He has come to the nobodies, and He has made philosophers of them, and He has

made martyrs of them, and He has made evangelists and apostles of them, and the only thing I have to say of my Savior Jesus today is this: That He can take the man of common life, the most simple man or woman in this congregation, and if that soul will only link itself to Jesus, He will lift it out of obscurity, out of the mean lot of daily life, and transfigure it and make it mighty, the very channel through which the living Christ will pour His crystal fountain to refresh the world. The great violinist Paganini once stood before a mighty audience gathered to hear his immortal music, and to the chagrin of the people he broke string after string of his violin, and when only one string was left he held up the violin before the crowd and said, "One string and Paganini!" And Jesus Christ can say to the man or woman here with one talent, who has only one string of melody or power, if that person will only give Jesus a chance, what Moody years ago heard Henry Varley say to Henry Bewley, in 1872, in Dublin, "The world has yet to learn what God can do for the man wholly yielded to Him." Is there no simple lad, is there no ordinary girl who will go home from this meeting, and kneeling down in some quiet place, say, "Jesus, you Galilæan prophet, you took men and women from Galilee and made them the foundation stones of the New Jerusalem; take my life and make a jewel of it in Thy glorious setting!" "Who is this?" The One who can make something out of common people. It is said, "The common people heard him gladly."

But the scene is changed. I take you now to the sixty-third of Isaiah. I want you to stand with me for a moment upon the foothills of the table-land of Palestine, where that wonderful country trails down to the level of the desert. Away there we stand with our backs to the north and our faces to the south. Away over, far across the horizon of the desert, lies the mighty cities of Edom, the stone-hewn cities that are still extant and which people visit with wonder to think of the giants that erected them. Away down there at the Southern extremity of the Red Sea was the Edomite city of Esau—the Esau that sold his birthright for a mess of pottage—so Edom is always standing there for the people who only for one touch of passion are ready to sacrifice wife and children and home and everything; and standing there, looking from the foothills of Judea south across the desert beyond the horizon, to these distant cities of Edom, one remembers that often they poured out their soldiers and overran Israel. Again and again Israel fell beneath that terrible whirlwind of conquest. But now see! Lift up your hand to screen your eye and look carefully and thoughtfully across that desert. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah," the capital

city, "this who is glorious in His apparel, traveling in the greatness of His strength—who is this?"

The Choir: "It is Jesus, it is Jesus,
The Man of Galilee;
It is Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Who died on Calvary."

Dr. Meyer: Yes, it is Jesus; it is Jesus, who overcame as Jehovah, who overcame Edom, trampling the enemy under foot. "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save," and from that moment all down the centuries Israel nevermore feared the assault of Edom, nevermore, because as mighty conqueror and sentinel, Jesus, Jehovah, stood on guard, and Edom could never come against Israel, and Israel never needed to go and conquer Edom, for He stood there mighty to save His own. In that picture He was dyed, His garments were dyed with the blood of Edom, but in our case His garments are dyed with His own blood. Listen! "I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me." He died for our sin, according to the Scriptures; He made an end of sin; He finished transgression and introduced for all mankind the free pardon and peace of God; and if I am speaking to any young man here who has had many a hard fight with Edom—there is many a young fellow here who has been tempted to sell his birth-right for one mess of pottage, and many a young fellow in New York or San Francisco, who, passing through a certain street, has been attracted by a certain doorway, he has been tempted to barter everything for one plunge into the Stygian pit of sin. There is now some man looking into my face who has been prepared to sacrifice even the ministry of God's holy gospel for a pretty face and a neat figure, and for one moment has been prepared to trample upon his holy vows to the holy Jesus, and to be seduced from the broken-hearted wife and the little children who claim a father's care. And women are looking into my face today who know full well what it is to have to rise up in them the surging waves of temptation, for every man and woman in this place has an Edom; every person in this place is tempted to sell his soul, and many of us up until today have never known how to overcome; it seemed as though we were like leaves driven by the wind. I want you to see Jesus standing between you and Edom, Jesus standing between you and the power of the devil; Jesus, not only overcoming your sin, not only bearing it on His cross and not only cleansing you by His blood, but forever keeping the soul—I will not say from being tempted, because temptation reveals Jesus like a dark night reveals the stars. Do not be afraid of temptation, because temptation is sent to make you realize what Jesus can be to the tempted soul, but you always

put Jesus between you and temptation that the waves of temptation may break upon Him "Who is mighty to save," while you hide behind your Lord—"mighty to save" and "able to save to the uttermost" of sin, of weakness, of inability to resist, so that if you are tempted to the end of your life, and you may come short to the end of your life, there is no need that you should be overcome by temptation. Jesus is mighty to save. Think of how the mothers in Germany and Belgium are trying to save their little girls and children while I am talking to you; they have the love to save, yet they are not mighty; but Jesus is mighty to save.

I read you the twenty-fourth Psalm, which was written when the old fortress of the Jebusites existed, the old city where for many ages evil gods and goddesses had been worshipped, where the Hittites or Amorites or Jebusites, or whatever they might be, had held the ancient fortifications as a screen for their sins, and where one day David and his men marched up and summoned the old gates of that mighty city, which probably was the virgin city and had never before yielded her proud neck to assault, and David and his men swept up toward those ancient walls, gray with age, and the challenge went up—the challenge which had been prepared for by those within also—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye ancient doors, and the glorious king, mighty in battle, shall enter." Then the Psalmist caught a glimpse of a yet greater triumph, and that which served as an image and symbol in the ancient Psalm became transfigured by the touch of the Holy Ghost; and I want you to try just now with me to imagine this wondrous scene. The cross is left, or may be taken down; the grave is rent. From the crest of Olivet that early morning, before the market produce was being carried into the streets of Jerusalem by the people, the peasants, when all was still and hushed with Sabbatic calm, you remember how Jesus blessed them with extended hand, and as He blessed He was parted from them. You know how He passed behind the cloud which became glorious and golden as He left it behind Him, and immediately upon the far side the twelve legions of angels who had been under arms ever since Gethesmane and who were standing there awaiting His appearance, began to pass before Him, and there were others to escort Him on either side; the dying thief was beside Him, and behind Him was a long line of wondering and rejoicing spirits. I seem to see that mighty cortege of glory pass—I do not say through space, for I do not think that heaven is far away; I feel that the golden city is closer at hand—it is not so very far, and our earth is tied to it, as if by a strong cable rope; and as He and they approached can you not almost hear it? how the advancing ranks of angels cried to the

ancient gates of heaven, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." And from within the challenge was answered by the inquiry, "Who is this King of Glory?" Who was He, Choir?

The Choir: "It is Jesus, it is Jesus,
The Man of Galilee;
It is Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Who died on Calvary."

Dr. Meyer: He entered in humiliation into Jerusalem before He died, but within six weeks of that He entered His own holy city with all the mansions emptying out upon the golden streets to welcome Him, for they stood there in the vastest crowds that heaven had ever known. "Lift up your heads, and the King of Glory shall come in." I see Him as He passes through heaven's streets to His Father's bosom. I think I hear Him say, "Father, I have finished the work Thou gavest Me to do, and now I have come back to the glory I had with Thee before the world was made," and the Father says, "My Son, welcome; what shall I give Thee as the reward of all Thy toil and obedience to the death?" And Jesus said, "Father, I ask nothing for Myself, only that I may receive from Thee that same mighty Holy Spirit into My nature as the head of Thy church, that I may receive the plenitude, the pleroma of Deity, of the Holy Ghost power," and it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness of the Deity live and dwell in a bodily form. Oh! glory to God, that Jesus stands there, or sits, not simply as the perfected man, but as One Who in His own nature holds Deity and humanity in absolute perfection.

Shall we not all bow our heads beneath that outstretched hand of Jesus and say, "Jesus, give me my portion in Pentecost, give me my share in the Holy Ghost that the Father gave Thee for me; I am Thy little brother, I am Thy tiny sister; I want my share in the inheritance of the power of the Holy Ghost."

There is something more before I pass on from this: There comes to your heart, dear girl, dear young college boy, the kingly Christ, and knocking there stands the blessed Jesus. I hear Him say, "Lift up your head, O gates, and be ye lift up ye door, that I may come in." Oh! let Him in. While I am talking to you say, "Jesus, I do not understand what this man says; I am only a poor young soul, quite ignorant, wanting to know, but here is my heart, come in; I am willing for Thee to come in;" and directly you say, "I am willing for You to enter." He enters. You need not ask Him to; you have only to tell Him to lift up the latch and come in, and the moment you say

to Jesus, "I cannot open the door, I am so stupid and the door goes so hard upon the hinges, and I do not seem to have any desire sometimes to open it, but if You will only push it a bit and enter in, You will fill my heart with heaven; come in!" directly you say that to Jesus He enters. You must not try to listen to His footfalls; you must not try to listen for His voice. He comes in like the morning came in over Winona, early, a few hours ago; He comes in on tiptoe, and the only thing you will know will be that a new light has broken upon your soul, even though as yet you have not seen the face from which it came.

There is a great text which I must quote ere I close. It is the third chapter of the Song of Solomon:

> Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant? Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; three-score mighty men are about it, of the mighty of Israel. They all hold swords, being expert in war; every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night. King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem. Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the days of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

That, I think, is a parabolic symbol of something else. Again I call upon you to use your imagination for a moment. It seems as though already the mighty hosts of angels are gathered once more around the central throne and are marshaling in procession, and now that this sign of war is in the earth below, does it not indicate that we are very near that bridal chamber of Him who spoke in the parable of the Virgin and of whom John spake when he said, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." May it not be that some gathered in this hall may one day see Him coming for His own bride, wooing His bride, marrying His bride, and, my friends, when that day shall come, Who will be this Who then shall come to be married to the church?

The Choir: "It is Jesus, it is Jesus,
The Man of Galilee;
It is Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Who died on Calvary."

Dr. Meyer: Yes, it is Jesus, Who entered once into the city of His Father, into the Jerusalem of old, and then stood sentry on the foot-hills of Judea, and then entered into the holy city where he rules in the midst of the throne; but He will come again, He is coming soon, His bridal chamber is being prepared for that great union with the church; but I am not going to have you wait for that before you know His love as the bridegroom of your soul. I remember what Paul said in the most thoughtful of his epistles, "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit," and he said again, "That ye should be married to another." Jesus stands today to take you for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in life and in death, never to part; will you take the love of Jesus? I am no wooer for Him, I dare not speak for Him. I can only in the clumsiest way be the lad that hands you with his dirty hand the embossed letter containing His request; but take it, break the seal, and in your heart of hearts somewhere today say, "Jesus, may this heart of mine be sealed to all other love until Thou art first, and then I shall love all in Thee." O brothers, who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness leaning upon her beloved? May that be your attitude!

The Five Different Aspects of The Passion of Christ

By REV. F. B. MEYER, D. D.

I feel that the basis of everything is the cross, the passion of our Lord, and I desire, as the Holy Spirit shall help me, to talk to you about the five different aspects of the passion of Christ. It seems to me that every person in this building ought to go through these five steps. They are different viewpoints of the cross, and just as in the Dore gallery in London, the attendant asks you to take this position and then that, and then that, so I desire that you should take the five different viewpoints of the cross of our Lord, and when I say "cross," you will understand how I use that term; you will understand that I use it as a convenient designation of the passion of Christ. I ought probably to talk to you more about the crucified than about the cross upon which He was crucified. The Lamb in the midst of the throne is the perpetual marvel and wonder and love of heaven, and as I speak to you I hope the Lamb will be in the midst of this congregation and that He may lay His pierced hand upon every heart. It is Jesus who lived and who died.

Have you ever thought of what Peter calls the cross? Paul speaks of it as "stauros;" Peter speaks of it as "xulon," the tree, or the wood. I love to think that before Jesus became incarnate in the Virgin, He saw to the planting of that young tree on the slopes of Lebanon, and He knew when He saw it growing that some day it would be His cross. With what tenderness He must have distributed the dew to it; with what benignity must He have given the sunbeams to it, as though He said, "Little fir tree, you and I will meet again some day." Do you not think that Jesus must also have taken special pleasure when He laid the iron in the bowels of the earth out of which the spear which pierced His side and the nails were to be made, in the primeval days that metal was laid down? Of course that dear and wondrous cross was not made for Jesus originally, but for Barabbas. Barabbas and two confederates had been taken red-handed in murder and had been adjudged to die, Barabbas, the chief-

tain of the gang, in the center, and the other two robbers on either side; and when Barabbas heard his name shouted by ten thousand voices he, of course, thought they were going to lynch him, and he crouched in his den when the jailer came with his clinking keys down the corridor to unlock the door of his cell, and he said, "Jailer, I suppose they want to tear me limb from limb!" "No, indeed, they do not; they want to liberate you." "Liberate me!" said he. Yes," said the jailer, "another is going to die on the cross that was made for you." "Ha! ha!" said he, "is there a worse man than I to die?" "No,". said the jailer, "excuse me for saying it, but one a lot better." "Who is that?" "You have heard of Jesus of Nazareth; He is going to die on the cross they made for you." "Jesus of Nazareth! you don't mean it! What has He done? My men and I have often sat upon the mountains of Galilee listening to Him while He taught; we sat among the five thousand that He fed, my two men and I, and we ate, too. We always thought that He was a saint. You don't mean that He is going to die upon that cross they made for me?" "Yes," said the jailer, "that is so." He said, "I cannot stop to talk with you; come along!" So Barabbas goes along, and the people, when they see him, shout, "Long live Barabbas!" and they put him upon their shoulders and carry him with vivas up the street, and I sometimes think that the procession in which Jesus was carrying His cross met the procession in which the people were carrying Barabbas, in the Via Dolorosa. They pass, and Barabbas went to his lodge and shaved himself and put on clean garments, and came up to see Jesus on his own cross and to say good-by to his confederates, to pass the sign to them, and to stand for a moment before the cross and to say, "I ought to have been there, that is my place." I should not be surprised at all, when we get to heaven, to find Barabbas there, and to learn that he was one of those who came to the penitent form on the day of Pentecost. I believe that he was one of the first to kneel there, and Peter, when he bent over him and heard his name and knew his story, counted that the chief of sinners had been welcomed by Him that welcomed the other man, the dying thief.

I want you to stand for a moment before that cross. I ought to have been there. You and I deserve to be there. There is a sense in which you and I have got to be there, and about that I wnat to talk to you now. It was by the Eternal Spirit that Jesus offered Himself on the cross; it is only by the Eternal Spirit, sisters and brothers, that you and I can understand the mystery of the cross. These five aspects will straighten us up and help us to understand each other and the foundation upon which we build.

The first view of the cross is that there Jesus made the pro-

pitiation, or was made the propitiation, for the sins of the whole world. You will put down there in your notes against that, please, Romans 3:25 and the First Epistle of John 2:2. Turn to that last reference for a moment! "And he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world." That word "propitiation" is the translation of the Greek word "hilasterion," and the Greek "hilasterion" is the mercy-seat. God sent Him forth on the cross as the mercy-seat; He is the mercy-seat for the sins of the whole world; and it was there that God in the person of Christ settled the question of sin once and forever for us all; but we, by faith, have to take our share in it. The mercy-seat, as you know, was the golden lid of the ark. The ark stood in the holy of holies, at the far end. Upon that box was the golden lid encrusted with blood; every year the high priest sprinkled blood upon it, and in the succession of the hundreds of years it must have been so covered with blood that you could hardly see the gold; and the cherubim bent on either side, and in the middle between them the shekinah light shone that you and I will see burning before the eternal throne one day—the mystic, the eternal seven-fold light of God—and that was the mercy-seat, covered with blood, where God met man, and the cross is the mercy-seat of the world, where God meets us, and where, for the sake of what He did when He died, reconciled in Himself justice and mercy, for in that moment righteousness and peace kissed, and God was just to the holy moral law which we had broken, and yet could forgive the sinner, because He Himself had borne the penalty. There is your mercy-seat and mine. When I was in India they asked me how men got saved. I told them that the Lord, no doubt, would deal with the heathen upon the law of conscience written upon their hearts, as we are told in Romans 2, but that supposing that any man had lived up to it and had entered into heaven, he would discover that he was only there because Jesus was the propitiation for his sin. O soul of man! you were included, and by faith you take your share in that inclusion, for it is written in Acts 13:39, "And by him all that believe are justified from all things," and if there is a person here who up until now has not been sure about it, I want you to take that to heart; if you look to Jesus with confiding trust, the moment you trust Him who died on the cross for you, that moment you are justified from all things, and they are done with and buried and put away forevermore, no remembrance on God's part ever to be revived.

There is the second view of the cross, namely, the one needed for daily cleansing. The First Epistle of John 1:7, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth." In our country we have something which you do not seem to have here, or you do not seem to use the same kind of

fireplace. Our open fireplace, where we burn coals, communicates with the upper air by the chimney with its draft, and this chimney becomes choked at the end of winter with a large amount of soot, and the sweeps have to be called in by the housewife to clean the chimney, and their faces are all black at the end of two or three hours, and you can hardly recognize them. A man in my choir was a sweep; he sang with a beautiful voice on Sunday, and he was at work all the week in this honest labor ,this very grimy work, and one morning I went to his home very early, and his wife was in a great putter, for he had just come home; she did not want me to see him, but I would not be put off by that—I like people to treat me naturally, not to treat me as a guest, but as a friend—and I went into the kitchen where he stood, and as he looked at me there was a smile upon his face, and I noticed that one part was just as clean as on Sunday, the white of his eyes; and when I considered that the white of his eyes and the eyes themselves were as pearly clean as ever, I rememberd that the tear glands were washing every minute, so the eyes were kept perfectly clean of grit. I want my soul to lie always under the precious cleansing fountain of Calvary, that it may be kept clean and sweet in the midst of this very dirty world; and I want to say in my deep belief that there is nothing more important in your life, nothing, than to keep the soul purified, cleansed by the confession of your sin. It is not enough merely to say, "O God, forgive me all my sins." that is not enough. When you kneel in prayer do not ask God to forgive all your sins, because He has forgiven them all up to your last prayer. A man told me once that he was always asking God to forgive all his sins. I said to him, "That is absolutely unnecessary; learn to deal with God with finality." Do not be hazy, always deal with God definitely, and when you have confessed your sin up to a point, enumerating the sin, marking it before God, detailing it, tell God how it arose, how passion became swollen, and how ultimately you were ready to act or speak, tell God all about it, and then believe my text, that there is an immediate application to you of the cleansing blood of Jesus, and that sin is dealt with by God and put away as far as the east is from the west; do not confess that sin again. If my dear child, when she was young, had said that she had done a wrong and had come to me and said, "Father, please forgiae me, I am so sorry," I would have said, "Hilda, darling, I am sorry and I shall have to pay for the thing which you have broken or hurt, or bear the sorrow of it, but I am so glad that you confess it; you are absolutely forgiven, dear child; that is done with; never speak about it again; it is done with." I would not have wanted her to come an hour after and say, "Father, I want to con-

fess that sin and ask forgiveness." I would have said, "Hilda, my child, do you mean to say that you think that I am harboring that thing when once I told you that I fogave it; I have forgiven it; it is gone." Suppose she returned an hour or two after to make the same confession. I would be in despair. O soul! it hurts God when you do not believe that He forgives. I say that it hurts God that you go to Him again and again and confess the sin He has dealt with, for if we confess our sin, He is faithful to His promise and just as the moral governor to forgive the sin, and to cleanse us as the eye of the sweep is cleansed by the tear water. Mind you, you will hurt God badly if you put off your confession. In my early life, when I was led into sin, I would let the thing stay a bit; I would say, "It is too mean of me to go to God and confess my sin right on the nail; I will wait until I have got quiet, and God may have lost the keen sense of my sin." I would let it lie a few hours, and every hour I felt worse and worse, until finally I had to make it good with God, and He always said to me, "I am sorry you fell, dear child; I am glad you confess, but you have hurt me badly because you did not come before if you had only come at once I would have forgiven you at once; you have made it worse by leaving it so long." If one is in the very heat of it, and only turns to Him and says, "O Father, I am still hot with the pasion of it, but even now I claim forgiveness," it is granted on the basis of the blood of Jesus.

There is only one thing to do first, if you have fallen out with anybody and have sinned with another person, supposing you have sinned against them or supposing that you have sinned with them. You must own up, you must leave the lamb at the altar and go and be reconciled, and it may take you an hour or two to do it; the lamb can stop better than that you should not act at once with regard to it—leave the lamb and go and be reconciled; go and gain your brother; it may be that you have done wrong. Let me tell you a story against myself! I remember one Sunday morning having a fine sermon, as I thought, on the ascension of Jesus, and I came down to my church full of it, and I thought I was going to have a good time; as soon as I reached my church I found that my verger had done a very stupid thing, and I lost my temper with him on the spot and washed his feet in scalding water. That was a quarter past ten and I had to preach at eleven, and I wished I had not done it, and the minutes went on and on, and I wondered what on earth I should do, and all my officers came in to pray with me about ten minutes of eleven, all these old noble men, and I was going to teach them; how could I preach with that man squirming in the pew? It was about three minutes before the hour; they were about to start, and I rushed to

the bell and rang it, and the man rushed in looking white and frightened, as if I were to start on him again, and I said, "Mr. Jones, when I came in you had done a very stupid thing, and it must not be repeated, but I want you to forgive me for losing my temper over it." He said at once, "O sir! don't think any more about it." Then the peace came, then I felt justified in preaching that ascension sermon, because my heart had a clear road between it and God; and no man has any right to preach in front of his experience; you must bring your experience to the level of your teaching, or drop your teaching to the level of your experience, but you are going to commit the unpardonable sin if you tell the people to be and do what you yourself are not doing and being. I have sometimes thought in my communion that a lady ought to get up before she takes the bread and wine and go and apologize to her domestic servant because she lost her temper. I have often thought that a man should refuse to eat the Lord's supper, because during the week before he had done something with some other man to make money by concocting a scheme which was not straight or right in God's sight, before he takes the communion that he ought to go and tell his brother that he has done wrong and wants to draw out of it. You canot play with God. So if a man has had a tift with his wife before going to business, he cannot forget it ,though he reads his paper and does his best; he is thinking about it all the time, and very often in England—I do not understand your ways—he would go into a fruiterer's shop and buy the best bunch of grapes that money could procure and take it back to her. That is mean. If he were really a good man he would not pass it off that way. He would say, "Wife, I have been feeling bad all day; I am a Christian, and I lost my temper with you today, and I said what I ought not; will you forgive me?" That is the only straight thing to do. I have heard of a woman like this: She and her servant girl have fallen out; she lost her temper with her. Of course you have to see that girls do their work, but you have no right to get into a temper over it, and many a time a mistress gets into a temper over a piece of work, and the poor girl is misunderstood or has done wrong, and the mistress says in the afternoon, "Mary, if you would like to go home to see your mother this afternoon I can do without you." It is not straight; you must knuckle under, woman, if you want to live right with God. God is exact and precise and particular ,and you cannot dodge Him, and if you have done wrong you must own up to it, and there is the blood of Christ waiting for you as soon as you straighten that thing up.

The third view is the cross separates. Put down Galatians 5:14, "By which I am crucified to the world and the world is crucified

to me. " The cross separates. When I was in Johannesburg the young men and women gathered around me as if I were a big brother. I do not care for people to fuss over me, but if they are in a real difficulty I love to spend any amout of time in helping them. We had such a wonderful time with the young people of that city! The trouble with them was the theater. I am not going to enter into a tirade against theaters. I do not go to them myself, of course, except in my own country, where I have been again and again at the request of the daily press to see dirty things, that I might use my influence with a view to getting them wiped off the stage, and again and again I have made a protest in the right direction and have often stopped the production of unclean and dirty plays. I think every man should do that sort of work, so I am not talking about what I do not know. How on earth Christian people can go and sit in most theaters and listen to the dialogue and see the scenes, I cannot understand any more than I can understand the prodigal son asking for a dish of the husks that the swine did eat to be served along with the fatted calf. If my grandchildren should fight with a dog for a bone in the street I would think I had not treated them very well, and if you are full of the love of God you won't want the things the world likes, and those theaters would not keep running unless they pandered to the things which you ought to hate. I pity you good people who do not know better, who have no sense of smell, and therefore stand over the typhoid drain and get poisoned because you do not smell the bad odor that is coming up. I wish all of you a good spiritual nose. These young people in Johannesburg wanted me to talk to them about the theater. I knew that if I said they were not to go to the theater they would all go, and, further, what is the good of putting myself up to dictate to people? So I said to them, "The cross ought to separate," and I drew upon the board in a great meeting the figure of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and on one side I put B. C.—before the cross—and on the other side I put A. D.—the year of the Kingship of Christ, the year of our Lord the King. On one side I put the flesh, the self life, and on the other side I put the Spirit of Pentecost. On one side I put the devil, the spirit that now rules the children of disobedience, and on the other side I put the risen Christ. Here was the grave, here was the ascension, and the second advent of Christ. Then I said, "Where shall I put the theater? Shall I put it on the kingdom side, along with the Holy Spirit of Pentecost, along with Easter and the ascension and the second advent?" I put it there, and then I asked the people who thought that I had put it in the right place to hold up their hands, and no one held up a hand except a daft woman who did not well

understand what I was talking about. It was not I who did it, but by the vote of that congregation I had to wipe that out. Well, where should I put it? It had to go on the other side. Then I asked them what they thought of it, and they all voted that I had done right. Now, young people, do not look upon me as being a sort of a joy-killer who wants to put a stop to gladness in young life! God knows I love a joke, I love humor, I love a romp, my whole nature responds to beauty and joy and laughter and little children, but I do hold this: When you get into a fix and do not know what to do about any course in life or anything you are called to take part in, you just go up to your bedroom and quietly draw the figure of the cross and put that thing on the side it ought to go on, and it will square up a good many difficulties for you.

The fourth aspect is the seal of the covenant. So many are ignorant of this. The blood of Christ is the seal of the covenant. You have it in Hebrews 13:20, "The God of peace who brought from the dead the Lord Jesus Christ through the blood of the eternal covenant." What is the difference between a promise and a covenant? A promise is without condition, just as you, dear girl, when that young fellow asked you to be his wife, you promised him in that happy hour; you said, "I promise you," but afterwards, when you came to the wedding, there was a covenant — there was still the promise on his part and there was a condition on your part; it was a promise on a condition, and the promise was that he would be a good man to you; the condition was that you would give yourself to him in faith, and of that mutual understanding between you two there was a wedding-ring; and I hope, dear child, the hour will never come in your life when you will have to point to your wedding-ring and say, "Husband, do you remember that wedding-ring? See it there! It is dim with what you have done to me. You have dimmed it." That is the seal of that holy moment when that covenant was made. So it was with Noah. God promised to keep the seasons, and there was a condition on Noah's part, and there was the rainbow, the seal. So it was with Abraham. There was the promise of God to his children if Abraham would walk before Him perfectly, and the seal was circumcision. But the new covenant, under which you and I live, is the covenant between God and us, with Christ as our go-between. He negotiated it; see that we carry it out! For the sake of plainness we will say that the covenant is between my soul and God, but the seal is the wine which you sip at the Lord's table—that is your wedding-ring, dear soul, by which you are linked to Jesus. "This is the cup of the New Testament, the new covenant, sealed by my blood." Whenever I take the Lord's supper and put that cup

to my lips, I do not try to imagine the agony of Gethsemane, as I used to do—I still think of it—but I look up to God and say, "Father, you and I are in covenant, there is a relationship between you and me," and I could not live without it. You say, "Can you tell me what the provisions of that covenant are?" Have you ever heard the story of the Scotch lassie, the young Covenanter? One Sunday morning she was going to a meeting of the moors in a cave, where the poor harried Covenanters met for prayer and worship,, and as she was going across the moor Claerhouse's dragoons met her and said, "Where are you going?" and she said—I have never been able to understand that, whether it was right or wrong, I leave you to think about that—it is a good story—she said, "My elder brother has died and left a will and the property is going to be divided this morning, and my father told me that I must be there to get my share." They said, "All right; you go on." I love that story. That girl understood the covenant more than some of us do. You say, "Where is that covenant set out? I never thought of it that way." If you could get hold of my Bible, which I will not let you do, because it has all my secrets, you would find it all black where I put my finger down upon the provisions of that covenant. Glory to God! I do not ask God to keep His covenant. I think that would be mean. If you are always asking God to keep His promise, that is mean. I never plead with God to keep His word, that is mean. I always go to God and put my finger on the exact word and say, "Father, You said You would do it; I hold You to it." Is not that the way to deal with God? Suppose I went to a bank in Chicago and wanted money to build a church, and I say, "Show me into the banker's private office," and I am shown, and I say to him, "I am putting up a church and I would like some money; will you give me some money?" He might and might not—probably not! But suppose I go to that bank with a check of my own upon it, or with a check of somebody else upon it, do I have to take off my hat to him and say, "Please do it?" I say to him, "Cash me that!" There are some things that are not promised by God, and you cannot be sure until you have prayed about a month whether He is going to do it or not. I can always tell about the end of one month whether God is going to answer my prayers or not. If He is not going to do it he says, "I will not do it for you; I will do something better." But when you have a promise like this covenant you say, "Father, You said You would do it and I have come for You to do it." If you do not know how to deal with God like that, you have not begun to live the life of straight dealing with God; you must go to Him. You will find it in the eighth chapter of Hebrews. There are seven things He will do. He says, "I will put my laws into

their mind,"—I want to think about them; "I will write them in their hearts,"—I want to love them; "I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people," that is the fourth—"For all shall know me, from the least to the greatest; and I will be merciful to their missing the mark; I will make allowance for heredity and all the rest of it;" but the thing which is all blackened over in my Bible is, "And their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Oh! to think of it! to think of it! "Their sins and iniquities will I forget." I hold God to that; I hold God to forget my sin as soon as I have confessed it. Is it not wonderful that God won't nag at you, that God won't say, "You are a bad sinner; you take a back seat?" When I see God I shall see Him smile as if I had been the most perfect man that had ever lived; and if I have a great cry in some corner of heaven, away from them all, He will send and fetch me and say, "There is no use going into that corner to cry like that over your sin; I have forgiven it." Glory be to His name! O brothers and sisters, we have not begun to know what God is!

The fifth aspect of the cross is that of the crucifixion of the old man, and you may put against that Romans 6:6, "Our old man is crucified." You say to me, "What is the old man?" "S-i-n." What is the center letter of sin? "I,"—there is your old man, the center of sin. Spell "flesh" backwards, drop the "h," and any Londoner will tell you how to do that, and you have "s-e-l-f,"—the flesh itself; that is my flesh, my flesh is I, and that has been the center of my life. It is always worrying me—I want to push myself in; I want to advertise myself, and it is all I, I, I; and I want the Holy Spirit to keep that nailed to the cross, and I want Jesus to be the pivot. I want to get off the pivot of "I," around which I have been revolving so many years, and on to that of Jesus and His love, His glory, and perpetual conversation with Him, my friend. Oh! do pray for me, that Jesus may be the alpha and omega with me, the first and the last, the beginning and the end, that the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost be glorified forever.

Launching Out Into The Deep

By REV. F. B. MEYER, D. D.

I will talk to you about that chapter which we all know perfectly well; I shall not need to read it. It will serve as an illustration of what I want to say at this gathering. I trust that God will take my poor broken word and use it for every person in this audience. Our Lord said that they were to launch out into the deep, the inference being that they were then in the shallows; and do you not think that a good deal of our church life has been getting very shallow of late? I have said many a time in our country lately that the only thing to save Great Britain was a great revival or a great war; and I am not sure that this war is going to be victorious and successful for Great Britain. I think she has got to pass through the cleansing fire. I do not think that the war is going to be short. I think we are going to be searched as by fire, because our religious life in our country was getting so shallow.

There are three indications with us of it. and you may notice how far they are true with you. The first is the shalowness of the talk of religious people. The thing that more influenced me, next to my mother's teaching, when I was a boy, was hearing my father talk to friends, when they dropped into our house, about God and about the work of God in their souls. I can see my father walking up and down the long walk in our garden talking to a friend about God, until, as a boy, I wondered at it and longed to know about God. How few people nowadays talk about their religious experience! If you mention the word God in ordinary Christian society, people seem glum; it seems as though they feel the thing is not quite in place; and if you talk to the majority of the people about their religious experience of God, they have only a second-hand experience; they turn it all on what their minister said the other day, but they do not seem to know anything of God for their own selves, as if they were doing business in the deep waters of experience. Another sign of that shallowness is in a good deal of the preaching. A great deal of the preaching might be a contribution to a magazine. It seems as though the moral essay has taken the place of the old sermon;

it seems as though the minister wrote the sermon and put the text on afterward. There is too little of the old deep teaching where the people got fed. A good deal of the preaching is shallow. And, third, you know about the prayer-meeting. Why, on many occasions in our country, I confess the minister has to talk half an hour, because there are so few people who pray, and when they do pray, about the only thing they do say is, bless this, and bless that, and bless the other, and I call that a lazy kind of praying, as though you said to God Almighty, "I cannot bother myself to think of what to ask you, but you know; bless this man and bless the other." There is no definiteness.

I remember when I was in my first pastorate I had an old sailor in my congregation. I think that his prayers had much to do with Moody's first success in our country. The old sailor used to take out his handkerchief and lay it down on the floor and go down on it, and I always knew when he went into action like that some guns were going off. Then it was not hard to shake the very gates of heaven. People do not seem to know the promises of the Bible, and get to the rock underneath, and you cannot shake the very gates of heaven until you are standing upon the bed-rock of a promise. You know how it is in your own experience; how many people in this audience today are close to the shore! It seems as though their boat were moored near the shore of this world, that a very short plank connects the two. They are in their boat on Sundays with Christ, and they go across the plank and spend the rest of the week in one of the big cities built upon the lake shore of Galilee. How much there is of traversing to and fro across the plank! Some people take a flying leap across. Oh! the shallowness! I do not wonder that the church of God is standing still. Until we know more of God and grip Him with a stronger hand, and until we ourselves have gone into the deep of Christian experience, we shall never be able to move this world, so engrossed as it is in politics and commerce and amusement. And when Jesus comes close to you, in my voice and in every voice that is going to speak from this platform during these days, and says to every soul in this place, "You have been in the shallows and near the shore long enough," I want you to launch out into the deep, the deep of the love of God, the deep of the knowledge of God, the deep of the fulness of the Holy Ghost of Pentecost. There is something for you, men and women, there is something for you which in height and depth and breadth and length passes the knowledge of any of us, and do pray God that this great flotilla, that this great mass of little boats, may put out after Jesus upon the

bosom of the great lake of the knowledge and the love of God. Oh! that you may. I wish it with all my soul.

The first thing that Jesus always does when He is going to take men and women into a new life, a deeper life, is to reveal to them the possibilities which slumber in their own nature. I will explain exactly what I mean. Of course in every man and woman there is enfolded, as in a kind of bud, the seed, there is enfolded the whole possibility of saintliness and power with God and man; it is enfolded in your nature, and your great aim should be to discover what God has put in you by regeneration. I believe in regeneration. I have no sympathy with this modern teaching that everybody begins with God in them and they have just got to develop the God which is born in them. I believe in regeneration as the impartation of the very life of God into the soul, and when the life is imparted it contains within it the germ of eternal bliss, but you want to know the possibility hidden in your soul. You are a partaker of the divine nature, but you want to know the contents of the possibility. You know that just at this time there was a mighty revival spreading throughout the land; all the people in Palestine were agog; a new voice had broken upon the silence of three hundred years; standing upon his rocky pulpit the Baptist had held the masses of the people spellbound, and they had left their business and their homes and had poured out until the shores of Jordan were black with the throngs of people, and the caravans that crossed over at Jericho on their way to Jerusalem would halt their camels and mules that they might listen to him, and the young manhood of Galilee left their fishing boats and nets and everything and poured down the gorge of the Jordan, and among them were Peter, James, John, and others, taking their little tents with them, and they would tent out during the night and the scorching heat of the day, but they would spend the early morning and the dewy evening spellbound, arrested, listening to that wonderful voice that made them think of Malachi and Isaiah and of all the great voices that had rung through the corridors of the Hebrew Bible; and Peter used to think that there was nobody on earth like the Baptist, and he felt rather mortified to hear the Baptist say that there was some one coming mightier than himself, and Peter often said to Andrew, "I wish he would not talk like that, I do not believe that there is anybody who could have the same power over me that he has." He did not know that there was something yet in front any more than you know, but there is something in front. One afternoon as he was lying in the little brown tent within the sound of the music of the Jordan waters pouring down to the Dead Sea, Andrew burst in on him and said, "Brother, we have found Him!" Found whom?"

he said. "Found the One of Whom the master spoke the other day." "I would like to see Him." "He wants to see you." So up he sprang, and with all the energy of his younger manhood he went quickly to the presence of Christ; and he never forgot that first glimpse of Christ when Jesus Christ looked deep down into his heart, as Peter had often looked down into the crystal depths of the Galilæan lake, and He said to him, "Your name is Simon Bar-jona, son of a dove, but you are capable of being a rock—you are capable of being Peter, a rock." Peter was absolutely taken aback, his wife had always told him he was so shifty, her mother had often told him that there was no depending on him; everybody who knew Peter knew he was up one day and down the next, that he was swept to and fro by every gust; and that he should be capable of being a rock, that he should be able to stand steady, that he should be able to endure amid the beating of the surf, why, that was quite a new idea to him. He said, "You are capable of something more than you are" Woman, you have been but a gay butterfly of fashion, and dress and society have filled your soul, but you have something in you better than that. Man, you have been only a business man, as you say, but do you know there are lying within your soul undeveloped powers, which, if you would only let Jesus have a chance, He would unfold and make you a leading man for God in the city in which you live? Young brother, God wants you for something of which you have never dreamed, if you would only give Him a chance. O men and women! for heaven's sake, do not think that you have attained or that you have reached your highest stature! I tell you this conference during these days is going to introduce a new era in your life, and you shall date from these days the beginning of something altogether unanticipated, not because of anything in you except God put it there. That is the first thing Jesus does. He says, "You are capable of a lot more than you have got; Jacob, you shifty sheik, you are capable of being Israel or prince; Abram, you are capable of being the father of many nations, you shall be called Abraham; Saul, the tent-maker, you are capable of being Paul the Apostle,"—that is the meaning of imputed righteousness. It is no use to scourge people when they do wrong; always wait until your chance comes ,and then say to them, "You can do it better than that." If you want the work of a servant, do not blame her when she does wrong, but always praise her when she does right and tell her that she is capable of being a fine good servant and help. That is the way God does.

The second great step was to find out who was going with the Master. Peter left the Jordan valley, and he went with Jesus to Cana, and then down to Jerusalem. He saw the water made wine,

and went down to Jerusalem and saw the crowd there as they gathered around Jesus; and he saw Nicodemus come over the veranda, muffled up, to spend an hour or two in the night with Christ; and then he went to his wife and to his fishing. Nine months elapsed, and he then thought he saw that face looking down on him through the stars and heard that sweet voice on the night air. Then one morning when his boat was dripping with the water of the lake, out of which it had just come, and the sun over the hills yonder was casting long shadows of the boat upon the shore, whom should he see but Jesus, and a crowd following and crushing around Him; and Jesus came straight to his boat and said, "Old friend, comrade,"—He said comrade or friend—"I wish you would give me the loan of your boat that I may transform it into a pulpit," and he was only too glad. He said, "Certainly," and he called to the men and ran the boat down and anchored it a few inches off the shore ,and he sat down, as I think, in the boat, in the bottom of the boat, with his two elbows resting on his knees, looking into the face of Jesus like a young fellow looks into the face of the girl who is his choice. How long Jesus spoke he never knew or counted. It seemed like a dream. When the talk was done and the people went home to their breakfast in the early morning, Jesus turned to him. Jesus wanted to pay for the loan of the boat and He had no money with which to pay, but He wanted to pay for the loan of it, not with silver, but with fish. You never can loan anything to Jesus without His paying you back for it He did not want to tell Peter that because He wanted to give him a surprise like you give your children, so He simply said, "I want you to put out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught," and there was the point—I will not say a collision, but a possible collision—it has come to every one, it has come to every man and woman—who is going to be the master in your boat, in your business, in your home, in your life—and there is always a fight.

I shall never forget my own child, now grown; I shall never forget that morning at breakfast when she was about four years old. Towards the close of the meal she took a spoon in a tantrum and threw it on the floor, and I knew the time had come when she or I was to conquer. I believe it took me a whole hour over it; my sermons, my engagements, everything stood still that morning until it was settled whether she or I had the stronger will. Of course, I used no force. I simply said, "Hilda, that spoon has got to be picked up; father is going to wait here the whole day, but he is going to have his will about it; you will have to do it;" and at the end of the hour she did it, and I kissed her. I said, "It is all right; we will never have that again, but when father says a thing it has got to be done."

What was true in that parlor at Leicester has got to take place in your life, and I would advise you if you have never done it to do it tonight. I know that thirty years ago there was a thing in my life that cropped out one night and I kept Him three hours over it until He won; and I had the key of the cupboard and held in my fist, like my father used to when I would play with him as a boy, and He opened one finger after another, and I said, "I am not willing, but I am willing to be made willing," and He opened the cupboard and cleaned it out. I do not say that it is coming like that to you; maybe you are not going to have any fight—you are better than I was or am—but when you kneel down and say your prayers tonight, do not say them in a perfunctory manner, but say, "Jesus, I do give Thee the command of my life, I do surrender it to Thee, at Thy word I will let down the net; at Thy word, Jesus, at Thy word I will give up that young fellow who is making love to me; he is not a Christian and I am, and at Thy word I will renounce him; Jesus, I will give up a partnership in that trust, that trust is making money in an illegitimate manner ,and I am in it, and I am going to get out of it; or, Jesus, I have put in my investment indirectly, I did not know what I was doing, I know now that it has been used for the manufacture or sale of strong drink, of alcohol, and I have some share in it, and I am going to come out of it; Jesus, there is a woman I have sworn I would never speak to again because I think she treated me badly, but I am going to write her a letter tonight and I am going to ask her to forgive me and to be friends; Jesus, I have been going to these worldly society feeds and parties, I and my children have been going into the dance and theater like the people of the world and I have lost my peace and I am going to drop it." Do you mean business? It has got to come. There has to be a point in every boy's life and in every girl's life when Jesus is supreme, and that is all. Then do not be afraid, young people, because when He is in His right place then He gives you all the good things, all the sweeties. Give Him His right place and He will pour into your life tides of crystal water fresh from the throne of God. I will leave that, but you must not leave it.

The third thing is the breaking down of the barrier between the eternal world and the time world, bringing your life into homogeneity. I love to think of how it came to Peter. He had been accuseomed to think about the synagogue in one place and the fishing in another; he never thought that there was any sort of connection between religion and fishing; he was quite prepared to listen to John the Baptist standing on his rocky pulpit, or to Jesus sitting in the boat, but it had never occurred to him that God was interested in

fishing, and that there was no barrier between the eternal world and the boat and the fishing net, and so on and so on, he never thought of that; but just as the eternal burst in on Moses and the bush shone when he was keeping the sheep, so the eternal burst in on Peter when he was letting down the net; and just I have heard of business men who, in their business life, have suddenly become aware of God, and they have gone and locked their counting-house door and knelt down in the very counting-house and felt as if God was there. And it came just so to Peter; he let down the net and was almost pulled over the boat's side by the weight of the fish, and he knew that Jesus had sent the imperceptible will power down to the very depth of the lake, collecting the fish and driving them in front, and he saw that Jesus was willing to come into a workingman's life and to irradiate his very simple toil. Brother minister, I do not know that I could possibly tell you what that has meant to me, to go fishing with Jesus. So while you let down your carefully prepared sermon, your net that you have woven with so much assiduity, Jesus is by your side on the platform, or in the pulpit, and by the exercise of His will power is influencing the people for the net. I was in Boston lately for a few hours with Mr. Will Moody. It was in the afternoon, and we were waiting for the train. He said to me, "Mr. Meyer, what would you like to see in Boston?" I said, "The statue of Phillips Brooks." He said, "All right, it is not far from the station; we will walk down to it." We did. I shall never forget it. There it stands on the outskirts of the precincts of his church, and Phillips Brooks, with his left hand upon his Bible and his right hand in his characteristic attitude, is just preaching in sun and shower to the Boston citizens as they go to and fro on that busy thoroughfare, and three inches behind him, with his fingers resting upon his left shoulder, is our Lord. The two are in the same pulpit. At Northfield a reporter got off his wheel and came to me and said, "I would like to tell you more about that. Mr. St. Gaudens, the artist, was an irreligious man when he started upon that statue. Then he asked that they would give him the life of Phillips Brooks to read and at the end of the reading of that book he thought he would put an angel in front of Phillips Brooks. as though beckoning him forward; then he came to the same gentleman and said. 'I wish you would give me a copy of the gospels, I would like to read them through,' and by the time he got through with the gospels he thought that instead of putting an angel in front he would put Jesus behind. He died shortly after, a Christian, converted through that act." Brother minister and brother evangelist and brother Sunday-school teacher, remember never to let down the net, however carefully woven the mesh is, unless Jesus Christ is three

inches behind you. There is nothing between the pure soul and the eternal city except the veil that you and I weave by our own inconsistency and unbelief. "Heaven lies open to us all," and the meanest bush is aflame with God; only he that sees takes off his shoes.

I just touch upon something, as I come to the close, to help the ministers and the evangelists who are here, that Jesus thoughtfully teaches the overflowing generosity of God. Peter was nearly pulled over the side of the boat, and he said in a side whisper, "Andrew, beckon to those men to come and help us." Mind you! Peter never thought of beckoning to them before; he would sooner have let the fish out of his net than call them, because if they took too much fish to Capernaum they would lower the price; he would rather let the fish go free than let anybody else share them; he never would have asked James and John to come; but oh! when a man really goes along with Jesus all the time he gets his heart so big he wants other people to share the blessing. Brother minister. I have had to fight almost all my life. When I have had a big haul of fish in my church, when I have had a revival on, I have wanted to keep every shad of them, and I have not wanted the Methodists to get any. What an accursed selfishness! But mind you! when Andrew had beckoned, and James and John brought their boat alongside, they filled both the boats so that they began to sink; there was enough for each of them; no boat could be more than full. Peter got his boat full, and James and John got their boat full, and they felt kind to Peter; they had not felt so nice to him for a long time. You, Baptist brother, when you get a haul of fish, get the Methodists to come in, and you, Methodist, when you get a haul of fish, call the Baptist pastor in, and mind you! never dare to think that God gives you a blessing for your own little church. He saves souls not to fill your pews, but for the glory of Jesus. Oh! that the blessed Lord would come into the midst of us, as it is in this great country of yours where you cannot see where one big farm begins and the other farm ends, because the corn is growing up all over the country, and it is all corn. We do not want to see where the Baptist farm ends and the Methodist farm begins—you can see that in the winter, but in the summer it is all a mass of wheat.

When all the boats were full and the wind sprang up and they were going to run before it to the shore, Peter with his naked feet, stepped over the slippery fish all piled up in a heap, and they gave way beneath him, and he stumbled to the side of Jesus, and I think knelt down against His knee and sobbed. Women cry, but men sob. I have heard men sob when they were coming back to God, and I believe Peter sobbed and Jesus did not chide him, and Peter, looking

up, said, "You lovely man, I will never forget this afternoon; now I am going to run before the wind and put you down where I took you up this morning, and you will go your beautiful way, and everybody will love you, and they will make you king, and you will sit on old David's throne, and I will look at you from the crowd that stands around, but I will go on with my boat and fishing," and Jesus said, "Why wont you come along, too?" And he said, "No, if you knew me better you would not ask me. There is John out there in the boat; he is a saint, he is the sort of a man for you to take along with you, but if you take me you will repent it. I am a sinful man; I am not good enough for the likes of you." And I think Jesus put His hand—I am almost sure He did—on his head, on the shock of hair on the fisherman's head, and He said, "I cannot do anything with sinful men who do not own up, like these Pharisees, but when a man is broken up for his sin and his heart is full of longing, I can make something of him." Peter said, "Depart from me for I am a sinful man." Jesus said, "I do not want you to go; I want you to come with Me; I can make an apostle of you." I do not think that Peter answered then; he simply stumbled back and took his position, may be in the prow of the boat, and Jesus sat away in the stern, and the boat ran before the wind, and Peter got out first and lifted Jesus out when the boat stranded.

And I always think that Peter's wife had come down to see the boat come in. She said to her mother, "Mother, I see the boat is coming in; if you will look after things at home and have supper ready I will go down and see after husband. He did not come home to breakfast this morning; he has been out all night and all day, and I must go to see him and bring him in." So the good wife was waiting there when the boat came in, and when Peter had lifted Jesus out he went around to her and said, "Wife, can you spare me for a bit?" She said, "What do you mean?" He said, "Can you spare me to go along with Him? He wants me to go with Him for a bit; can you look after the house and the tax gatherer when he comes, and the sale of the fish, and the men and the boat; can you look after things while I am gone?" "Oh!" she said, "Husband, never mind about the home or the fish or anything else; I will see to them; you go along with Him; you have been a different man since He came into your life; mother and I were saying only a few minutes ago that you are not the same man since you met Him." So he went back to Jesus and said, "I have talked it over with my wife and she says that I may go; you understand that our house is your house whenever you come to Capernaum, you come and stop with us," and he went after Jesus, and gave Jesus no end of trouble!!! I want you

to understand that the thing that damns men and women is not sin, but the failure to believe in the infinite love that conquers sin. As long as you can believe in the love of Jesus that will not let you go, you will come all right. The very first thing He said on Easter morning was, "Where is Peter?" and the women rushed into the room and saw him all huddled up in the corner, and they said, "Peter, He wants you." Peter looked up and said, "He does not want me. He is surely done with me." They said, "No, He said it, He told the angel to mention your name—didn't He, Mary?" And Mary said, "Yes, He did." "Oh!" said Peter, "it is just like him." And he ran, and when John had gone home Peter and Jesus met face to face in the garden. "He was seen of Cephas." On the day of Pentecost, when Peter stood there and gathered three thousand into his net, Jesus whispered three inches behind him. He said, "Did I not tell you I would make something of you, though you were a sinful man?" And Peter laughed up into the face of Christ and said, "Yes, you have done your part; if you had not done it I would not have got these people. You have done it; you sent them into my net when they were fish in the lake—now that these are men, you have sent them into the net." O man, man! what would not Jesus make of you if you would give Him a chance? Woman, woman, woman! how you have frittered away your opportunities. Oh! those lost years! Are you not sick of them?

The Holy Spirit

PART I.

By REV. F. B. MEYER, D. D.

We want to talk today about the Blessed Spirit. I am not going to ask you to turn to the passages, but I am going to give you one passage after another and show you what, in my judgment, those passages mean. In talking about the Holy Spirit, I am not going to argue in the first place as to His personality. It seems to me that any man who holds the Greek testament and who has meditated on our Lord's words, will remember that St. John, in recording these words, breaks the rules of grammar and uses the masculine pronoun of the neuter word "pneuma," and when he speaks about the "pneuma," this Holy Spirit, he folows it up by "he," thus going out of his way to accentuate the personality of the Holy Spirit—if the word "personality" is admissible. We know that it is a very difficult thing to define exactly what we mean by three persons in the Godhead—Father, Son and Spirit, just as the trinity and unity of your own nature—you are spirit, soul and body—you are triune, and yet you are an individual that is undivided. Every man here is a trinity in unity, and if you are troubled with the mystery of the Holy Trinity, first explain the trinity of your own being and then you will understand better the Trinity of the Eternal God. When you pronounce the benediction, my brother ministers, never use the words, "God, the Father, bless you; God, the Son, bless you, and God, the Holy Ghost, bless you,"—that seems to imply that there are three distinct Gods. Always let your benediction be, "The blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son and Spirit,"—it is all included in the unity of the one God.

The personality of the Holy Spirit is clearly admitted by our Lord when He says, "I will give you another Comforter." The very fact that He speaks of the Spirit of God upon an equality with Himself indicates in our Savior's idea He was as much a person—I again use the word with reserve, but it is the best word I know—that He was as much a component part of the Holy God as the Second Person

of the Trinity was Himself. The word "parakletos" is used also of Jesus. There are two paracletes. The word that is used of the Holy Spirit continually in the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of John is also used of Jesus Christ Himself in the First Epistle of John 2:1, "We have an advocate, or paraclete, with the Father." There are, therefore, two paracletes, if you use the word paraclete of Jesus Christ, as you must do if you hold to St. John's first epistle; and you are equally compelled to use the word paraclete of the Holy Spirit as being a person equally with our Lord. Paraclete is to beckon to come alongside; it is the being you beckon to to stand by you; and the word advocate is the same in Latin as "I call to my side." There are the Latin and the Greek of that one word. Our word is "Comforter"—"com," together, and "fortis," strong; it is the one person by whose presence I am made strong. Without further proof of the personality of the Holy Spirit, allow me to explain what, in my judgment, was meant by Pentecost; and I want to explain it in two directions: First, Pentecost is to the Holy Spirit what Bethlehem was for the incarnation of Jesus Christ. Let me explain what I mean. You and I hold, of course, that Jesus Crhist, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, was always in the bosom of God. Before time was He was God; He was with God; He was always in the world; the world was made by Him; and, as you, know, the phrase "the angel of Jehovah," all through the Old Testament, is supposed to be the characteristic of the Second Person in the Trinity in His dealing with men preparatory to His incarnation. Then there came His incarnation when He was born of the Virgin, and for a period of thirty-three years He seems not to have made use of the divine side of His nature. I am again using clumsy words to set forth the infinite mystery, and I always hold if you are trying to explain this to a young man or to a young woman, who cannot go into the mysteries of the argument as you might do, I have always found it a convenient way to explain it by saying, "It would be quite possible for me to enter into my life and keep my right hand voluntarily behind my back and do the work of my life with my left hand, always keeping my right hand in reserve, always conscious that I had a right hand, but, as it were, cutting off the use of it from my daily occupation;" so I say repeatedly, in dealing with working people and young men and other people, that I know of no better way of explaining the mysteries of the incarnation than by saying, "The Lord Jesus Christ, as it were, laid aside one part of the apparatus which was within His reach and confined Himself to the use of the other side of the apparatus, the human side, always having this in reserve and being conscious of its special relationship to God, but after His ascension

He avails Himself of the perfect humanity of the servant of Jehovah with the absolute Deity of the Eternal God." I find that to be a convenient way of explaining my idea of what the "kenosis" theory is constantly trying to deal with. The incarnation ,therefore, was the coming of Jesus Christ to a human body, born of the Virgin. That is the identification of God with man in a new fashion, and in that human body He passed through life to His death and ascended to His Father's right hand. He was in the world before His incarnation, but from the moment of His incarnation He came into the closest contact with men. So the Holy Spirit was in the world before Pentecost, but on the Day of Pentecost He came into a human body—that is, He came into closer contact with men than ever before. In the case of Jesus, the body was born of the pure Virgin, but in the case of the Holy Ghost the body was the church, which was created, brought into existence from the hour of the resurrection of the Head of the Church.

The church dates from the resurrection to the second advent. There are plenty of good men who are not in the church, but the church is the organ which has taken the place of the Hebrew people. The Hebrew people, Paul teaches us, were God's organ in the Old Testament times, and had they been true to God, they would have been His organ all along until the whole world would have been affected; but the Hebrew people having failed God, God put them right away from Him, though He keeps them in reserve for some future occasion, which I believe will be, perhaps, after the present war, when they will go back to their own country and become again the organ of God for the conversion of the world. The church occupied the parenthesis between the resurrection and the ascension and continues to the end of the present era, and this is the body which is formed by the Holy Ghost and in which the Holy Ghost is resident to do His work in the world; and that is why I am such a high churchman, that is why I am always trying to make the church take its proper position, both in the Christian work with which we have to do and in political life. I believe the church of God ought to be "first" through and through, and that if we have a church properly taught it becomes the body through which the Holy Ghost in a given community is able to carry out God's purposes, just as in the human body Jesus Christ worked great miracles during His human life. In the second and fourth chapters of Acts you will find that men and women were added—it does not say "added to the church;" that is an italic. In the second chapter of Acts you are told that the Lord added to them—I do not think that is right, but that is made good in the fourth chapter—the men and women who were converted were

added to Him, not to the church; and that is where your converts will not go wrong. We talk about additions to the church—they ought to be additions to Him—you may add people to the church without adding them to Christ, but you cannot add people to Christ without adding them to the church; and one thing to go for is the gathering of the people around you; and you, dear man, make more of your church. You have to have society meetings, you must have meetings where your church members feel they are the body to co-operate with you in your work.

I want to speak a moment of the church being the body of the Holy Ghost, and under that put "sit" or "sat," in Acts 2:3. You find the Roman Catholic Church calling herself the Holy See. What does that word "see" mean? It is the Latin word "sedere," to sit. The idea of that "see" is that the Roman Catholic Church is the seat on which the Holy Ghost sits. When the one advocate went up to the throne of God, the other advocate came down to the throne of the church; and you will find in Cardinal Manning's book entitled "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," that he holds that the Roman Catholic Church is the throne of the Holy Ghost in this world; and that, of coure, lies at the back of Romish pretensions. We think that the Holy Ghost would have chosen a cleaner seat, any way, than that which is drenched with the blood of martyrs. Fifty millions of martys, they say, have suffered beneath the Roman Catholic Church during the Christian centuries, and it has been sown with fornication and whoredom, as you know. While we refuse to admit that, we hold that the church, the mystical church, the church composed of all believers—I suppose that you and I hold that the church of God, the mystical church, consists of all who hold Christ, of every name and sect and of no name and no sect, and members of the Greek Church and of the Roman Catholic Church in the bargain—everybody who holds Jesus Christ by direct personal touch, is a member of the holy mystical church, the Catholic church, and upon that I believe the Holy Ghost sits to rule mankind; and I am a high churchman because I want more and more to accentuate the work of the Holy Ghost through the church — not through us parsons and ministers, but through the aggregate body of Jesus Christ. Pentecost, therefore, was to the nativity what the nature of Christ was to the human body, that the coming of the Holy Ghost was to the body of the church, and the body is increasing all the time and growing all the time, to become the organ of Christ in God.

The second thing is very important. Suppose that I were to have an allotment of an estate made to me in your country; that on my arrival on the tract I find so much arable land, so much forest land,

and so on, and that I would at once start in to fence around a certain area upon which I would consecrate my attention at the first start, and then push my fences out this way and that way, and that every year I would push the fences further back until finally I had brought the whole area under cultivation, and that when I had the whole under cultivation I suddenly discovered that I had some coal under one part, and some oil wells under another part, and some iron under another, and I at once realized that I had the whole thing at the start. I never knew until I began to develop my estate all the content of it. So when the Holy Spirit is given you in regeneration, you have the whole Holy Spirit given you in His glorious plenitude, but it is only as light advances that we begin to discover everything which was in the content of the Holy Ghost. It does not mean that you are going to receive something different from what you have ever had, but you are going to find the oil wells which you had all the time and never knew you had them; you are going to discover that my teaching is based on that. Just as it is the same Savior you had at conversion, Whom you know better and better every year that follows conversion, so it is the one Holy Spirit you received at first when you were born again. O brothers! there is an exploration of the content of the Holy Ghost. Therefore, when a man first receives the Holy Ghost he finds the Holy Ghost the new germ of life. He discovers that the Holy Spirit reveals Jesus—that is all right; then maybe he discovers that the Holy Spirit neutralizes the power of sin—that is all right. After he has found out all these things there is another aspect of the Holy Ghost, namely, that He is the anointing power for the ministry. The man who has had the Holy Ghost for any time now turns to the Holy Spirit and says, "Blessed Holy Spirit, I want something more from Thee; I have had this and that, glory to Thee! but I want now the anointing," and it is the reception of the Holy Ghost in a new quality, you find in Him something you never dreamed about, and you begin to count on it. That is the general run of things.

Again, let me ask your thought! Our Lord Jesus Christ was born of the Holy Ghost. The seed, whatever it was, was the direct action of the Holy Ghost upon the womb of Mary—it was the direct action of the Holy Spirit. I believe in the Virgin birth. I think a man is a fool to say that it is not so. There are plenty of cases of virgin birth all through creation, and that God Almighty should be debarred from working a miracle for a certain purpose, supposing it were necessary, is absurd; it is not a miracle, it is simply adapted to the human body, purposes already at work in other parts of creation. The Virgin birth, therefore, was due to the Holy Spirit. I do not know anything about Christ's thirty years, or very little, neither

do you, but there came a time in His life when He came down to the Jordan to be baptized—like scores of you last night who went alone and gave yourselves to God and died to some form of sin or indulgence; that was your Jordan. When Jesus came out of the Jordan He stood beneath heaven, and He heard God's voice saying, "Thou art My beloved Son," and hundreds have heard that. Whenever you dare to step up and do a new and deeper thing in your religious life, God Almighty always says in your heart, "Thou art my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." At the same time Jesus was anointed for His ministry. Every man must get that. At the moment that Jesus stood there beneath the open sky He was anointed with the Holy Ghost, as Paul tells us in the Acts of the Apostles, where he says distinctly that Jesus was anointed, in the tenth chapter. We are told in Luke that thereafter He was carried by the Spirit into the wilderness and that He returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee. And then in the fourth chapter of Luke it says that Jesus got up in the synagogue and said, "The Spirit of the Lord hath anointed me to preach," showing that Jesus Christ recognized in an especial sense that He had received the unction of the Holy Spirit for His human ministry among men. Do not forget chapters three and four of Luke, which are the passages on which I am dwelling, where Jesus Himself spoke about anointing, as well as that in Acts when He was leaving His disciples. He had taught them all He could, and He knew they wanted power for their ministry, and He knew they wanted to have done to them (speaking after the manner of men) what He had done to Him at Jordan, and so He said to them, "As soon as I get into my Father's bosom, I will ask the Father and He shall give,"—it is the Greek word "erotao;" it is not exactly supplications; but asking of one equal with another; I cannot use the word demand, but it has more the idea of that—"I will request the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter." That, you remember, He says in the fourteenth chapter. Peter tells us in the second chapter of Acts, He said, "Having received of the Father,"—now, mind you that! I tell you that those two words revolutionized my thinking on this subject—"I will ask the Father," "erotao;" and in Acts, second chapter, "Having received of the Father," "lambano," of course; Colossians, chapter one, "It pleased the Father that in Him should all the 'pleroma,' power, dwell." In Colossians 2:9, "For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily,"—"somatikos." You who know your Greek ought to let these three words sink into your hearts, "erotao, lambano and somatikos." "It pleased the Father that all the 'pleroma' of the Holy Spirit should dwell in a human receptacle." And you and I can understand that because we might

not be able to receive the pure spirit from the pure spirit of God, but we can receive the Holy Spirit through the medium of the divine humanity of Jesus Christ; it is brought within the reach of men. "Having received from the Father the promise of the Holy Spirit, he hath poured forth this that you see and hear." There was the gift of the Holy Ghost to the church.

Let me speak of one thing more that explains a crucial matter. You say, "Mr. Meyer, you said just now that the Holy Spirit was in the world before Pentecost." "Yes, I did." "Then did not some people receive the Holy Spirit before Pentecost?" "Yes, certainly." "Then what does Pentecost mean exactly? what more do we get now?" That is a pertinent question. You have been in the high mountains of your country. I have been in the Alps. You have seen, as I have in Switzerland many a time, the sunlight tinging the upper line of peaks while you have been in the valley, and you see the glorious light upon those summits, but it takes a long time before that light reaches down to the stones and brooks and the little homes of the people in the heart of the valley. Well, now you have it! that is it! Before Pentecost no doubt there were a few men who were Alpine summit men like Elijah and Isaiah and Daniel, who received the Spirit of God for their ministry, but the Holy Spirit was not given to the democracy—He was given to the aristocrats! There you have it! Peter said, "In that day your sons and daughters shall prophesy and I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh,"—there is the emphasis, "upon all flesh,"—that is, different sorts of people, not high people only, but all sorts of Christian people. "And your sons and daughters," boys and girls, "will prophesy, and your old men will dream dreams,"—when they think they are past their time they will wake up and see something—"your young men will see visions, and upon the servants,"—people employed on your farm, the operatives, the servants and handmaids, the girls that wait at table, upon these I will pour out that—that is democracy for you; it takes the women in! O men! I am so glad to be able to tell you what I see about it. Pentecost is democratic; Pentecost does not mean a few of us who have had great advantages should have the filling of the Holy Ghost, but that everybody may be filled. At the last verse of the thirteenth chapter of Acts, the apostles had been chased out of the table land of Asia Minor and they were all being filled with the Holy Ghost. Take this little cistern we have in our bath! As soon as you have exhausted one cistern, the ball and cock go down and it is filled again. And in the Christian life every man should have a cistern attached to the eternal reservoir, and every time you pull and lose any, you may fill up again. It is the imperfect tense, "They were being filled."

Moody got it; he told me the story; he did not get it all at once; he was preaching in Chicago, as only Moody could preach, and the people used to say, "Oh ,that is fine!" but a group of old ladies used to say, "It is very good, but there is something better for you," and Moody could never understand what they meant. One day he was going along Fifth Avenue in New York and something came on him which he had never known before, and he had a friend by there who had a house, so he went to this house and said, "Let me have a room by myself," and they gave him a room, thinking he wanted refreshment. "No," he said, "let me have a room by myself," and he went in and locked the door, and down he went upon his knees and on his face, and said, "O my God! there is an anointing, there is a filling, there is a power which I have never had; let me have it!" and he opened his heart out and the waves of light filled his soul. I do not think a man feels the power, but has the radiancy of it. Get over the feeling for power! God never gives you power like Sandow. All over our country you see pictures of Sandow and you are urged to go to him to learn gymnastics. God never gives you muscles to exhibit, but gives you a consciousness of power; the power is not in your muscle, but in communion with the God of power. My power, if I can write well, is not in my pen, but in me. And you are never going to swagger about and say, "I am a mighty man; I can knock the devil down today," you must not do that. You are as weak as a kitten, but you are linked onto the Eternal God. It is not an attainment, but an attitude. If a man came up to me and said, "Tell me everything you have to tell me in four words!" I would say, "If you want everything I can tell you in four words, take these, "Not attainment, but attitude." It is not what you accumulate, it is what you get moment by moment. So Moody was down on the ground; he got the radiancy of it, and he went back to Chicago and preached with the power of God, and when he came down from the pulpit the old women were crying and laughing together, and they said, "All right! you are all right! you have it!" That was the beginning. There is not a man here but can have it. Oh, that God may help you! You can afford to get alone in some woods or quiet place and open your whole heart, as I did that day when I received my first infilling; I opened my whole heart and took down a deep breath through my lungs, and I breathed it in and said, "O Christ! as I breathe in the air on this mountain-top, I breathe myself full of the Holy Ghost," and it seemed that I breathed into my heart the Spirit of God; I did not feel anything. The devil said, "You are a fool, you have nothing!" I said, "I have!" "Well," he said, "you are a fool! you do not feel anything, do you?" I said, "No, I do not." But I stuck to it

until a few hours afterward when I came down to my room, and I walked around that supper table—I did not want any supper; my heart was so full of glory I could not keep myself still; I hardly knew how to sleep. That all went, but I counted that that was the beginning of a relationship between me and God, and that from that moment by faith in Him I might receive at any time the infilling of power to do the work to which he has set me. Forgive me for talking so long ,and ask God to put in better words these great things concerning which I babble as a little babe in the presence of a Socrates.

The Holy Spirit

PART II.

By REV. F. B. MEYER, D. D.

Edison has popularized the great forces of the world, has brought them within the reach of all, and I hold that Pentecost was the popularization of the spiritual forces of the Holy Spirit for ordinary people. I am extremely anxious that the people who have been doing the work of their ministry by the operation of their intellect may begin to unite themselves to the eternal forces of the Holy Ghost, for I am absolutely sure that they can multiply almost indefinitely their working force if they will bring their nature into union with the great power that Jesus Christ revealed and made easily obtainable by ordinary men, and if you are related to Jesus Christ you have a perfect right to lay claim to all the mighty power of Pentecost. It is simply waiting for you, not to acquire, because He acquired it, but is waiting for you to claim and appropriate. But you must understand the laws upon which the Spirit operates. In nature God is very exact. Just as soon as there is the least aberration on your part, any failure to obey the exact laws upon which the Spirit operates, that moment connection is broken between you and Him.

While we have the Holy Spirit in regeneration, and you cannot accentuate too greatly the work of the Holy Spirit in regeneration, there is another aspect of the Holy Ghost which we receive as ministers and Christian workers, which we know as an anointing, and that is our starting point today. The word "anoint" and the word "filling" indicate the same operation upon the soul of man. You want a nexus between them, and that is proved by the verses in Luke fourth chapter, where we are told that Jesus came up out of the Jordan filled with the Holy Spirit and was led of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted. In that same chapter, when he stands up and begins to speak in the synagogue at Nazareth, he uses the word "chrism." He says, "The Spirit of the Lord hath anointed me," —therefore the filling of the Holy Spirit is equivalent to the anointing of the Holy Spirit; and to that please add I John 2:20-27, where we

are told that we have a "chrism" of the Holy Ghost. Jesus rose up in the synagogue and said, "I am chrismed;" and in the First Epistle of John He says, "You are chrismed by the Holy Ghost, you have been anointed." The Christ is the "chrismed" one, and we are Christians because we have received the "chrism" of the Holy Ghost. That is, the Holy Spirit is in us for regeneration and sanctification, but on us, or anointing us, in order that we may do our work more efficiently. If Jesus Christ needed to wait for thirty years until He was anointed with the Holy Ghost, though the whole world was crying, "Son of God, come and help us!" what fools we are to plunge into this work until we, too, have received our "chrism," or anointing.

I do argue that you need the Holy Spirit as an anointing, not merely once in your life, but repeatedly, because the fragrance of it passes away, and, therefore, I want to give you these three texts, which are all of them interesting: Acts 2:4: "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost;" there is the aorist tense, and if you are not easily acquainted with the Greek, you ought to know the difference between the aorist and the perfect; the aorist was a sudden act, they were all filled with the Holy Spirit at that great occasion; and the same aorist is used again in Acts 4:31, which is most interesting. In Acts 2:4 they are all anointed or filled with the Holy Spirit for the great work of converting the world, but these same men, two chapters after, in the sudden emergency which had come on them through the action of the Sandhedrin, are again anointed for their testimony and work, which proves to me that although I may have been anointed at one moment in my life, still, when great emergencies come, when a great effort is to be made, I have a perfect right to claim that again upon my head should come the "chrism" of the living Christ. Put alongside those two verses Acts 13:52, where we are told that the Highlanders who had been recently converted in the table-lands of Asia Minor, were being filled all the time. All I am urging for this moment is that just as Jesus, when He contemplated His work for humanity, sought the special anointing, the articulation of His nature with the Holy Spirit, so the church, when it began its work in the world, needed to be articulated in a very special manner with the working forces of the Eternal God, that it might do on earth what God was doing in the heavens, and no work is ever going to succeed which is not a reduplication in our sphere of that eternal movement that is always going forward in the unseen and eternal sphere. Oh, that men would see that every true sermon has, so to speak, been formulated in the eternal sphere, and the man catches a glimpse of it and preaches it, and every movement in your village, town and church has first to be seen in the eternal before it is translated. "Make all these things after the pattern

shown thee in the mount;" that is one of the greatest texts of the Bible, and it is repeated three times over.

I proceed to another department, which to me is almost more important than what I have been saying. Not only does the Holy Spirit anoint a man so that he is equipped for any great act or emergency and for the perpetual work of the ministry, but he has a right to claim alongside of him the co-witness and co-operation of the Holy Spirit. To me that is, perhaps, the most important of anything. In John 15:26-27, Jesus said, "The Spirit will bear witness of me, and ye also shall bear witness, because you have been with me from the beginning." Acts 5:32, "We are witnesses of these things," said Peter, "and so is also the Holy Ghost whom God hath given." as though in the witness-box in Jerusalem there were two witnesses, and in the mouth of these two witnesses every word was established; the one witness was the church and the other witness was the corroborating witness of the Holy Spirit. "We are witnesses of these things and so is also the Holy Ghost." A little further on in the Acts of the Apostles, in the first missionary journey, in the fourteenth chapter, third verse, we are told that they went and preached everywhere in these Gentile cities and God bore witness with them. Have you taken that in, that these men preaching in these cities for the first time the gospel of Jesus, God bore witness constantly and quietly, witness with them? I want you to get that fixed. The result of that was that Paul became so accustomed to that witness that when he left Athens, a weary, disconcerted man, because at Athens he had really rested upon an intellectual campaign, and quoted Aratus and other Greek poets. You remember that during his journey between Athens and Corinth he came to the conclusion that he had been a fool and that he would preach the gospel not to the intellect, but to the Spirit, and in the power of the Spirit, and so he said, "I came to you in weakness and fear and much trembling, and my preaching was not with enticing words of men's wisdom, but in the demonstration of the Holy Spirt." What Paul meant was that while he was talking to the people he was in partnership with the Holy Ghost. The word "communion" all through the Greek is the word "koinonia," partnership, and that is the word used by Peter when he beckoned to his partners in the other ship. And I want every man in this place to go into partnership with the Holy Ghost and let your silent partner do the most of the work. In my preaching the Holy Ghost is my partner. If the people are not interested, I say, "Spirit of God, you must put on extra pressure here; things are not going very well." This attitude revolutionizes preaching.

Please put down these texts: Hebrews 2:4, Hebrews 11:4, Hebrews 11:39, Revelation 14:13. In the last text the voice from heaven says, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit." When I say, "Jesus died," the Holy Ghost says, "He did die, yea, I was there," and when I say, "Jesus arose," the Holy Ghost says, "He did, I was there," and when I say, "He is seated at the right hand of God," the Holy Ghost says, "Yea." Oh, we want the yea of the Holy Ghost and the amen! What we want in our ministry is to give the Holy Ghost something to say "yea" to. He is not going to say yea to everything. If you put in some pretty thing to please the fancy, if you do something which is apart from the main current of testimony, the Holy Ghost is mum; He is waiting there and He will say "yea" to anything which He can say yea to. It is a great gift to be able to describe things, but you do not want to describe things so that people will go away and say, "What an artist that man is,"—directly you do that the Holy Ghost does not say anything; He is not going to say "yea" for people to applaud you; He wants to keep you humble. Soak yourself in the Bible, preach the Word. The thing which has given my ministry any power it may have had has been the fact that I have been expounding one book. Spurgeon used to say, "There are some men who bring things to the Bible and other people who filch things out of the Bible, and the man who brings things to the Bible, making his sermon first and finding a text afterwards, will not last." I had just come into Copenhagen to hold a mission, and the man who was to interpret for me was ill, and they found a man to interpret for me who could not understand English very well, and I was not altogether pleased, and I went down to wash myself after my long journey, and came into the supper room, and a friend of mine, Lord Radstock's son, came in, and he was seated on the other side of the table and I was facing him, and he said, "I have had an interesting little incident; my wife and I were staying up in one of the fine Norwegian hotels on one of the fiords; it was a lovely place and a lot of nice people were there, but we were very much annoyed by a little girl who had just one tune at her fingers' ends, and she played that always, and when she came into the room everybody went out, and one of the finest musicians in Norway came along with his bride, and this man's highly refined taste was nauseated by this girl's jingle; he bore it twice, and the third time the child started he came down and pulled his chair alongside the child, and for every note she struck he played chords; she went on striking her note and he went on playing his music, and the people poured in, and when she stopped he took her by the hand and led her around and said 'Ladies and gentlemen, I want to introduce to you the young lady to whom you are indebted for the music of this

afternoon.'" And I said, "My dear man, if ever God spoke to another poor fellow and brother, He spoke through you to me today." I said, "I am that child; I go through the world with one tune, which I keep playing over and over and never play it without a mistake of some kind that mortifies me, but the Holy Ghost always comes and puts His hand upon the great company, the organ of human souls, the keyboard presented by my congregation, and as I strike my one note He plays chords on chords that thrill the hearts of men." That is the demonstration of the Holy Ghost.

Before you can receive the Spirit you must understand something of your own spirit. The tripartite nature of man comes out in I Thessalonians 51:23, "I pray God your spirit, soul and body may be preserved blameless." Romans 8:16, "The Spirit witnesses with our spirit." What is the distinction between the soul and the spirit, because the apostle makes a great deal of that? Corinthians, First Epistle, second chapter, contains the key to the whole psychology of Paul; there you have three men; one is the psychical man, the man in whom the "psuche," or soul, is the topmost that he is; that is the highest in him, he is psychical, a "psyche," and all spiritualism and a good deal of faith healing of the present day is psychical. You hear people talking of the psychic; that is simply the soul; it is the "psuche," soul; but we as spiritual men have a top station above the psychic. Emerson says that every man has three stories — the lower or physical, the body; above that the psychical, or soul; and above that the pneumatical, or spirit, only in most cases the spiritual apartment tier, or level, is seldom entered by men. Everybody has the spiritual, but they do not use it. It is like a whole series of rooms which are fitted for a king, but they are allowed to go to dust and neglect. People live on the psychical because they do not know the spiritual. The soul stands for our own personality; that is what makes you you, and me me. The soul is amphibious; it lives in two spheres; it is in contact with two worlds—there is the material world that we touch with our body, and there is the spiritual sphere that we touch with our spirit. The soul of man has two sets of apparatus—there is the apparatus downwards to the world; there is the apparatus upwards to the eternal, to the spiritual world. Now, most men are always using the apparatus downwards, and the soul is constantly coming in contact with the material world through the body, and the body is their main organ of utility. The spirit is in every man the organ of affinity with the Spirit of God. Every organ in this material body is repeated in the spiritual aptitude towards God; there is the eye of the body and the eye of the spirit, the ear of the body and the ear of the spirit, the touch of the body and the touch of the spirit—"Who touched me?"—

there is the nose of the body and the sense of smell in the spirit; so you have it in Isaiah, "Of quick scent, of quick smell." The nuisance is that the people who are all the time using the body downwards do not use the spiritual upwards—they live on one sphere. You know the tabernacle of old; inside the temple court there stood a sacred structure divided into thirds—the holy of holies, the holy place, the outer court—spirit, soul and body, the soul central between the inner shrine and the outer court; and I believe that that is really what God meant us to learn; it works out through the Bible you will find. Every man is born into this world with a capacity for God—that is every man has a holy of holies, a spirit, in his nature, if he will use it. Over the Ark was Shechinah, the light of God's holy presence, but when Israel was recreant there was no Shechinah; it was an empty place, as Pompey found it when he entered it. There were the incense altar, the candlestick, the show-bread. The soul has its faculties—it has thought, it has intellect, it has logical power, it has imaginative power, it has emotions—all these things gather around the soul and are its marvelous furniture; but when we are regenerated the Holy Spirit, as I understand it, comes in here and brings the divine Shechinah to shine within the spirit of man and it is as though an aperture were opened from man's spirit to the great spiritual realm, and through it God's Spirit came to live in the inner shrine of your spirit. Every regenerated man is given the Holy Ghost shining deep down in his sub-conscious nature; this is the subliminal self. But there is still a veil, and, therefore, Paul says, "I cannot write to you as spiritual but carnal,"—psychics. There is a heavy veil in most religious people hanging between the religious life and the mental life, but when Jesus died that veil was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and this whole thing was thrown into one apartment. And when crucifixion takes place in your life, when you die to sin, the old veil between your spirit and soul seems rent asunder and put away, and your whole nature becomes a unity in the sway and power of the Holy Spirit dwelling in your being, so that the light of the Holy Ghost illuminates your mind and emotions and imagination, so that all the furniture of the soul becomes radiant. I believe that men who live in the power of the Spirit of God have a marvelous increase of physical patience and forbearance and power to endure fatigue, which is largely given by the mighty dynamic of the Spirit of God which goes through the entire nature. Get rid of this veil! I am sure that you have the Holy Ghost, but the Holy Ghost does not fill you; but I want you to yield to the Holy Ghost so the Holy Ghost may have right of way through your being, have a thoroughfare through your nature and have a key to every apartment. If you have the gift of humor, it

plays about you like the sunlight on the lake, and it is all right, but it is purified and sublimed and transfigured by the indwelling Spirit of God.

There are at least five conditions on which a man may get this. First. You must desire the Holy Spirit for a right motive—you must desire the filling of the Holy Spirit for the right motive. You must not want the Holy Spirit merely to help you fill your church to get a bigger salary or attract people to you as a big man; the Holy Spirit will not be a partner in any business of that sort; you must want the Holy Spirit for a pure motive, to glorify Christ. Second. You must be willing to put away from your life anything which is inconsistent with the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; if there is anything in your life which is inconsistent with the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, then you must have done with it. Third. You must give the Spirit of God time to acquire more and more power over you; you cannot live in a hurry with the Holy Ghost; He has eternity to work in and you must give Him time. The Bible must soak in. Fourth. You must see to it that your preaching and teaching are Scriptural—that is, the Bible must be your text-book in preaching and your guide-book in your own private life; you must be ruled by the Word of God. Fifth. Which is the most important thing of all. Galatians 3:14, "That we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith." The Spirit of God is received by faith; that is not agonizing. People sit up all night to pray for the Holy Ghost, which is too absurd. You may take all night to get yourself into the right attitude, but you do not need to sit up all night to receive the breath of God's Spirit which He wants to give you. You receive the Holy Spirit by an act of faith. I did that myself. I went into a Keswick tent over thirty years ago; they were shouting, and I could not get on with it; and I went on to a mountain about midnight and I said, "My God, I receive the Holy Ghost by faith," and there was quiet peace, and I had the emotion after, but I did not bother about that. I had God, because God never gives you a stone if you come for bread.

May God light up these things! May my Partner make it clear to you when you get home!

God's Second

By REV. PERCIVAL CAMPBELL MORGAN.

I want to direct your attention to the tenth chapter of the Letter to the Hebrews, part of the ninth verse, "He taketh away the first that he may establish the second."

The words of our text reveal a perpetual activity of God. The purpose of our meditation is to lead us all to a new understanding of the part which God plays in our lives, and to enable us to examine the depth of our trust in Him. The text is a parenthesis, yet a very revealing one, showing a certain activity of God in taking away something already existing in order to establish a new and superior thing in its place. The aim of the writer is to demonstrate that Jesus, the Son of God, is in His own person superior to anything in the old Hebrew economy. He does so by showing that the Son is superior to angels, and to leaders, Moses and Joshua; Moses having led them up to the land, but not having power to lead them into it, and Joshua leading them into the land, but not being able to give them rest; but this Jesus leads them up to the land and into the land and in the land gives them rest. He is greater than the leaders of the old covenant; and, further, he declares that this Jesus is superior to the priesthood of the ancient times. In the chapter from which the text is taken the writer is showing the superiority of Christ to the old covenant in the following manner: He says, "In the old covenant there were many priests ,there was a repetition of sacrifices, but in the new covenant there is one priest and one sacrifice." In the first covenant the priesthood was for the Hebrew people only. In the new covenant the priesthood is for the whole world, for both Jew and Greek, for every man. In the old covenant they had the shadow of things to come; nothing permanent, but everything passing, leading to an ultimate, and he declares that in the new covenant we have the substance of which the former was the shadow. In the first covenant he shows us that we had a ritual which appealed to the eye and the ear, but in the new covenant we have Christ, who appeals to the heart and conscience and soul. So in our study this afternoon I want you to look at the text in relation to its context, and I do so because of the remark of a friend of mine, the Rev.

John Hutton, of Glasgow, who one day said, "A text without its context is only a pretext." I would like to look, first of all, at the teaching of the context and see how it leads up to the thing about which I desire to speak, and then we should look at the message of the text to our own lives.

Who is this of whom it is said, "He taketh away the first that he may establish the second?" For answer I want to take you back to the opening verses of this letter, and I want to say immediately that I am not at all concerned about who wrote this letter. Some of you may say that it was Paul, or, to be more modern, Apollos, or, to be quite up to date, you may say Priscilla—all I want to know is what was said. In the opening chapter the writer makes a two-fold assumption. He says, first of all, God is. He exists. It is as though he sweeps aside every argument for the existence of God, and says, "There is one thing agreed upon, God is." The next thing he says is that God not only is, but that He speaks, "God having of old time spoken in the prophets hath in these latter days spoken unto us by His Son." The two-fold assumption is that God exists and that He speaks. He then goes further and shows throughout the letter that the annulling of the ancient covenant was not the caprice of chance, but the action of the God whom this people knew. It was not a strange God, it was the God of their own experience, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God of their own religion, God in the midst of everything, taking away that He might establish, and he declares that sacrifices and priesthood are henceforth to be of no avail because there has come an eternal high priest and an eternal sacrifice in the person of Jesus Christ. And to these Hebrew Christians it is interesting to notice how he insists upon this thing, that the God of their own experience, that the God whom they had worshipped with ritual and sacrifice is the same God who is now taking away sacrifies, priest and ritual in order to establish something new and better in its place. The matter which concerns us pre-eminently this afternoon is that behind the crumbling of old systems, behind the calamities of our own experience, there is God overturning and upheaving, that behind it all there is a Person actively at work with a purpose in mind, but we are to remember that this God who at first sight seems to be harsh and unkind and almost without method—and, in our own hearts, at times when He seems to be taking away things that we hold most dear—we must remember that it is our own God, our personal God, the God of love.

Let us look, then, at the process of destruction! This God taketh away. The word used here is a harsh one, signifying the complete removal of the existing thing, the obliteration of it, the making of it not to be. Priest, ceremony, altar and ritual had all been swept away

almost relentlessly. The old system of elaborate construction had served its purpose. Paul, in the Galatian letter, says that the law was their schoolmaster to bring them to Christ. The figure he maketh use of is the "pedagogos," the slave, not the school teacher, but the one whose business it was to take the boy from his father's house each day for instruction. Paul says, "The law was that to us, it was that which led us up to the place where we got the greater education, where things were taught us; it was our schoolmaster, our slave to lead us to Christ." Here God had obliterated the past, and the sense of utter desolation was strong upon these Hebrews; they were experiencing something similar to that which Job passed through when he declared, "Behold, I go forward, but he is not here, and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, when he doeth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him." He was taking away, He was destroying and overturning.

This will help us to look at the next thing declared in this verse. "He taketh away that he may establish." That, to me, is the center of the text, and also of the whole letter to the Hebrews, that all the destruction was wrought with a deliberate purpose in view; God making the first of no avail in order that He may establish the second. This activity of God is not new. Go back into the book of Deuteronomy, and there call to mind how in the swan-song of Moses the writer makes use of the figure of the eagle stirring up her nest, of the mother bird going into the nest and stirring it up and casting forth the young birds over the precipice. As you watch them you say, "That is unkind; she is overturning the nest and throwing the birds out and they will flutter and fall and be broken on the rocks." Watch the process! Just as the young eaglets are about to fall, the mother bird will swoop under them and fetch them back to the nest again. That process will be repeated day after day until finally the young birds begin to feel the power of their wings, and the time comes when you see them fly away. They have learned the new thing, but it was by the process of overturning. That is what God was doing here. He was upturning and overturning and casting forth and taking away, but it was not caprice; it was in order that He might establish the second; that He might teach these people by means of their own system; that He might lead them to a higher plane of experience; that He might show them a more excellent way. He was taking away in order to establish.

The thing which I want you to notice is that there was reason behind the destruction. It was destruction in order to construction. It was desecration in order to consecration. The hand of God, when it does smite, does so in order to save; the chastisement that comes

is that of a loving father and not the arbitrary amusement of a despotic tyrant. That leads me to the thing which I am most anxious to say this afternoon, and which is the message of this to our own hearts and lives. The first thing that we ask as we look at the text with this purpose in mind is, Are we discovering the realization of a personal God in our own lives? It is an old and well-known platitude, almost, to declare that every man has a capacity for God, and yet I repeat it again today. Every man is worshipping a god. The God we worship—and for the moment I do not know that I shall carry you here with me, but I care not, for I hope to make myself clear in a moment—the God we worship is very largely one of our own creating. As a part cannot comprehend the whole, so a man cannot comprehend the whole of God. What are the first things you think about when you hear the word "God?"

Have you ever thought of the different conceptions of the Jew, the Christian, and the atheist, for example? Any idea is capable of analysis, you may break it up into its component parts. When you think of a tree, you think of the roots, branches, trunk and leaves. When you think of a book, you think of the pages and the cover and the leaves and the paper and the printed matter, not all separately, but they form your idea of a book. When you think of God, you think of spirit and light and life and power and love and majesty, all the differing parts. And so today when we hear of God or read of Him, we search after Him if haply we may find Him, and when we have formed our conclusions, the result becomes our God, and we worship. We measure God by human standards and in human speech. Surely that is the whole purpose in life of the coming to earth of Jesus Christ! God knew that men were measuring Him thus, He realized that men were forming their own conception of Him and flinging it out into immensity and getting a magnified man for their conception of God, and therefore He sent His Son. It is as when you put in the slide perfect in every detail and the lantern projects it into immensity, and you see the whole picture; so Christ was placed on this earth that men measuring God by human standards could fling out the lines into immensity, could trace out the lines from the Man of Nazareth and discover God incarnate and moving among men for their redemption. God sent His Son as a perfect man that men might have a standard from which to form their idea of God, thereby abolishing the need of any priestly interpretation of Himself, so that every man might be free to form his own conception of God. That, my brethren, is the supreme glory of our Protestant heritage. The Roman church has always sought to foist upon the people the priestly interpretation of God. Martin Luther saw that man could realize God through the pattern of Jesus Christ,

hence the Reformation. So our spiritual experience is only made possible by belief in the reality of the notion of a personal God. You cannot hold fellowship with an abstract idea in which you only half believe. There must be a personal God, and the God of the person, if there is to be any spiritual communion that is to be worth while in our lives. Hence the need of devout prayer, Bible study and attendance on these conferences. These things should not be believed in and practiced simply because they are a guarantee of heavenly reward—that is rank selfishness, that is hypocrisy, that is cant, and never accomplishes anything. They are to be believed in and should be approved because thereby our conception of God is enlarged and our spiritual life is nourished, and we can reveal that conception of God to our fellow-men. We can take Jesus Christ to the man without Him. O God, deliver us from selfishness in this religion of ours! God deliver us from the man who is content to sing of heaven while men are dying by his side! God is taking away the first to establish the second, and as we appropriate that second to ourselves it is our business to see that the man next door to us, our friend, the man outside, is brought into this great second of God and brought into the light and life of Christ. I am making this insistence upon the existence and agency of a personal God because we are in the day that is stamping out the idea of a personal God and putting in its place an automatic machine known as "Fate" or "Chance." There is a word in the Psalmist's utterances, "The FOOL hath said in his heart, There is no God." Notice, "the fool!" If you will take the realms of science and philosophy today you will find that these men are coming back and saying, "There is a God." They have not said it in that language, but they are getting there. It would not surprise me to hear them using that language.

The man of today who denies the existence of God—well the Psalmist says of him, "The FOOL hath said in his heart, There is no God." As a man looks around in nature and life, and in this Word of God, and in his fellow-men, he has to see the imprint of the divine, he has to discover God. And so, however mysterious the movements of God seem to our finite intelligence, if we could penetrate the exterior appearances we should discover the warm heart of eternal love behind all this process of taking away and destruction. It is a personal God who is operating this thing, and I want to carry you to Him as we look at the man in whose life almost everything has been taken away. I believe there are some here today who have come up to this conference because they feel that God has taken away everything out of their lives that is worth having. He has been abolishing and overturning, and here they are today with a sense of utter desolation in their hearts, to see if there is any mes-

sage here for them. I believe that God has given me the message, and I pray that He may give me the power to declare it to you. To a multitude of godly people there comes a day when all their hopes and aims are eclipsed—a day when in the morning all is sunshine and calm, but ere high noon is reached the sunshine is gone and you are in a condition that seems to make a mockery of all your hopes, and you have come to this conference wondering whether God is doing anything; you are looking out from the midst of the soul's heartache and saying, "Is God doing anything?" Do not stifle that in your heart, and do not go out advertising it around to other people. Get to Him with it and sob it out in His presence. Let Him know that you are restless and doubting. If, in the secrecy of this moment, you are asking that out of your own heart, I want to remind you that the God of our own conception sweeps away the things we hold dear. Then comes the test of a man's faith. One man will recognize a new manifestation of God, while another man will cry in the bitter agony of a stricken soul, "There is no God." Do not be in a hurry to criticize the man who says that the first time. There is an agnosticism that is very cheap and easy. There is a man who comes to you with a smile and says, "I do not believe that there is any God." Do not waste time talking to him. But if a man comes to you, and out of the agony of his soul says, "I do not believe there is a God," that man needs you, and that is the man I am talking about. It is the same thing, but with a different tone. Oh! how tone can change the whole business!

Have you ever gone back into the old book of Ecclesiastes and read a verse there where the writer says, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of the heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." I have heard that read so as to drive every young man away from religion. I heard a man read it once like this, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy heart," as much as to say, "Rejoice, if you dare, but know this, God is going to bring you into judgment," as much as to say, "You are to be very careful how you do rejoice." The tone shows what the writer meant; it was not a tone of warning, it was a tone of gladness. He said, "Rejoice and know that God will bring you to judgment; therefore put away sorrow from thine heart." A man can come to you and sob in agony, "There is no God; I cannot believe in God;" that is the man I am trying to talk to this afternoon. This truth may be illustrated by the frequent unsettlement of belief in the lives of children whose parents are Christian people. Have you ever noticed how frequently the child of the superintendent of the Sunday-school, the teacher of the young men's class, or of the

one engaged in some other form of Christian work, a boy or girl, brought up in that home, coming to the age of fifteen or sixteen, wanders away from God and comes to despise religion? It is not that they will not believe, it is that they cannot; it is because they have not thought this thing through for themselves; it is because they do not see that the God who takes away is also the God who establishes the second. Therefore just at that period of life, we sometimes lose touch with the young people. And so with the older man; he may become hardened to the fact that men will betray him, and yet there comes an hour when it seems that God Himself has betrayed him. Is not that the meaning, in a certain sense, of the most awful cry in the whole history of humanity? "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Reverently I say of that cry, God was taking away the first that He might establish the second; He was in that moment removing the old and putting into effect all the new; He was taking away and establishing.

Finally, a word only. There is a message of hope. It is the message of hope which is consequent upon constructive purpose. It is our God who is taking away. First recognize that and then remind your hearts that there is a purpose in it all. God does not make sport of a man; He does not deal with men as pawns on a chess-board. There is a divine purpose in all affliction which we may not be able to trace, but which nevertheless is there. In the case of Jesus. the reason of God's forsaking Him was that He might save the race. If our faith has laid hold of God with all its might, we shall recognize a purpose in the affliction. Perhaps if I give you one word of personal experience I will make this thing more real to you and to myself. There was a time not very much over a year ago when I did not think I should be able to preach a sermon of this kind. It was some sixteen or seventeen months ago when I looked into the eyes of a physician and he said, "You must come out of college." I was within a year of graduation in Cambridge University. He said, "Are you engaged?" I said, "Yes." He said, "You ought not to marry; you must not preach again." I looked at the man in astonishment. I wondered what in the world he was talking about. I said, "Never preach again! come out of college! never be married!" To cut a long story short, in six months after he said those things, I was married, preaching and ordained. Here is the thing: God in that was taking away the first of my life; He swept away everything I held dear. In those three or four moments, talking to that physician, tense and wrought up, I came to doubt if there was any God at all—college going, preaching going, my life work all taken away! He was taking away, and why? That He might establish the second. There came back all these things. All the essential of the first is in

the second when God gives it; everything of value in the things He sweeps away is brought back in the things He gives you again. He takes away, but when He gives you the second He then will bring the other that you missed and in a greater measure. May we be led into this experience this afternoon! Hear me patiently! I am not talking about the second blessing, but about an actuality that comes into every man's life. Some are saying, "Where is the blessedness I had when first I knew the Lord?" It is right where you left it! He is there waiting for you. The pathway back may be a hard one, but tread it, and go to the place where you can look up into His face and say, "Thy will be done." He will take away the first, perchance, but in its place He will put the second, which is far better.

In conclusion, first of all I would remind you that God is a factor to be reckoned with in our lives. The man who takes God with him is the man whose life is happy. The man who sows his seed with God is the man who is going to reap his crop with God. In the final day the question which God will ask is not "How many talents have you coveted?" but "What have you done with the talent you had?"

In the second place, there will come days of utter and absolute darkness to the man with God; there comes the time when we wonder if God is doing anything. And finally the message is this: In God's eternal purpose, whenever He takes away the first He is going in its place to put the second. And so in the great day of God may He grant that one and all we may look up into His face and thank Him through faith for the removal of the first, excellent though it was with all its beauties and wonders, and thank Him with glowing hearts for the far more inexpressible beauty and wonder of the second, which He has put in its place. And so, if there is some one here this afternoon who came to this conference tired and restless and wondering whether God was at work, seeing only destruction, listen, my brother and sister, He is taking away that He may establish, and for the destruction of today He will be building tomorrow. God's second is better than God's first. May He lead us unto the place where we shall share in His second! For His name's sake!

"When Thou Prayest"

MATTHEW 6 : 6.

By REV. JOHN KNOX McCLURKIN, D. D.

This text is not a command to pray. It is not an exhortation to pray. It is not an argument for prayer. It is an assumption that we will pray.

It implies that in the opinion of the Savior prayer has a place in the government of which He is the head, a recognized position in the world which He has made, in the laws which He has ordained. Several years ago I was sailing on the Bosphorus, coming out from the Golden Horn. The afternoon was beautiful, the water was calm, the voyage was perfect. Suddenly there was a cry, "Man overboard!" Instantly a signal was given. The great engines stopped. Life preservers were thrown out. The lifeboat was lowered and quickly manned. You could almost hear your heart beat as you watched that receding form in the vessel's wake. Every one seemed to hold his breath. What cheering, as the poor fellow was rescued and brought at last upon the deck! But if in the intricate machinery of that great vessel, human skill had made provision for such an emergency, do you not think that amid the wonderful mechanism which controls this world, amid the laws which God has appointed, He can make provision for answering the cry of His drowning child.

If the genius of feeble man can discover, use and control the laws of this world so that in answer to the message of distress, sent through the pulsations of the wireless air, from the sinking Republic, the great Baltic responded and saved a thousand fellow-beings from a watery grave, do you not think that the great Father in heaven can so use and control the laws appointed by Him, that He can make response to the cries of those going down in the waves of eternal death? However our minds may become mystified by speculation as to the fixedness of law and the answering of prayer; whatever skeptical philosophers may say as to the possibility of reconciling prayer with unchanging laws; however they may exalt law and dethrone the law-maker; it is, on the other hand, perfectly clear from the text

that Jesus recognizes prayer as having a place in the ordered plans of the government by which he rules the world.

Still further, the text implies that prayer has a place in the life of the child of God. Jesus is here speaking to the children of the covenant, to those who claim to be His own. To them He says, "When ye pray."

In the view of the Savior a Christian is one to whom it can be said, "When thou prayest." These then are implied teachings or assumptions which we read in the background of the text.

Let us now attempt to link to these words four teachings on prayer that grow therefrom and that may be read between the lines of these verses:

First. "When thou prayest." Recall the great illustrations of the power of prayer. The Bible is a picture gallery of prevailing suppliants. Abraham prays, and is called "the friend of God." Jacob prays, wrestling until the breaking of the day and receiving his new name, a prince that prevailed with God. Samuel had such power with God in prayer that when the hour of national danger came they called on him for his prayers. He was an old man laying down the burdens of office, but his answer to the people reveals the hiding of power in his wonderful life, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you." The activities of his life were passed, but his prayers would still encompass the nation as a pavilion of protecting power. David sings, and the highest and holiest of his songs are the breathing forth of the prayers of his heart. Elijah prays at Carmel; the heavens open; the fire descends; the showers fall. Daniel prays, and while he was yet speaking, before he had risen from his knees, the answer came. The Old Testament is one continued illustration of the prevailing power of prayer. The message from the New Testament is not different.

Pentecostal times were prayer-meeting times. The power from heaven that changed the history of this world, that began a new life on earth, that laid the foundations of the Christian church, was manifested in a prayer-meeting that had lasted through ten days. No greater meeting was ever held on earth.

Persecution times were prayer-meeting times. The early Christians met to pray for the imprisoned Peter, and his prison doors swung open.

Beginning times were times of special prayer. Paul reaches the shores of Europe, and a prayer-meeting by a river side marks the beginning of a new civilization that has transformed the Western World.

Parting times were times of prayer. Paul sends for the elders

of Ephesus, and, kneeling upon the seashore, prayed with them all as they wept because they should see his face no more.

We never really know Paul until we see him kneeling upon the cold floor of his prison cell. Listen to his petitions. What a prayer! "I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

As in Bible times, so it has been all along the path of the history of the Church. Those upon whose shoulders have rested the mighty interests of the Kingdom, have been men and women of prayer.

Jonathan Edwards, the great thinker of America, was accustomed to pray three times a day, whether at home or traveling.

Read the life of David Brainard, the great missionary among the Indians. Note the frequent records of a day of prayer and fasting. Then turn the pages and note how invariably the showers fell and conversions followed.

After Dr. Judson had been thirty-seven years in Burmah, near the close of that life of hardship, his wife often following him from prison to prison, when reading a letter that contained an answer to a prayer he had offered, he turned to Mrs. Judson and said, "Wife, this almost frightens me; I have never prayed long and earnestly in all my life that God did not give me a wonderful answer."

The seraphic life of Robert Murray McCheyne went out at thirty. People lovingly visit his grave in Dundee, Scotland. His motto was, "An inch of time on which to stand and preach Christ. Then the endless roll of eternal years." The secret of that wonderful life is seen when he was away in Palestine for his health. He was too weak to travel; too weak to write, or even talk. He spent his time in prayer for a revival in Dundee. The answer came, and to this day Scotland bears the marks of that great awakening.

Mr. Spurgeon testified that when he opened his eyes at the conclusion of his public prayer he was sometimes startled and embarrassed to realize that he was in the presence of his congregation. He had been so near to God, talking to Him as a friend with a friend, that he forgot all else.

Years ago I went into the church of Andrew Bonar in Glasgow, Scotland. He was an old man nearly eighty years of age. How the great audience hung upon his words, although they heard him so often and knew him so well! But this was the very reason for their

quickened interest. They knew him as a man of prayer. They knew him as a man who tried to save a few moments out of every hour for prayerful communion with God. It was this, I believe, that made his sermon so bright, fresh and attractive to his audience. This caused the sermon to linger with me through many long years.

Second. "When thou prayest." Remember the great Example of prayer. Like other ministers, I have a number of volumes in my library on the subject of prayer. They have all helped me. But the most quickening volume on prayer that we can ever read is the volume written out in the prayer life of Jesus. How did Jesus pray? Six great lessons on the subject of prayer come to us from the way in which His prayers were offered:

(1) He prayed reverently. He looked up to heaven and said, "Holy Father." He who knew the Father as no other being ever knew Him, who was closest to Him, and who shared His glory through all eternity, spoke in deepest reverence. We are never to lose sight of the fact that flippancy of utterance, presuming familiarity, do not characterize the prayers of those who get nearest to God, near enough to see His glory. They, with Jesus, as with Isaiah, say, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts."

(2) He prayed thankfully. He said, "Father, I thank Thee." "He took the bread and gave thanks." There runs through His prayers the constant music of gratefulness ,thanksgiving and praise to God. If we do nothing else in our prayers, we yet can get into the very heart and joy of prayer if we only offer a real anthem of praise to God.

(3) He prayed intercedingly. Most of that wonderful prayer, John, 17th chapter, is for others, for His twelve disciples, for the children who should believe on Him through their word, for you and for me. We call it the intercessory prayer. What place does intercession have in our lives? I have often thought that when the record of some of God's ministers is read at last, it will be found that the most lasting work which they did on earth was not the public work for which they had been commended and over which they had felt a good degree of complacency, but their work of intercession, in which the interests that were dearest to them and the lives that were nearest to them, lives in Christ and lives out of Christ, were intercedingly carried to God day by day. A few years ago Hudson Taylor went home to God. When he died he was the head of an army of nearly eight hundred missionaries in China, to whose support Christendom had given, during the course of his life, five million dollars. Go back through forty years of Hudson Taylor's life of service, from 1905 to 1865. He is taking his stand in China, relying on God alone,

through faith. Go back twelve years more. It is 1853. He is twenty-one years old and is giving himself to missionary service. Go back six years. He is fifteen years old. It is 1847. He is unconverted. His mother said, "This afternoon all other duties shall be set aside. One thing only will I do. I will pray for my boy's conversion." God heard and answered that intercession, and the next fifty-eight years were the record of the power of that prayer for another.

(4) He prayed secretly. He was alone when He prayed in the garden. He was alone with the Father when He prayed in the mountain by the lake. "Rising up a great while before the day, He went away into a solitary place and there prayed." Sometimes I think we hardly pray at all unless we pray alone. Of one thing I feel sure, that when alone with God in prayer we get a heart experience, without which our public prayers are but a form and a tinkling cymbal.

(5) He prayed perseveringly. He continued all night in prayer with God. With Him prayer was no momentary emotion. When George Mueller was asked if he had gotten in his marvelous prayer life everything he had asked for, he replied, "No, there are two men, close friends, for whose conversion I have prayed for more than sixty years." He died without seeing their conversion. When Dr. A. T. Pierson, after Mr. Mueller's death, stated this fact in the Bristol pulpit, a lady came to him after the service and said, "Yes, that is all true; one of those men was my uncle, but he was converted in this church a short time since."

Let us not think for a moment that God is a hard master when He keeps us waiting long in the throne room of His presence. Some of His most precious blessings come only to those who here linger perseveringly. God sends the sunshine into the hearts of those who know how to wait in prayer long and patiently.

(6) He prayed submissively. He has come to the Olive grove, His garden of sorrow, Gethsemane. His hour of darkness is at hand. Alone with God He prays, "Father, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." The lesson for us is as clear as day. If we are to have, like Jesus, power to say to God in prayer, "I will," we must also, like Him, have grace to say, "Father, not as I will." At the bedside of a young woman seriously ill a consecrated father knelt and prayed, "Lord, if it be Thy will, spare the life of my daughter." The young woman interrupted the prayer with the words, "Don't say, if it is Thy will; I must, I must live." She gradually grew worse. The physician said there was little hope. At length, turning to her father, she said, "Father, you may now say in prayer, if it is Thy will." Strangely enough, that very day the physician said, "There is improvement here." Recovery followed, and through succeeding years the testi-

mony has always been in that home that the blessing came only when the life was drawn near enough to God to say in prayer as Jesus said, "Father, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Third. "When thou prayest." Ask for great blessings. Honor God by making great requests. The Lord's prayer is a perfect illustration of this duty. It is a short prayer. It is so simple that it has become the prayer of the children. We have repeated it so frequently that we often fail to realize that it is probably the greatest prayer that ever ascended from earth to heaven. It is a witness to the delight which God has in great petitions. It asks of God the highest blessings of which the Christian heart can conceive. Its six petitions are prayers of unmeasured compass. "Hallowed be Thy name." Neither man nor angel can set before themselves anything higher or holier than this: that God may be exalted, honored, glorified. No aim can reach beyond the goal, the glory of God. "Thy Kingdom come." This is the song of the Psalmist, the vision of the seer, the prediction of the prophet, the hope of humanity, the fruition of faith; this is the culmination of history, the realization on earth of God's holy reign and rule. "Thy will be done," is a prayer that our whole being, as indicated in act, thought and word, may be brought into harmony with God, even as perfectly as the angels manifest their obedience in heaven. How vast the sweep of these three brief petitions! "Give us this day our daily bread." The fourth petition covers the whole range of our earthly possessions: the things of time which we need so much and for which we work so hard. It teaches that we can lay hopefully and confidently every temporal want at the feet of the Master and that our earthly blessings, coming through the pierced hand, are to us the precious gifts of his love. The fifth petition takes us to the deepest spring of human joy, pardon, without which all other joys turn to the bitterness of ashes. Then the prayer guides us out into the great world of practical religion, leading us along the testing lines of brotherly forgiveness. In the last cry of the prayer, the suppliant is pointed down the future and taught to pray for protection against evil, however it may threaten him. Thus the Lord's prayer stands as a monument of great petitions, an abiding lesson from the lips of Him who first taught us to pray, that we are authorized to seek great blessings from His hand.

Fourth. "When thou prayest." Use great arguments. "Produce your cause, saith the Lord; bring forth your strong reasons, saith the King of Jacob." "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord." God calls on us to bring sound arguments, great reasons before Him in prayer. Prayer, as He thus describes it, is an intelligent, reasonable process. Our judgment is to be in lively exercise. What, then, are some of the great reasons that we may bring before God?

(1) We may ask God to bless us because of what we are. He created us, not in the likeness of the brightest seraph before the throne, but in an image reflecting Himself in knowledge, righteousness and holiness. We are to come to God in prayer, with no trifling conception as to what we are. We may confidently urge before Him what He created us to be, the place which He assigned us, the powers with which He clothed us, and the possibilities to which we may attain. Such an argument, drawn from His own handiwork, must appeal to God as a strong reason.

(2) The way along which we must travel in this world, is, I believe, a reason that may be urged with God in prayer for a special blessing. The way is difficult. It is stony and choked with briers and thorns. The burdens are heavy. It is not less a dangerous way. The snares and footfalls of sin are manifold. Temptations are many and unexpectedly meet us on every hand. The way, too, is short. The time for travel is brief and the end of the way is eternity. These are momentous realities pertaining to the way along which we travel in this world and which make our path a strong reason before God for His blessing.

(3) The work which we are doing in this world for God is another strong reason which we can bring to God in prayer. If we can truly say, "Lord, I am doing Thy work, am consecrated to Thy service, I am gathering fruit unto life eternal," we hold a position of power in prayer with God. Such an argument must appeal to Him who has said, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you."

(4) The promises of God are mighty arguments that prevail with Him in prayer. Prayer is the hearthold which we have upon God through the promises. I believe that we seldom pray more effectually than when we present the promises of the Word. We will not fail to receive the blessing if we plead in faith such covenant pledges as these: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;" "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

(5) Last and greatest of all, the Name of Jesus is the argument supreme that prevails with God in prayer. It appeals to the ineffable perfections of His being. It is a claim upon His justice. It is a call that goes to the depths of the Father's love. "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." If we present that name to the Father in faith and love, we will receive the holiest blessing, for that name always has power with God. "When thou prayest," use the Name that is above every other name, the Name of Jesus."

The God of Elijah

By REV. JOHN KNOX McCLURKIN, D. D.

"Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

Text, Second Kings 2:14.

This text is the cry of need and helplessness. It is the call of hope and expectation. It is the utterance of faith and confidence. It is a question, and the question of the text suggests three other questions.

(1) Who uttered the call?

(2) Why did he call for the God of Elijah?

(3) What answer can be given today to this call, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

First. Who spoke these words? It is interesting to note that when God chose a young man for the great position of Prophet in Israel, he selected one whose character can be unbraided, like the colors of the rainbow, into these seven attractive traits:

(1) He was a young man efficiently meeting the tasks of his daily life. God chose an industrious, successful young farmer who was following his oxen and plow in the fertile fields of Abel-meholah. He was not a young man roaming about from one position to another until he would find something easier to do with shorter hours and larger salary.

(2) He was a young man of prompt decision. When the aged minister, Elijah, strode across the plowed field and threw his sheepskin mantle upon him, Elisha recognized at once the call of God. He did not hesitate. There was no delay. He did not say, as many a young man says to the minister today, "I thank you for the visit; I appreciate the invitation; I will consider the matter; later on I may accept; glad to have you call again." No. Quickly he made his decision. At once he bade farewell to his home and friends. Immediately he followed Elijah. I can compare the promptness of his decision only to that of the young Lafayette, when at a banquet in Paris he first heard the story of the struggle of the American Colo-

nies. He rose from the banquet table, bought a ship, sailed the Atlantic, and at the age of twenty-one was a General in the American army.

(3) He was a young man attentive to little duties. Through the next eight years we hear nothing of Elisha save this: He poured water on the hands of Elijah. That is, he attended to the little things about the home of the great Prophet. The humble ministerings were not despised. Nothing was little to Elisha after he entered the service of God. He had grasped the great truth that nothing is small if done for Him.

(4) He was a young man of steadfast purpose. There was no halting, no wavering. He did not follow the Prophet only in the sunshine. It was with him a matter for life. Three times the aged minister tested the young man. "Tarry here: I go to Bethel; to Jericho; to the Jordan." Now, the surest realities of which Elisha knew were the existence of God and the existence of the soul. Therefore he said, "As the Lord liveth and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." He was steadfast to the end.

(5) He was a young man of high ideals. A great offer came to him. Elijah said, "Ask what I shall do for thee before I be taken away from thee." What did he ask? Did he ask for ease, riches, honor? What would you have asked for? He asked for a double portion of Elijah's spirit. He wanted the first born's share. He sought a double portion of the spirit of the man who had passed through even the wonders of Cherith, Carmel and Horeb. The aim and ambition of Elisha were high and holy. This must have been pleasing to God, for in His sight we are approved not only for what we succeed in doing, but also for what we try to do. The test with Him is not merely whether we have attained our ideals, but also whether our ideals have been true and worthy.

(6) He was a young man who received an education of the highest type, the training which comes through the companionship of a Godly man. When Elijah's life on earth was closing, we read this sentence, "As they still went on and talked." I do not know what they talked about. I have often wondered. What would you speak about if you knew that you were to leave this world today? Did they talk about the appearance of God as He would soon be seen seated upon His throne? Did Elijah speak of the friends who had gone before; of the companionship of angels which he would soon enjoy? Possibly not. Possibly they were speaking of some incident along the way; of some question asked by one of the students in the schools of the prophets, through which they had passed. If we are living with God and working for God we can carry any little duty

straight into the presence of His throne. Whatever the theme, I am sure the conversation was an uplift to the soul of Elisha. Such close daily fellowship gives us the secret of his training, the key to his education. It was his high school, his college and his theological seminary, all in one. We are reminded of the late President Garfield's oft-quoted saying that Williams College was to him only a bench, he at one end and Mark Hopkins at the other. In his parting cry Elisha indicated the power upon himself of the life of Elijah. He did not say, "God-bye, teacher." He cried, "My father! my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" "You have been more than an instructor. you have been a father to me. You have been to me and to the Kingdom, the chariot of protection, the horsemen of defense." This is Elijah's farewell tribute to the uplifting power of his great leader.

(7) He was a young man who had faith in God. His faith is seen as he stands by the Jordan. What has he to help him? Nothing but that old mantle that fell from his ascending father. The river is a hundred feet wide sixty feet deep; what can he do? He can only wrap the mantle together till it looks like a rod and with it smite the waters. How weak, how inefficient, how foolish! But that young man has a faith which links him to the very power of God. As he smites the waters he cries, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" Before that act and cry the waters parted hither and thither. In the uplifting of any community, more hopeful dependence can be placed upon one minister who is animated by an implicit faith in God's assisting presence, than upon a thousand preachers who look no higher than their own stores of knowledge and their own intellectual acumen.

Second. Why did he call for the Lord God of Elijah? Why did he not say, "Where is the Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob?" Standing on the bank of the Jordan, smiting its waters with the mantle, he resembled Moses on the shore of the Red Sea with the outstretched rod of God in his hand. Why did he not call for the God of Moses? He knew the God of Moses through the records of the Law, but he wanted that God whom he had known and learned to love through the life of his father Elijah. That God was everything to him.

(1) He called for the God of Elijah because on the heights of Carmel, in the quietness of the evening, He had answered his father's prayer. By fire and by showers, the God of Elijah had shown that the prayer of faith is the mightiest power that goes up from earth to heaven; mightier than the voices of the eight hundred and fifty priests; mightier than Ahab and all the gathered forces of his king-

dom; mightier than all the armies that had marched at the base of Carmel, on the battlefield of Esdraelon; mightier than the billows of the great Mediterranean that broke at the foot of the mountain. To this prayer-hearing God the heart of Elisha turned in the hour of his need.

(2) He cried for the God of Elijah because, at the juniper tree, He had cheered and helped the discouraged Prophet. Elijah had won a great victory at Carmel, but Jezebel had frightened him. "The bravest of men is but a man at best." He had fled southward. He had gone on a day's journey into the wilderness. He had sat down despondent under a white blossoming broom tree. He asked God that he might die. He seemed completely overcome. God met him and gave him what He knew he most needed. He gave him sleep. He also prepared for him a meal by the wayside. An angel touched him and said, "Arise and eat." Again the angel touched him and said, "Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee." In the strength of that meat Elijah went forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God. Elisha's call is for the God of Elijah, because that God had strengthened and uplifted the weary pilgrim and fugitive.

(3) He cried for the God of Elijah because that God had spoken words of gracious tenderness to the Phophet. Elijah had reached Horeb, the mount of God. The mountain rocked, but the Lord was not in the earthquake. The tempest swept up those mountain gorges, but the Lord was not in the wind. The lightning flashed around those mountain peaks, but the Lord was not in the fire. At last there came a voice of soft stillness and Elijah knew that he was in the presence of the Lord. He wrapt his face in his mantle and stood at the entrance of the cave, listening to that voice of gentleness, the prophecy of Him who is the Word and who does not break the bruised reed, who does not quench the smoking flax. Elisha cried for the God of Elijah because he knew that He had spoken from heaven to his departed father in the tenderness of love.

(4) The God of Elijah had triumphantly opened the pathway through the river. The impediment was removed. The barrier was overcome. God had opened the river way for Elijah, and so on the other bank, Elisha cries for the same help, from the same God.

(5) The God of Elijah had met the Prophet at the end of his earthly path; had met him in the whirlwind with the chariot of fire, and had taken him home. Long afterwards the Cameronian poet recorded these impressive words:

"A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended,
The drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding;
Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are riding."

It is not strange that Elisha, remembering the ascension scene, should call for the God who had carried the pilgrim home.

Third. What answer can be given today to this question, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" The five facts to which I have pointed indicate the response. The God of Elijah is today doing these very things: He is answering prayer; He is helping the discouraged; He is speaking the words of love; He is opening the pathway for His Kingdom; He is receiving home at the end of the journey the pilgrim of time. "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

(1) Today, as at Carmel, wherever a heart opens to Him in the prayer of faith, there He is present with His blessing. He makes that a meeting place of holiest benediction. A minister in Vermont announced on a stormy Sabbath, "No prayer meeting on Wednesday evening." When that evening came, an aged woman, a member of the congregation, lighted her lantern. She wended her way through the storm. As usual, she entered the meeting-house and spent an hour in prayer. Returning she stopped for rest at the home of an officer of the congregation. She spoke of the meeting. "What meeting? who was there?" he asked. Her answer was, "The Father was there; the Son was there; the Holy Spirit was there, and, through grace, I was there. We had a precious meeting and next Wednesday evening we are to have another." When the answer of that praying woman was reported to the members of the congregation it awakened their interest. At the next midweek meeting everybody came and a revival began that spread through the State of Vermont. When God's people come to the realization of the fact that, although alone like Elijah on Carmel, yet when they pray, the whole Trinity is about them—the Father to hear, the Son to intercede, the Spirit to indite—then this world will soon again become a place of Pentecostal power.

(2) "Where is the Lord God of Elijah today?" As in the days of the great Prophet, He is helping the pilgrim that has fallen discouraged beneath the juniper tree. Begbie's books are simply an account of the way in which God has met and helped the traveler who

has given up despondent by the way. George Mathieson was a Scotch preacher who went home only eight years ago. At eighteen years of age he lost his sight. The members of his family threw their love around him. His sisters studied Latin, Greek and Hebrew to assist him. He became a great writer, a loving pastor, a preacher of rare ability; but, I think, the sweetest message that George Mathieson left on this earth was the song that reveals the peace which God brought to his soul, "Under the Juniper Tree:"

"O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee.
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not in vain,
That morn shall tearless be."

My friend, have you ever been under the juniper tree? I will venture the statement that you have been. I will venture another statement: That while you were under the juniper tree you were unfit for profitable use in the service of the King. Those sitting in this gloomy shade are of little force in the work of the Master. I will venture a third statement: Probably, as in the case of Elijah, one or all of these causes brought you under the depressing shadow of this bush. Like Elijah, you forgot how good God had been to you; how much He had done for you. This was the real secret of your despondency. Like Elijah, you imagined there were lions in your path. Three-fourths of our troubles come from imagining difficulties—difficulties that are never experienced. Like Elijah, you were simply worn out physically. The special trouble was in the body, not in the soul. You needed just what God knew to give Elijah—sleep, food, and rest. As in the case of Elijah, who passed quickly from the victory of Carmel to the flight of a fugitive, the suddenness of the change in your fortune brought you into the depressing gloom. The quick, unexpected change from wealth to poverty, from health to illness, from cold to heat, severely tests our spirits. It is always hard to pass quickly from the applause of Carmel to the wrath of the persecutor. I will now venture a fourth statement. Whatever the cause that has brought you under the juniper tree, you will find the God of Elijah there ready to lift you up. You will find the bread of heaven and the water of life. By your side will be a friend ready to gird and undergird you for the journey of life. I will now venture a fifth statement: However long or short that pilgrimage may be; whether it lasts for forty days or for forty years, that pilgrimage is too great for your own strength. God is saying to you as to Elijah, "The journey is too great for thee." Without the gracious help of

the God of Elijah you cannot successfully pass through the wilderness dangers of this world; you cannot reach the mount of God.

(3) "Where is the God of Elijah today?" As then, to the Prophet at the cave in the mountain, so now, He is sending home to the heart the tender words of His love. A Christian worker away in Arizona tells us that one day a stalwart, fierce-looking cowboy came into his office. He looked so ready for battle, the missionary was startled. The cowboy said, "I want," and then paused. The colporteur replied, "You can have anything you want." He was ready to throw up his hands. The visitor continued, "I want the Gospel of Mark, and I will tell you why: Some time ago I went to San Francisco and threw away much money in a time of rough revelry. I slept late after a night of dissipation. When I awoke I saw a little book on the table at the head of my bed. It was the Gospel of Mark. I angrily threw it into a corner of the room. Awaking the second morning after another night of revelry, I saw that same little book on my table. I wondered, but again I threw it on the floor. Awaking the third morning, after a similar experience, I saw that same little book. This time I took it up, went out into the park adjoining the hotel and began to examine it. I spent the day reading it. I found wonderful things in that book. I heard the Son of God say to a leper, 'Be thou clean.' I heard Him say to a paralytic, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.' I heard Him commend the widow for a mite. I saw Him take little children into His arms and bless them. I heard Him say, 'Could ye not watch with me one hour?' I saw Him die. I heard Him tell His followers that He would save every one who would believe in Him. It broke my heart. It changed my life. I am a different man. Now, stranger, I spend much time in giving away the Gospel of Mark." Thus the God of Elijah still speaks through the loving voice of His Word.

(4) Again we ask, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" The answer comes; as for the Prophet at the banks of the Jordan, so today, He is opening the pathway for His Kingdom on earth. Looking out over the river of human activity, I have seen in my own lifetime greater things than Elijah and Elisha saw when the waters of the Jordan parted. What have I seen? I have seen God open up in America the path of human freedom. Fifty years ago the eye of the nation was fixed on Grant and Lee in the Wilderness and at Petersburg; on Sheridan and Early in the Shenandoah; on Sherman and Johnston and Hood in Georgia around Atlanta. The heart of the nation was almost broken as Grant laid, within a few weeks, sixty thousand Union boys in the graves of Virginia. But God was opening, through the barrier of human slavery, a pathway of freedom.

What have I seen? I have seen the gates of the Eternal City open to the light of the Gospel; the Sabbath schools of Christendom gather under the shadow of the Coliseum, and Mrs. Kennedy of New York erect the Waldensian Cathedral on the banks of the Tiber. I have seen the temporal power of the Roman Pontiff fade away from this earth forever, after it had thrown its dark shadow over the nations of Europe for a thousand years. After four hundred and sixty years of blood and massacre and trickery, I have seen the power of the False Prophet in Europe lose eighty-five per cent of its territory. The Mohammedan teacher has recently stood before his class of young men and said that as God is good and as He intends to give the Christian nothing good in the next world, it is clear that He intends to give to him this world. Light has been breaking even into the center of this superstition, the hardest on earth. I have seen the Temperance Army in America grow, until within the last few years it has put out of commission twenty-five thousand saloons. Forty-six millions of our people are now living in dry territory, and the Anti-Saloon League alone is sending out every month forty tons of temperance literature. I have seen a deepened moral conviction taking hold of secular agencies and turning their energies to the Kingdom's advancement. Great metropolitan journals have refused liquor advertisements and reduced their accounts of crime. From the former cry of the press that politics has nothing to do with a man's private life, the search of the hour is for standard bearers who are moral, temperate, and even religious. The secular press today often puts itself at the head of great moral or religious movements. A few months ago the ministers of Philadelphia declined to invite Billy Sunday to that city. The North American, a secular paper, took up the matter and invited three hundred ministers of the city to go to Scranton, as the guests of the paper for two days, in order to investigate Sunday's work. Two hundred and fifty ministers accepted the invitation and were royally entertained. They returned and with great unanimity extended an invitation for the coming winter. If lives are uplifted and souls saved in that campaign, will not the North American deserve special recognition as a helpful agent in this work of the Kingdom? I have seen the influence of woman grow, and her position widen in business, in church and state. Nine commonwealths have now equal suffrage. If the estimates of the New York Evening Post can be accepted, fourteen million women will be allowed to cast the ballot in 1916. Out of three hundred and fifty-one electoral votes, two hundred and ninety will come from States having equal suffrage. It is true that during the last one hundred and twenty years a man has died every three minutes in war. It is true that Christendom now shudders over the bloodshed

and ruin amid the angry warring nations of Europe. Yet, on the other hand, we must not forget that Peace also has its victories. Our country has lived with Mother England one hundred years without fort or fortress along her Canadian border. We have just seen a hideous war with Mexico averted through the mediation of the Alphabetic Powers and the peace policy of our honored President. The outcome will probably be that the five greatest Republics in the Western World will hereafter stand together in closer bonds of friendship and peace. Let us not forget that a few years ago the world beheld a marvelous sight away in the lonely mountains of South America. Argentine and Chile, after seventy years of bitter controversy over their boundary line, began to prepare their dreadnoughts for a deadly struggle. Finally, they were persuaded to submit the matter in dispute to the decision of the King of England. He summoned his jurists and geographers. The decision satisfied both parties, as it recognized the claims of each. Their money now went not into dreadnoughts, but into roads, harbors and schools. They then agreed to arbitrate all differences for a period of five years. Then they carved out a granite base and a granite column twenty-two feet high, surmounted by a granite figure of Christ twenty-six feet high. By rail, by gun carriages, by the tugging of soldiers and sailors, it was pulled to the loftiest mountain peak and dedicated to the cause of peace between the two nations. On the base of the monument are carved these words, "These mountains shall crumble into dust before the Argentines and Chileans shall break the peace which they have pledged at the feet of Jesus Christ their Redeemer." Again let me say, have we not seen greater things than Elijah and Elisha saw as they stood on the banks of the Jordan?

(5) "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" The Prophet's work is done. His earthly walk is ended. His witness has been given. His warfare is accomplished. The God of Elijah meets the traveler and takes him home. So, today, the God of Elijah meets the homecoming pilgrim at the end of his journey; meets him by the lonely cot in the hospital, or amid the circle of loving friends in the sick room; meets him suddenly amid the dangers of the field, unexpectedly at the turn in the road, or after long years of waiting, watching and wondering why tarry the wheels of His chariot, meets him for the triumphant home-going to the Father's house. Is this true? Is this only a figure? Is it merely the picture of a poetic imagination, or is it a fact? Is it a reality on which to build our hopes and our faith? Jesus, just before He ascended like Elijah in the chariot of a perfected salvation, promised us this, "I will come again and receive you unto myself." We are working; but we are waiting. We are

journeying, but we are watching. All our hopes and faith are builded upon the promise that when one world, with all that it has been to us of sorrow and of joy, is fading away forever, we, the pilgrims of faith, shall be met on the confines of another world by the chariot of the Lord God of Elijah.

David and Goliath

(I Samuel, Chapter 17.)

By REV. JOHN McNEILL, D. D.

I have been thinking over this address for ministers. I thought it might be interesting to give experiences of my own, but that is very personal and may not be helpful, so I think probably I had better found what I have to say on a passage of the Bible. I like to feel that I am on the Bible somewhere, and if I wander—somebody accused Rowland Hill of wandering, and the reply was, "Yes, but does he not wander delightfully up and down your heart?" First Samuel, the seventeenth chapter, the story of David and Goliath.

The commentators have pointed out that in this great day for David there were three victories in one day, and the first two contributed largely and immediately to the third. The first was the victory over himself, the next a victory over custom, and the third the victory over the giant. There ought to be something helpful there for us ministers. First of all, the victory over himself.

> And David was the youngest: and the three eldest followed Saul. But David went and returned from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Beth-lehem. And the Philistine drew near morning and evening, and presented himself forty days. And Jesse said unto David his son, Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp of thy brethren, and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge. Now Saul and they, and all the men of Israel, were in the valley of Elah, fighting with the Philistines. And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle. For Israel and the Philistines had put the

> battle in array, army against army. And David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage, and ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them. And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid. And the men of Israel said, Have ye seen this man that is come up? surely to defy Israel is he come up; and it shall be that the man who killeth him, the king will enrich with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel. And David spake to the men that stood by him, What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? for who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God? And the people answered him after this manner, saying, So shall it be done to the man that killeth him. And Eliab his eldest brother heard when he spake unto the men; and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said, Why camest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle. And David said, What have I now done? Is there not a cause?

That was the first victory. "I speak modestly, I profess not to have attained, but somebody has to stand up, and I am the one you chose, I want to speak with great modesty." What a victory that was over himself! Young, brash and eager, coming to see a battle, and seeing that taunting Philistine parading up and down, and his blood stirs, and all the soldiers of Israel were frightened, and his eldest brother bumping up against him and says, "I know your pride and the naughtiness of your heart, and where have you left the few sheep in the wilderness?" It was all full of contempt. You see Eliab was a big fellow, and it was a bad quarter of an hour for the big fellow. And there never was a big fellow but there turns up a bigger by a quarter of an inch, and your elevation is gone. Saul was a big fellow, and here was this Goliath, and he is a big fellow; all the big fellows in Israel were feeling kind of bad; many a time they had pulled themselves up and flourished their bigness, but here is a day when a big man is wanted, and they are all sitting down so as

not to be so big. It was the day of God on bigness and bulk. Saul was chosen because he was so big, and here is Goliath parading up and down, daring them to put up a man to fight with him, and not a man of all the trained soldiers would risk it. When they looked at the length of their arm and at Goliath's, and looked at their biceps and at his, and the length of his spear and theirs, discretion became the better part of valor, and they said, "If we went against him he would catch us on the end of his spear before we got in front of him," and it is quite pathetic that there were so many big fellows on both sides, and God wanted to roll away the shame and blasphemy from Israel and from His own name, and He had to send a herd-lad from the hills to do it. What a humbling for every big trained soldier who belonged to Saul! Every now and again God gives us that setting down. We are trained soldiers, and if somebody comes along without our training we say, "Who are you coming into my parish?" and many a time God gives that rebuke. He sends a man like Moody, who never saw a college and had no regular training. Thank God, if we get over our jealousy, and I am sure in the case of Moody the bulk of ministers did. Then he sends along Billy Sunday, that holy terror, and just when we are so proud of our training and our discipline and talking in such an appalling way about doing things in decency and order, God says, "Indeed, gentlemen!" and He sends along some roysterer, some disorderly fellow who rumples our sense of propriety, and yet He is the author of order and rule and not of confusion. Every now and then He sends a herd-lad from the hills to take away the reproach in the day of rebuke and blasphemy, not that He was not willing—there was not a man there but might take the risk as David risked, and won as David won, for God and country. It is one of the troubles of our training that we look at things in a certain groove, and we walk by sight and not by faith, and David walked by faith and not by sight. He had no rules and regulations as to the handling of swords and shields to hamper him; he knew nothing about them.

A great victory was the victory over his temper. The longer we live we find it is the battle with ourselves first. His elder brother came against him, with all the pride and experience of the elder brother, and he was in a bad temper, for he was a big fellow, and why was he not tackling Goliath? "What are little boys doing here?" His victory over temper comes out in his reply. David gave the soft answer, "What have I done? Don't get cross." We all know that although David was young he had some gifts. He had the gift of speech. He has left things behind him that have enriched the speech and the language and the literature of the world, although they were put in poetic form, and some very sharp things and some stinging

things, and he could have given Eliab as good as he got. He could have said, "If I came to see a battle, I came to the wrong place; there is not much fighting going on. Have you eaten all that cheese yet?" For they were only cheese eaters yet. And you would have had the familiar spectacle of one pummeling another to the huge delight of the Philistines. How often we see it! Israelites, ministers, lose their temper and publicly pommel each other in the mud, and don't the newspapers give it fully to us the next morning! A row in the Presbytery; that gets the publicity; that is the circus; that is the fun. We too often give ourselves away to do it. Maybe I am one. I am like the man who said he had a good temper, but it was short. We ought to be thankful that God, in His ordination, is sending persons and things and circumstances up against us ,and we against them, to test and train us, to increase our fettle and metal for the striking of a blow on Sunday. It is all in God's ordination that we are tried with this man and the other man, and tried in some deacons' meeting, not to break us down, but through that God is putting your sword on the grindstone so that when Sunday comes there will be an edge on you, a temper fine and keen for the work of God. We spoil it, we lose our temper, we spend our strength and energy pommeling each other in wordy disputes. I remember hearing an Edinburgh minister say, "Mr. Moderator, I go down to my Presbytery,"—I know many of you are not Presbyterians, you have not all the delicacies we have, you have not everything according to the pattern in the mount. I quote Cowper, with a little alteration:

> "How unlike the complex works of man,
> This easy, artless Presbyterian plan!"

I slip in Presbyterian because it is unencumbered. Said this minister, "I go to my Presbytery a quiet, modest, humble Christian man and brother; Mr. Moderator, I come away an incarnate fiend." If that met us along about Friday, will the fiend be out and the preacher in by Sunday, and even if he is out and the preacher in, he will have left something behind that will hinder the preacher. David never would have won this victory if he had allowed his brother to make him mad. He could have given as good as he got, as we have seen, and Eliab could have responded with some stingers on the left; he could have laid him out on the point of the jaw. Pardon me for these unclerical expressions; we are not supposed to know anything about them. A little later he needed to be in the best condition. What would have happened if he had allowed brain and nerves to be surged and swept with passion, an angry bout with his brother, when half an hour later he had to be so cool and steady, nerves and hand

and eye, that when that giant pulled up his visor for another look and exposed his forehead, David had to send that stone. He would have missed him by miles, and in a minute the giant would have been upon him and David cut to pieces. Things hang together in these lives of ours, and that poor sermon on Sunday had its origin in some miserable squabble through the week with a brother, either with tongue or pen, and maybe you got the best of it, but Sunday showed it was a poor victory and gained at great expense. It was a miserable sermon that hit nothing and missed everything, all because you spoiled it; and God sent the thing, it was not chance. It could have been turned the other way, and if I had used it aright it would have been put together in better fettle and metal for finding the devil and piercing him with the sword of the Spirit. An old veteran stepping off the field said to a young fellow coming on the field, "Timothy, take heed to thyself and to the doctrine,"—thyself first. You are the rifle and the doctrine is the cartridge. "Take heed to thyself," the rifle; if the rifle is not properly sighted the best cartridge will go for nothing; the doctrine may be sound as sound can be. "Take heed to thyself and to the doctrine, for in so doing you shall both save yourself and those that hear." We have a battle to fight and a burdened soul to save, and we are not always in the pulpit, and that is why God sends us things through the week, not to break us down, but to increase our fettle and metal for the battle day. So David gave the soft answer, "Greater is he who ruleth his own spirit than he who taketh a city," or that killeth a giant. I count myself one of the least, but I have been fated to be alongside big men, some of the greatest and biggest men on both sides, and I think God deliberately allowed me to see on certain sides how very ordinary they are, how easily upset and spoiled and jarred by little things. God help us to be learning in this college and school we shall never leave while we are here!

Having gained a victory over himself, he gained a victory over custom. He was introduced to Saul.

> And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine. And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth. And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth, and when he arose against me I caught him by his beard, and smote him,

> and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee.

I call that flabby piety when Saul said, "Go and the Lord be with you, David, but I will run no risks; God bless you if you go, but I will sit tight." "Good-by, missionaries, going over to China and India, good-by, and we will sit here at home, and when you send in reports we will turn them down and belittle them." There is a lot of flabby piety in the world now, and that is an instance. Bless your heart! why were you not at it yourself? You are big. Were you not chosen for your bulk and averdupois? What a day of God it was on Israel's choice! What a day of God's contempt on Israel's choice, on all kingcraft and statecraft and military prowess! What a day of God's withering contempt on the whole business!

> And Saul armed David with his armour, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to go, for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them, and David put them off him.

That is a victory. David refused to be what he was not, and refused to attempt what he knew he could not do. In the day we ministers get that far along, next Sunday the folks will sit up; in the day we stop attempting to do what we cannot do, and God gives us sense to strike our own blow from our own shoulder, there will be something done. I do not know anybody here—look at yourself; it is not easy; naturally our eyes don't look that way. Why are some brethren spoiled from the beginning? Because they will not do what David did. It was a modest thing. It was a great snare to go out in front of Israel, the king's chosen champion. Think of his genuine modesty! There is a kind of stuff that is talking modesty, but don't you trust it. Joseph Parker never said a truer word, and he had ways of his own that did not look modest. He said it in a ministers' meeting like this. He said, "I may have all the faults in the world, but you never heard me speak of my humble efforts." Look out for the brother who is always parading his humble efforts! Look out for the violet that shouts out by the mossy stone, "Can't you see me? I am so modest." This self-advertising modesty! Dear old Bonar announced to one of his flock, a lady, "I am going to give

a course of lectures, beginning on Sunday, on humility." "Oh, Doctor," she said, "I am so delighted, humility is my strong point." Those lectures evidently were slightly overdue. I am talking about the copied thing, not the genuine thing, real modesty, real, genuine, unfeigned humility and lowliness that is frank enough to say there are things I cannot do and I will not attempt to do. David was frank and humble and modest. He could not handle sword and spear; the day came and nobody better, point, parry, thrust and cut. It was a great victory won over custom and routine and the traditional way of doing things, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ought to stop for a time. There is a good deal needs to be burst up, and David burst it. Have we gained that victory? It comes down on us early—wanting to copy some one in the student days, when we are imitative as monkeys, and it is the monkey trick we imitate. We are so stuck on it and we go away and reproduce it and make awful fools of ourselves, and maybe nobody is honest enough to tell us, and there you are in your style—you are a copy of a copy, something that never was much to begin with. You are the weakest, washiest imitation of something that never was worth anything; you could have done far better yourself, but you would not. You were caught with Saul's armour; caught with the way somebody did it. David would have been killed. Imagine his going against the giant, knowing nothing about sword and spear, against custom and a veteran! Well, when will we learn to look at things with our own eyes and strike our own blow with our own accent from our own shoulders? Stop being a copy of a copy of something that is nothing all the time!

This story would have ended in disaster and David would have been a laughing stock among his countrymen if he had not been himself. That is this whole business of style. He went with sling and stone, and it is easy when a thing is done, for a jealous brother to say, "Anybody can do that!" Well, why did he not do it? I remember when I began in Edinburgh—I did not want to be noticed, but the papers would notice me—Edinburgh is the great center of the Presbyterian world, the mother of Presbyterianism and of great pulpit traditions and pulpiteers. God sent me there starting out from college. I began to preach there in the only way I can preach. The press began to notice me, and all sorts of things about style were said. The style is the style that pinks that ruffian; style is the style that hits Goliath. What is the use of one wielding the sword if it does not pierce and make the bully whine, pierce the white and make the beggar feel the edge of your weapon? We have them steadily in our cities, under the mask and livery of being Christian. In God's name, go for the beggar! He may not love or like you, but as you go on he will begin to respect you, and it is time he did. There are many

big fellows sitting in your church, and in their souls they despise you; they feel you are not going for them, and they do not thank you for it. Go for them; they may not like you, but before God they will begin to respect you, and that is something—never mind their money or influence. Of course, it needs wisdom and tact, and there is no good in preaching people out. I never take any credit for preaching people out, but if you will go for them, and if some fussy man goes out in a town of the ordinary size, it is sure to spread through the week, and the man who went out will be foolish enough not to keep quiet, and a half dozen people will come in next Sunday to see how you did it, and that fills up the hole. All this talk of style! After all, the style is the man, and the style is the style that pierces, that goes to the question. I put no premium on mere extravagance or blunderbus work. The target is in front of us, and our hearts and motive should be right. I feel it every Sunday. I have been earning my bread thirty years preaching, although I am only ordained twenty-seven or twenty-six. I have them in front of me, and I feel that every Sunday, and I feel that it is poor shooting on my part if I miss you and strike the wall, and without naming their name or address I say, "Here goes, I will have at you with God's help." The target is there in the poorest congregation, no matter how small the church may be. My dear friend, your target is in front of you, big and broad and often insulting, a kind of contempt for us. In God's name, go at them! The worst kind of a thing for a minister to stand when his sermon is done is people going away pitying him.

I would rather have anything than a big bloated moneyed fellow who, when the minister is mentioned, mentions him with a kind of pity. I would rather have him raging mad. I would bring an end to his pity. You all think that this is not the Christian spirit! It was in Jesus Christ and in the apostles, Paul was full of it down to the ground, the going for the people. The work is to be done, and it is urgently needed, and you will never have omelets without breaking eggs. If anybody ever spoke out, Jesus did it. But speak the truth in love. Jesus spoke it. Did He honor everybody? No, He at times said piercing things. Did He always succeed? No, He did not. He had His failures. If He failed do you think that you and I are going to succeed with proud religious people? He failed and Paul failed. Let us do the work! All this about style! When I began I heard a brother say once, "Of course, if he pleased, if he pleased to condescend to tricks,"—think of the many kindly things which preachers can say about each other, especially if you get an inch above the average level of your brother's head, just about that much you are a target, and the dullest criticism will come from mediocrity; that is where mediocrity is strong to take the edge off you, to pull

you down that inch, so that you are on a dead level in a kind of a brotherly way with the holy oily pest — one brother said, "If we pleased to come to the level, to come down to the level of popular orators and pulpit tricks!" and another brother arose and said, "I would like to say to the last brother as regards style in a preacher, if you have any trick up your sleeve, for heaven's sake shake it out, for you have come to a dead stand with the style you are at." That went rather home, didn't it? Let us beware of jealousy! Let us preserve our individuality! There is a bit of a snare there. Let us avoid the snare! Let us be ourselves.

And David said, "I cannot fight with these, this is not my custom." Joseph Parker said at a meeting of local preachers—those glorious fellows who take to the streets and parks—"When you are speaking in the streets and in the parks, just drop that great flourish. 'O ye men of science,' there is not a man of science within miles of you." He told the story of overhearing two local preachers coming in on the train one Monday morning—God bless the local preachers, especially the Methodists! What would many a county do in England where they have only the Episcopal Church, the established church that is as high as the moon and not nearly so clear, if there were not these glorious locals, and it is amazing how they get on without the "h." Dr. Parker heard two of them talking as they were coming in on Monday. Said one, "Where were you yesterday?" "I was in the hills." "What was your theme?" "I fixed up Tyndall, Huxley, and all that lot." That is a little bit of vanity to fix up Tyndall, Huxley, and all that lot, and there is nobody caring for Tyndall and Huxley for miles and miles. Let us stop these little flourishes in our sermons, especially "All modern scholars are agreed, myself among the rest." There is a bit of that we may leave out. Ruskin, prophet as well as poet and art critic, said, "Only half an hour,"—he was speaking to preachers—"only half an hour in which to raise the dead, and, there, as little pulpit embroidery and flippery as possible." It was not a preacher who told us that, it came from Ruskin. Do not be imposed on by any style. David refused to be himself plus Saul jammed on top of him. In Pauline phraseology, he put off the old man with his deeds and affections when the old man was a king, and he struck out to be himself.

Then the victory over the giant. David said, "I will not pretend to be what I am not; I will not pretend to know what I do not know." I am only speaking to the youngest of the young here, only attempting to do it. Dear brother, do not pretend to know what you do not know, do not pretend to be what you are not, but, in God's name, be what you are! You can do something! God made you. If He made you and called you, then, like all His preachers, you were made

from the womb; it began way back. And think of your mother, who was never heard of half a mile from home, and of your father, who maybe was at the plow-tail and honored and glorified God with a straight furrow, and away back there God makes His preachers. Be honest and say, "There are things I do not know and things I cannot do, and I will not pretend, but surely there is something I can do in the day of rebuke and blasphemy—there is something I can do if I cannot do things in the regulation and oratorical ways. David said, "I can sling a stone." Many a day he had practiced it, never dreaming when it was going to be called for, but one day it all came to him. What delivered David was the very thing that paralyzed the regulation fellows. They looked at the length of their arms and sword, and then looked at Goliath's, and controlled by these considerations they were paralyzed. And because David looked at things with unsophisticated eyes, the things that paralyzed them liberated him. "Oh," he said, "I cannot handle sword and spear, but on many an afternoon when the sheep were resting and I was tired playing the harp, I used to bring down with the sling the topmost leaf that barely moved in the slight air on the topmost twig of the tallest tree; I could send a pebble rippling through it, and I think I could hit a mark the size of a gable on my father's barn." That is what we call vision. Do not blame the professors! After all, what could the professors do, remembering all we brought to them? Professors are not creators, and sometimes the poor men get very little stuff to work on. Have mercy for the professors. The professors here will appreciate that remark. Let us look at things with our own eyes! He felt all this insult. God help us to feel it in Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and Toronto, these insulting forces of evil, parading six days, with a bigger parade on Sunday—theaters, saloons, base ball, gambling, every sort of thing—parading with a kind of giant insult—saying, "We have ever been and ever shall be." No, by the blood of the Lamb, you shall not be; your doom is reached, proud and insulting as you are; you have been here, but you shall not ever be," and, in God's name, we will go against this intrenched multitudinous evil! He said, "There are some things I can do," and he chose five smooth stones. See the skill! It was not any stone, but five chosen ones. When it comes to the sling, don't belittle it. Don't say, "Anybody can sling a stone." No, anybody cannot do it. Did you ever try it? I have.

If you have not practiced with stone and sling, I do not care about your bold enthusiasm, the first time you try it there will be no safety but behind you, and you would not hit a row of giants in front of you. Do not belittle it. It was training and adaptation and things that belong to birth and blood and heredity coming out in the day of God. "And he chose five smooth stones." I break off to say five

smooth stones, and only one of them was needed. Christ is our heavenly stripling, and His gospel a rude, unscientific, unmilitary-like implement, yet do not be ashamed and afraid. Our heavenly glorious Jesus in the end will sweep the field; He will have the everlasting victory not scarcely, but lots in hand—four shots to go, glory to God! Lots in hand when it does come! It helps me to move into the battle, how it is to end. Glorious victory, overwhelming defeat! We are not going into something that is going to end in bare victory, but lots in hand, for all we look feeble and contemptible to the world's might and the devil's intrenched might and position. And he just did the best thing, at last showing he was not trusting to birth, nor blood, nor patriotism, and all that belonged to him from the protoplasm, and all that belonged to experience and practice. He said, "I come to thee in the name of the God of Israel." That was a great act of consecration. That word is getting a lot too common. I tremble when I use it from my own pulpit. My own Christian Endeavor Society has a consecration meeting once a month. I begin to wince. That word will become beaten hard if we do not beware. That is what David did. "I come to you in the name of the God of Israel," not in pride of blood, but in God's name. When David said that he handed himself up, all that belonged to birth, blood, practice and training, into God's hand, and from that moment his arm became part of the flexors and extensors of the arm that piled the eternal hills and built the mountains and brake Ahab in pieces. It is the weak who are mighty. He became a part of the arm of God Almighty, and when he flung that stone he could not miss. When a man is a Calvinist from his mother's womb you cannot drive it out. That is why I say that chosen stone, flung in God's name, could not miss. If the giant had ducked his head, the stone would have ducked to meet him. It was a predestined stone; it would have hunted him around ten parishes and it would have been at the front door. I am sure there will nobody oppose that. We have all put it in the hymns and prayers and all believe it. None of our words need fall to the ground. "My word shall never go back to my mouth; it shall accomplish what I please."

Fling your stone the best you can with your eye on His, your face toward His, your heart looking to God for power! None of your words shall fall to the ground. "And he flung at the forehead and the stone sank." Why did it sink? Because it met with no opposition to speak of. He flung it at the softest place. My brother, there is a great point there. I begin to feel it as part of the Bible's philosophy,that all the swaggering unbelief is empty-headed—go for its head! Strike the very front of the offense! It is the weak place, and the end of the day will show it; that all this opposition to Jesus

Christ was not intellectual, but unintellectual; that there was no real power in it of any sort. He will triumph, making an open show of the adversary; triumph with the tone of contempt, the contempt of God. Man, it is good to have that in your blood, it is iron in your blood in these times. When you think that the intellect arrayed against us is so intellectual, and that begins to frighten you, sit down and take a rest until your second wind comes into you. And he won and God won, and it was done and gloriously done, and it was done in a way to pour contempt on military prowess and skill. There is a great lesson—it does not belong to the text. Principal Rainey, perhaps the greatest ecclesiastical leader since Dr. Chalmers, a man whom biased newspaper criticism spoke of as a dry ecclesiastic, and thereby the critics showed they did not have the apparatus to measure him, for he was deep, said when he was a great professor, "Gentlemen, when you become preachers, if you ever think of yourselves as anything bigger or better than God's message boys, you are above your business." He did it on that day of blasphemy. Let all the trained warriors sit in silence and shame. They were too big, or they walked by sight and got paralyzed and none of them would risk things. I know you are far more learned than I am, but the trouble here is they will not risk things. They are seeking the bauble reputation, not in the cannon's mouth, but in a far more belching and thunderous place—in the pulpit's mouth—and they won't let go. God Himself can do nothing with them.

A Genuine Revival

(I Chronicles, Chapter 12.)

By REV. JOHN McNEILL, D. D.

This chapter looks like a catalogue of names, dry and unattracive, but reading in the light of Christ and the New Testament we find the same inspiring doctrine of the Spirit. It is a chapter that gives an account of a great revival, and I am speaking to those who are revivalists, as I trust we all are, all seeking to bring about a revival for Jesus Christ. It is a chapter of a genuine revival. The next chapter, the thirteenth, is a chapter of a sham revival. One is a genuine revival because it had this for its basis and inspiration, "To make David king according to the word of the Lord." That is the meaning of all the enthusiasm you find in First Chronicles, chapter twelve. a genuine enthusiastic revival to make David king according to the word of the Lord. The next chapter seems to be a great unanimous enthusiastic movement to bring up the Ark, but it came to nothing, for it was not done according to the word of the Lord. That is the difference throughout the ages between the genuine and the spurious, between the real and the merely showy and false. The great twelfth chapter shows a genuine revival because it was according to the word of the Lord. The thirteenth chapter shows a spurious revival and enthusiasm about the Ark, and God Himself would not have it, and burst up the whole thing, for it was not done according to the word of the Lord, and there is no dodging the word; no amount of fanfare and trumpeting and union and federation and enthusiasm will save the situation if it is not according to the word of the Lord.

I will take the genuine first and we may take the spurious some other time.

> Now these are they that came to David to Ziklag, while he yet kept himself close because of Saul the son of Kish: and they were among the mighty men, helpers of the war.

That is a homely and heavenly word. Bible teachers look for a keynote. Many of the brethren do not find the same note. There

are lots of keys and lots of notes. Here the keynote is help or helper, and that word binds the chapter into a beautiful consistency. It is a homely word, but also a heavenly word. You can apply it to the lowliest and the humblest persons helping out on the fields, helping the Lord against the mighty. A great deal about a picture depends on the frame, and the word help or helper can be framed with a very humble frame, or it can be framed with a very golden and glorious frame. They were helpers in the war; they were armed with the bow—that is terribly old-fashioned. My young brother, do not be afraid to be old-fashioned. These are days when we are likely to be too anxious to be what is called up-to-date and new-fangled and new-fashioned and show we know all about it. The older I grow I am quite content for people to call me old-fashioned, for I have hold of something, I do not care what they call it; it will do me, it will serve my turn; it has served me well up to now, and I am not going to change for anything. They were armed with bows. It looks mightily old-fashioned today, just like Shamgar, who went into that crowd of Philistines in a very rude, untrained, old-fashioned way; he went into them with an ox-goad instead of a sword and speared them, and they could not have been deader than they were when he got through. Do not be afraid; if you can do it, stick to it. I know some brethren who have changed their weapons—I think it is time they changed back to the old one; they are making more flourishing than hitting. And they could use the right hand and the left. There is a little word which I interpret in the light of Christ, our Great Commander, and the works of the Lord, in which we are humble and I trust hearty helpers—the right and the left, that is for the expected and the unexpected—the expected right hand and the unexpected, the left. When you expect something from the right you get a stinger from the left and cry, "Woo, woo, woo! where did you come from?" And speaking of evangelists, although I am back among the gorgeous regulars now—speaking among evangelists, of whom a man said, "One of whom I am which," that terrible relative of ours, speaking to evangelists that need it, and we all need it, between you and me, brother evangelists, I think the regulars need it a wee bit more than we do, this surprise power, the right hand and the left, the expected and the unexpected, the surprise power. I do not care how long we are in a place or how short, we must have the freshness of surprise power, the right hand and the left. How often our people sit down in front of us on Sunday and they think they know what we are going to say. Let us show them that they do not. Make the best and steadiest old sermon tasters among them sit up next Sunday. Through what is expected? Yes. Do not strain after novelty. Let everything be guided by the Word of God. Say what is true and

practical; say what is commonly believed among us; but in the midst of all that get in the unexpected, the freshness of the surprise power. God will give it to us; otherwise we won't have it. It is not influence, but He will give it to all those who are helping to make David king—the right hand and the left. Then comes a string of names. Listen!

> The chief was Ahiezer, then Joash, the sons of Shemaah, the Gibeathite; and Jeziel, and Pelet, the sons of Azmaveth; and Berachah, and Jehu the Antothite, and Ismaiah the Gibeonite, a mighty man among the thirty, and over the thirty; and Jeremiah and Jahaziel, and Johanan, and Josabad the Gederathite, Eluzai, and Jerimath, and Bealiah, and Shemariah, and Shephatiah the Haruphite, Elkanah, and Jesiah, and Azareel, and Joezer, and Jashobeam, the Korhites.

"And all the rest," as a good old vicar of the Church of England said, and when that churchman would take a liberty like that, the rest of us may feel permitted. The old vicar was reading that chapter in Daniel about the three Hebrew children, and I think five or six times a phrase comes in telling of musical instruments, "That at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music," and when he came for the fifth or sixth time to "That at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer," he lifted his hand in a weary way and said, "Same band as before." I think it was quite legitimate. You laughed when I read that string of names. Why? Why did you smile? Would you like it now if I read a string of your names, and when I was done for the people to laugh? How hot your cheek would get! Even suppose it was only Jones and Smith and Brown, and there is nothing commoner—you cannot all be "Mc." I believe if David stood here now, if he conducted this service and gave the address, I believe this is the chapter David would read if he was in the Old Testament, and when he came to these names over which you waxed rather merry—of course, I was to blame; I set a trap for you and you walked right in—you are the most innocent people!

If David were reading this chapter, where you got rather merry I believe he would scarcely be able to get the word for emotion, a great lump would be in his throat and a tear in his eye, for these that were only names to you, my, how they would rise up before him as more than names—brave, devoted, stalwart men, who risked home, wealth, position, and life itself, risked everything to make David king according to the word of the Lord. Do you hand me up your com-

munion rolls, and if I stood here and read them, and suppose you knew the town and the people represented and the church represented by that particular roll—let it be Baptist or Presbyterian or Methodist or Episcopalian or whatever—if, when I read down those names, should you laugh a little with mocking laughter, I do not know if I could rebuke you. How, in the name of all that is honest and true, did some names ever get on church rolls! It is enough to provoke the sneer and laugh of hell. How in the name of God, how in the name of truth, how in the name of all that is honest and real, did some names ever get on to the roll of the sacramental host of God's elect? To read them is to provoke the incredulous and mocking laughter and smile. All those were more than names; these were stalwarts, these were men. I wonder if the eyes of our dear and glorious King would shine as David's would shine if He stood on this platform where I am and read these names! How His dear eyes would shine as they rose up before him. I wonder if, when our great and glorious Captain and King reads our names—O dear friends—I wonder do His eyes shine because the name that means that the person to whom the name belongs is with Him heart and soul for life, for death, for time and eternity. I will pass on.

The eighth verse: "And of the Gadites there separated themselves unto David into the hold to the wilderness men of might, and men of war fit for the battle,"—not the hospital—"fit for the battle." We have so many in all our churches, and they are forever on our hands, who are weak. They are so much impedimenta, and we have them. Some of you dear church members who have so much criticism upon the ministers, may I give you a little back? There are so many people in all our churches who are not fit for the battle, but for the hospital. Last night I said in Chicago, "Raise your hands, all those who were with me at the World's Fair," and a forest of hands went up. I said, "All I wanted to say was that you are twenty-one years older." I said, "I am sure that some of you, for all that you are good church members, are just where you were, not a bit further on, forever making the weary statement to your minister, 'I doubt my faith is the right kind of faith,' never on the firing-line, but just hanging on. You neither die nor get better." God help us! Too many of them we have who neither die nor get better, and they just hang on in the old, sickly, ailing, weakly, hopeless sort of fashion, but they need an awful lot of attention. There is no strike in them. "They could not strike a window with a spade," as my old father used to say. You never saw such high mucks—should I say mucks or mutts? Maybe it means the same thing. I am beginning to pick up your vocabulary! Listen to this! "They were men of might and men of war, fit for the battle." Of course, we remember where we get the

might and get the fitness and from whom, but listen! "They could handle shield and buckler." Listen! "Their faces were like the faces of lions, and they were swift as the roes upon the mountains," not to run from the foe, but to run to get there, to land with some impact and momentum. Where has that gone? What does the old Chronicler say? "Their faces were like the faces of lions" when they stood up in front of the enemy. What struck that old Chronicler, and the Holy Spirit inspired it as much as anything in John or Ephesians, was the stamped resolute look on every face of them. God help us! Where has that gone? They knew where they were, and who they were, and what they were out for, "To make David king," and they were not going back; they had burned their boats and broken down their bridges; no return. Where has that gone? It is gone to a large extent from both pulpit and pew; there is an absence of that stamped resolute look of conviction that we know what we believe, that we know what we are, that we know what life means—that life for us means to make Christ King, and He is not King yet; but we are here to make Him King—not simply the people in the pulpits, the ministers and evangelists, but the whole rank and file of red-lipped communicants. Jesus Christ shed His blood no more for preachers and evangelists than for the humblest members. Every obligation that lies on me to preach and win and save, lies on you to preach and win and save, on all of us, to make David king, for he is not king. Who would stand for the position that Jesus Christ is King? Is He King in business? He is not King in business.

Now, my business brother, if you are saved, you are consecrated, anointed and baptized to make Him King. Now, wheat-pit operator in Chicago, if you are true to Him it is your duty to make Jesus King. My God, what a battle! May He hearten you for it and send you into it, and if you cannot be in the wheat-pit to make David king, God bless you! come out of it. What have you to do there? Come out of it and save your soul and let wheat and profits go. Who would say that Jesus Christ is King in society, that fiddle-faddle lot that never knows its own mind for twenty-four hours—with a capital "S,"—Society!!—and you will not be in the littlest town you may go into a day, like Warsaw here, until you hear of Society!! as if it were New York, and why should it not be? Who would stand for it that Jesus Christ is King in society? He is not, but if any of the people here move in those ranks, then, my friends, you are there to make Jesus King, for you were redeemed to make Him King where you live and move and have influence and example. Who would stand for it that Jesus Christ is King in home life? He is not, but we are out to make Him King in home life, and God anoint us for that battle and give us the victory, for we have not it yet. Right in the homes

of you fathers and mothers Jesus Christ often is not King, and you know it; but you are there consecrated, baptized, anointed and saved to make Him King according to the word of the Lord. What a life we should live! Who would say that Jesus Christ is King in His own church? I tell you sadly and bitterly, and it brooks no contradiction, in many quarters He is not—not in His own church, not in His own house, not King. His word does not reign and rule, His word is set aside, His word torn to pieces, but we are out to make Christ King in His own house, all of us anointed, baptized and saved to make Him King. O God, what a life we might live without being professional preachers or evangelists or teachers, all of us. Listen to this, people! "Their faces were like the faces of lions," the stamped resolute look. How often of the Master you say, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"—take care! You may overdo that "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" business until you make a weakling of Jesus, and He was not that. He was gentle. He was gentler than your mother, but there was the other side to Him. His face is a sweet, gentle, patient face, but it had the iron in it. "His face was as though He would go to Jerusalem," and Jerusalem meant mocking and blasphemy and cruelty and crucifixion, but He faced it. Do not overdo that "gentle Jesus, meek and mild" business; never forget the iron that was in His blood and the firmness stamped on every feature. Where has it gone? "Their faces were like the faces of lions," stamped and resolute; they knew where they were and what they were out for, and they knew what life meant; to them it was just one thing, either death or victory, to make David king according to the word of the Lord. Face the average congregation today! You people have been looking at us preachers to see how we look. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. Allow me to tell you how you look. Face the average congregation, I was about to say, especially in a West End church, where learning is and so-called culture, and very often only so-called. Nobody objects to good honest culture, for that includes culture of the heart, and culture of the heart includes cleansing in the blood of the Lamb. "You cannot make a silken purse out of a sow's ear," and I am afraid some so-called cultured ministers are trying that hopeless task with some so-called cultured congregations, and the devil will burst up the business, or God will. Nobody will object to good honest culture, and our "Punch" pilloried the humbug by the way it spelled it, not "culture," but "cultchure." My dear Americans, avoid all aping at "cultchure." I was preaching the other day and a professor came to hear me. I suppose he had his own notions about me beforehand, and after he had heard me preach he shook hands with a friend and said, "Our

friend is a man of some culture." Didn't I feel as a man said when his tongue slipped, did I not feel entirely "grattered and flattified?"

This is a great chapter to me that seems so full of stones and bones; it is so full of God and ringing with a living touch. "Their faces were like the faces of lions." We have landed on a generation—thank God we have exceptions!—we have landed on a generation when the rank and file in the pews today have such a wandered look. Maybe the pulpit is to blame. If the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, how can their faces have a resolute look? Notice from the pulpit the wandered look, as if people do not know what to believe and do not know what they are out for, nor where they are. They have a kind of look that says, "Lead me gently home." We are keen to take credit, let us be frank to take blame. What if we are to blame for that vague, wandered look, and it is on the faces of the congregations at this time—a vague, hazy, wandered look; they do not know where they are, they do not know what they are out for, they do not know what life means—to make Jesus King in business, in home, in society, in your own heart, in the church. What a work! What a calling! Their feet were as swift as roes on the mountains. He looked at their faces and feet, and that takes in all between, and they were just right. "Their faces were like the faces of lions," and their feet swift, eager to go. We have so many people whose feet are as bad as their face, they are slow to go, and they are forever executing strategic movements on the rear, anything to avoid the shock of battle. Say to some of your people that you are going to have an open-air meeting in this summer weather, and you will see what you will see! How many will gather about you? And when you do start, maybe some of your leading people will happen to come along the street, and when they see that it is you and a religious meeting they bolt past extra quick; they do, and you know they do. As God lives, I would have at them next Sunday, I would redden their cheek for them next Sunday. Then you will have things livelier, and the people may not like it, but before God they will begin to respect us, and it is high time they did, when we get more resolute and stamped and convinced and make them feel that we are to stop this playing at soldiering, for the military metaphor runs through the New Testament as well as the Old, but we are burlesquing the military side. I do not know how some people can sing some military hymns, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and I hesitate to give it out. I do not like to have people hurt their souls singing what to them is a burlesque—"Onward, Christian Soldiers," on Sunday, and then on Monday away to some music hall, and then on Tuesday away to some social party with a little dance at the end, and on Wednesday night, the night of the mid-week meeting, away to some

place, for some new lecturer has appeared; away on Thursday to some other social function; Friday, of course we must have one night at home, Friday at home; and Saturday, we will hold that last, and then Sunday "Onward, Christian Soldiers." I tell you we are in danger of having the devil's burlesque of Christian soldiery, "Onward, Christian Soldiers, marching from the war." You know the withering alteration that some minister made in another of our great hymns —

> "The Son of God goes forth to war,
> A kingly crown to gain,
> His blood-red banner streams afar,
> We follow in the train!"

We take the easy road; we are not marching; we have stopped going on foot; that is too slow; we are going by Pullman express.

I have strung the names together. Now that you have your warning, listen respectfully:

> Ezer the first, Obadiah the second, Eliab the third, Mishmanna the fourth, Jeremiah the fifth, Attai the sixth, Eliel the seventh, Johanan the eighth, Elzabad the ninth, Jeremiah the tenth, Machbanai the eleventh.

And it stops at the eleventh. Some other Judas drops out. Is my name down? Is it down lovingly, minutely, personally? Mind you, it is if you are true. Your name is there, and His dear eyes shine, the eyes of our glorious King, every time He sees it, for He knows you are down on the field and you are battling true and faithful. Listen! "These were of the sons of Gad, captains of the host; one of the least was over an hundred, and the greatest over a thousand." The real Hebrew is, "He that was least was greater than a hundred, and the greatest was greater than a thousand," and you see our translators never had met people like that. Translation needs more than a knowledge of a language; sometimes it needs sheer courage, and they had not the pluck to put the real translation of the Hebrew in the text, and they put it in the margin. They never had met people of that size. Translators often are a kind of stay-at-home folks. That is the Hebrew. What did they do?

> These are they that went over Jordan in the first month, when it had overflown all his banks; and they put to flight all them of the valleys, both toward the east and toward the west.

You say, "I do not see much there!" Well, now, Turner, the great painter, said to a lady who had said to him, "Oh, Mr. Turner, excuse me, I don't see much in that painting." "No, madam, but don't you wish you could?" What did they do? They went over Jordan in the first month, when it had overflowed all its banks. That is to say, everybody said, "Oh, you cannot go over Jordan in the spring when the snows have melted and the floods are out and it is a roaring, raging torrent miles wide; if you are going to cross the Jordan now, you cannot do it in the first month of spring." Everybody said it; and the brave thing they did, and you will never do a braver thing—they took an old, hoary, time-honored traditional saying and they proved it to be a hoary old lie. It is the bravest thing you will ever do. You try it and you will be in a battle. The Moderator will rise and call you to order. What did they do? They took a hoary old saying and proved it to be a hoary old lie, and the foundation of it was unbelief and laziness and cowardice, and "we don't want to be bothered," and "it is the spring and it is not the right time and we will wait," and when it is summer there will be an equally good excuse in summer, and when it is winter there will be an equally good excuse, until enterprises of great moment are disregarded and their currents turned aside and we lose the name of action. That victory is waiting, minister and evangelist; it is waiting in your church, dear friend; and you who are neither preacher nor evangelist, if a few of you would get together and in God's name tear to pieces some of these old sayings, "Oh, you can't do it for it is spring," and then, "You cannot do things in Chicago just now, for it is summer, and the ministers are away on their vacations and the elders are away on their vacations, and the deacons are away on their vacations, and it is summer, and the big people are away on their vacations," and the devil is away on his vacation? If he is he has left some one to carry the business on in Chicago. Do you see my point? Make your own application for your own church, this! this! this! the bottom being laziness and cowardice, "and we do not want to get wet," and "we do not want to run the risks of winter, as the winter is too cold," and "the summer is too hot," and the devil has it all the time. Do you see what an easy win it was when they tore this hoary old saying to pieces, "You cannot cross the Jordan in the spring when the floods are out?" And they crossed the Jordan, and there was no fight at all. When they crossed the Jordan they put them to flight; they never had an easier win, for the people on the other side of the Jordan were sheltering behind this hoary old saying, and they were saying, "If these people are going to attack us they will never come over in the spring when the floods are out." But mercy on us! they were over one morning,

and they arose and ran. There was no fight, only flight. The addition of an "l" turns fight into flight, and taking it away, flight into fight. Which do we want? Now it is waiting. Dear old Moody did it. Most men who have made their mark, and women, too, made their mark because at some place or another they tore in pieces some hoary old saying, the bottom of which is unbelief and want of conviction, a want of understanding of the hour and its possibilities. This is getting to be a great chapter. I cannot get through it today. We run on the bonniest wee verse in the chapter. Listen!

> For at that time day by day there came to David to help him, until it was a great host, like the host of God.

You cannot say this is a dry chapter after a verse like that. Did you catch it? Did you catch the anthem rolling, "For at that time day by day there came to David to help him until it was like the host of God,"—it may mean the stars in the sky, or the angels beyond the stars. God help us! That day is this day.

There is where I link this old chronicle with the Acts of the Apostles and the wars of the Lord up to date. That day is this day. They are coming to David to help him day by day. Do not misrepresent things by your own little failure! If there is not much doing with you, go to the side of the hedge and listen to the whir of the reaper in the neighbor's field. If they are not coming to you they are coming somewhere; and in fact all over the world they were never coming as today, and this red plowshare (war in Europe) is going to help under God's blessing. It will help David, the coming of the Eternal King. "Day by day to help him," a humble word, but a great setting again, "to help David." A little band would come and say to David, "We are just a little company, one man seems of no account, but there is a narrow pass there where half a dozen could hold the pass against a thousand; put us down there." One man would come and say to David, "I am a man of no account, and to live or die does not matter, and if there is any peculiarly lonely and dangerous place for a sentry, will you set me down there, sir?" They came to David for no self-seeking or mere parading and sham fighting, to fire blank cartridges and Chinese fireworks warranted not to burn, but they came to help, and stamped on all their faces was that heavenly, simple-looking word, "to help." I trust we can say we are helpers. When I was a lad I was brought up in a humble home—not poor, but pious, if you please, poor and pious. If it had been wealthy you would have said wealthy and pious. Poverty and piety have always, in some degree, gone together. My dear mother was five and twenty years an invalid and never a

day without pain, never a night with two hours unbroken sleep; my father a workingman. I remember when his wages were only four dollars a week, and that was shortened by every shower that fell, and children coming and going. Remember, may I interject, we never looked upon ourselves as the poor. The poor were a long way below us. We belonged to the aristocracy, and we did, not through me, but through a God-fearing father and mother. I say now we belonged to the aristocracy of grace and character and righteousness and credit, the blue blood of heaven. May we all belong to it! And children coming and children going, and if I am to be taken as a specimen of my mother's children, then my dear mother hadn't her sorrows to seek any more after I arrived. Don't you look so solemn, maybe you were a pippin! My father had an unmarried sister; her name was Martha and we called her Mattie—that is good enough for you Marthas if you are the Martha she was. Because Mattie had no ties of her own she came to the house of her brother John. Mattie came to help—that is where I strike into my text. I do not know what some of our friends visit us for! I do not want to make anybody's face red, but in all charity I do not think they come to help. Mattie came to help. She did not sit around in her best clothes and expect us to take her around and show her everything. Mattie was not half an hour in the house until she was in her working clothes. I was the oldest and the biggest and the strongest, and I had a great deal of what you call girl's work until my sister below me had become big enough, and then I promptly resigned, but up to that point I had lots of girl's work and woman's work to do. I am not sorry now that I did it, but I say now I could have done it better. If you have a lad who has girl's work to do, give him my compliments and tell him to do it better than I did, and not be mortified, but proud of it. When Mattie came, my holidays came. I barely took time to kiss her until I would say, "Mattie, how long will you abide? How long will you stay?" I wanted to know how long I was to be free like other boys, and after school was over to go trouting and bird-nesting, and all that. Mattie came to help where it was unheralded, untrumpeted, unnoticed and unrewarded. She was not a bonny woman as to face or feature, but I know a lad in those days who thought Mattie was the bonniest woman that ever came through his father's door, for she came to help, and she worked, and she was not half an hour in the house until she was in her working clothes and turning things outside in and inside out and upside down, and very likely discovered some of my short cuts, but if she did she never gave me away. To me how beautiful she was! Brethren, if her minister had intimated that at that everlasting meeting for Christian Workers on

Tuesday night—capital C, capital W, tea and coffee at seven—some of you need an awful amount of refreshment for anything you are doing; you must have refreshments anyhow—if the minister had intimated the usual meeting for Christian Workers (capital C and capital W) on Tuesday night, dear old Mattie never would have dreamed that she was invited, but was she not a Christian Worker? Take care of these fossilized expressions of ours! Christian Worker—capital C and capital W—and much some of them work! Why, Mattie was a Christian Worker, but not in a professional or technical sense. She lived until she was eighty-seven, and God gave me the unspeakable privilege and honor of being for years the sole support, earthly staff and comfort of her declining days, and when she died at eighty-seven I almost grudged her to God and heaven.

Dear sister, maybe some man will stand up like me after you are gone, and like me not ashamed of the lump in his throat and the tear in his eye as he testifies about you because you were a helper, working at unheralded, untrumpeted and unrewarded work, but you helped. Mattie belonged to the class in our day that is known as old maids, and all I have to say is, if Mattie represents old maids, then may the number of them increase, and some of you just let them alone; do not overtempt them. It is no great prize for a woman to marry some of us. I never saw so many gratified-looking women at once! What are we to do? I want to take all this talk about evangelism and all this talk about Christian work, and, with God's help, take off its stilts, for it is on them. It is stilted. Put it on the ground and take away all embroidery and flippery, and let us see how glorious it is in its beauty and simplicity! You cannot make it more glorious, helping the Lord against the mighty. We are in a great thing. Nobody likes to belong to a weak thing. If your lad is in a little office in Chicago, he does not say much about it. If he is in one of the great big offices, he tells everybody of that. In religion we do not need to go sliding and slipping along. After all, we belong to a great thing, it is a great host. Attention! eyes front! it is a great host that we belong to. Joseph Parker used to say to indicate how widely his audience was gathered, "The back seats of the City Temple are in the Rocky Mountains." The back seats of the humblest meeting on your prairies and over in my own Scotland, where there are more sheep and deer than men, the back seats of the lowliest meeting gathered emerge at the right hand of the throne. We are a great host; be worthy of it! Lift up the hands that hang down, and strengthen the feeble knees; men, use your eyes to your high honor, and yet you are trying to touch this great work with your little finger. Angels might covet and envy our position to help the Lord to bring on the Everlasting Kingdom

and its glory. A great host! Death never thins our ranks. Isaiah is with us, Paul is with us, Luther is with us, the Wesleys are not dead—who said John Wesley was dead?—the Wesleys are with us, Chalmers is with us, Knox is with us; Moody is not dead, glory to God! Death never thins our ranks. We are a great host, and the gates of hell cannot stop us, and the greatest in the midst of us is our mighty, glorious, heavenly David. And it is growing every day. From every clime they come to see thy beauty and to share thy joy, O Zion, an assembly such as earth saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see. And we are coming to Mount Zion, unto the city of the living God, the New Jerusalem, the general assembly and church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven, to the spirits of just men made perfect, to the innumerable company of angels, and to Jesus. Make it our one apprehension and concern every day that dawns and every night that darkens and every time you go out the doorway and every time you come in the doorway, that from today and forward we will do nothing unworthy of our place and position with that glorious King and with that glorious company!

A Spurious Revival

(I Chronicles, Chapter 13.)

By REV. JOHN McNEILL, D. D.

I said this morning that the chapter that occupied us then was the story of a genuine revival, and the next chapter was the story of a spurious revival. We had one chapter. Let us take the other now—one by way of example and the other by way of warning. It is all about taking up the Ark, whch was, as you know, the symbol of the presence of Jehovah in the midst of His people, in the very center of all their life, personal, family, religious, national. Let me read the chapter:

> And David consulted with the captains of thousands and hundreds and with every leader. And David said unto all the congregation of Israel, If it seem good unto you, and that it be of the Lord our God, let us send abroad unto our brethren everywhere, that are left in all the land of Israel, and with them also to the priests Levites, which are in their cities and suburbs, that they may gather themselves unto us: and let us bring again the Ark of our God to us for we enquired not at it in the days of Saul. And all the congregation said that they would do so: for the thing was right in the eyes of all people. So David gathered all Israel together, from Shihor of Egypt even unto the entering of Hemath, to bring the Ark of God from Kirjath-jearim. And David went up, and all Israel, to Baalah, that is, to Kirjath-jearim, which belonged to Judah, to bring up thence the Ark of God the Lord, that dwelleth between the cherubims, whose name is called on it. And they carried the Ark of God in a new cart out of the house of Abinadab: and Uzza and Ahio drave the cart. And David and all Israel played before God with all their might, and with singing and with harps, and with psalteries, and

> with timbrels, and with cymbals, and with trumpets. And when they came unto the threshing-floor of Chidon, Uzza put forth his hand to hold the Ark, for the oxen stumbled. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzza, and he smote him, because he put his hand to the Ark: and there he died before God.

As you read these verses you feel that the man who wrote them had no doubt about God's share in the business. In that smiting he puts God stubbornly at the heart of it. "And David was displeased,"—how do you feel about it yourselves?

> David was displeased because the Lord had made a breach upon Uzza: wherefore that place is called Perez-uzza to this day. And David was afraid of God that day.

Do your moods, to tell the truth, ever change occasionally, or have you reached the calm, lofty level where your thoughts never change? David was a man of deep religious, spiritual feeling, and David went up and down and did not find it always easy to understand God. Do you find it easy? Are you away ahead of David? Think of these things! I am afraid of some people with whom religion is so deadly placid; I am afraid the life has gone out of it. David was angry, and then David was frightened, and David was a deeply spiritually-minded and believing man. David was afraid of God and said:

> How shall I bring the Ark of God home to me? So David brought not the Ark home to himself to the city of David, but carried it aside into the house of Obed-edom the Gittite. And the Ark of God remained with the family of Obed-edom in his house three months. And the Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that he had.

Is it not a beautiful finish, like a dying cadence of sweet music that lingers in the ear, or like some refrain of a sweet song that lingers on your tongue and you love to quote it. "The Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom and all that he had." And the beautiful finish is all the more beautiful and welcome because, dear friends, to tell the truth, the chapter is not a favorite chapter in the Bible. I do not pretend that it is. It is dark looking on its face. If I looked at some of your Bibles at this place I would find them fresh and clean, showing you have not pastured very much there, that you did not feel that there was wholesome pasture there, and you have

been nibbling somewhere else. The chapter is dark looking on its face, and the dark look is really a dark look on the face of God. We just feel we do not understand Him there, and that is why we jump over it, and we see nothing but to make a mental note that there is something very dark there and very gloomy, and the darkness is round about God. He seemed to be very severe upon poor Uzza for putting out his hand to steady the Ark when the oxen who were pulling it on the cart shook it. And then if you go to sermonic literature, if you are wanting to get up a sermon on it, you will not get much help. Those who write sermons and publish them do not write much on this story of the handling of the Ark and its direful consequences. If you had to preach a sermon on it you would have to blaze your own way, and after all I don't know that that is any great harm, just to be made to feel once in a while that you are as wise as your teachers, and if they have not much to say, then you have not less yourself; you are no worse than they are, and at any rate you can take your own road for once. We find this chapter is like the weather: We have sometimes a beautiful morning, a lovely forenoon, and then things get brighter; and then about mid-day things get somber and there is an ominous silence and a darkening; then a gleam of lightning and a roar of thunder, and all the pleasant sunshine is gone, and the wind is lashing and howling; and then on along towards the evening the wind ceases and the rain ceases, and all becomes quiet, and the clouds part and the sun sinks to rest in a blaze of golden glory in the west. So with our story. It created enthusiasm at the beginning, the king and all the leaders and the people were enthusiastic, a great united enthusiastic movement about the Ark, and the blowing of trumpets; and then in the middle of it suddenly a bolt out of the blue, a dead man in the road; the music stopped, the procession broken up, all jarred and spoiled. And David himself is angry and then frightened. Neither mood is right, although the second is better than the first. David angry and then frightened, and then in the end the Ark, that awful, dreadful box, huddled in the nearest house that would open to take it in, and when it gets in nobody smitten, but all the fear and jar and marring over, and the story ends in sweetness and sunshine and peace. The Ark remains in the house of Obed-edom, the Gittite, for three months, and it smote nobody and blessed everybody. "The Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that he had." We have to face the chapter. The Lord give us some profitable meditation! Let us face it!

Do not be like the Scotch preacher who said, "Brethren, there is a difficulty in this text, but we shall look it boldly in the face and

pass on." Let us look it boldly in the face and pass in! Of course, I indicated in the morning what was wrong. The chapter before is a chapter of genuine enthusiasm and revival, for it was to make David king according to the word of the Lord; and this chapter is all wrong, as we find it, because it was not according to the word of the Lord and the Lord would not have it. Now, what happened? Just blaze our own track again! Knowing what happened, I am set to find out the mischief, and everybody knows that mischief was there, for it broke out and God smote a man, and God must be right, you see. There is no use pulling down your brows at God—He must be right. There is no caprice, no fitfulness, no human uncertainty and no sinful anger with the Holy One. I hold a brief for God, and it should be an easy brief, even were I an ever so bungling an advocate to have here. I hold a brief for God, and it should be an easy brief to handle, knowing what we all know of the setting behind it to find out the indications of the mischief, and I think you could learn a lesson. It was all about the Ark. David consulted with the captains of thousands and hundreds and with every leader, and let me remark that if you are going along that line in doing anything for God, see that you consult every leader—if you leave any little leader out you will be sorry for yourself, and you will discover what a lot of leaders you have to tote around among. That is the true fact today. Bless your hearts! what a lot of leaders we have. There seem to be more leaders than people being led — led to any good purpose, I mean. David consulted with the captains of thousands and hundreds and with every leader, he brought them all in, and David said to the congregation of Israel, "If it seem good to you, and if it be of the Lord our God,"—ho! ho! is that not a long while before we come to God? Everybody else first, and then God. Now, if that is so, look at it again! Talk about keynotes and keywords, are we not getting it there? Will you look out for mischief? Captains of thousands and hundreds, every leader, all the congregation, and if it seem good to you, and if it be of the Lord our God! God brought in to turn a phrase!! We pious Christians put a smitch of pity somewhere! God brought in in some deftly quoted text, some deftly quoted liturgical piece, but His word set aside, ignored, looked at as if we were touching something suspicious and dangerous! "Captains of thousands and captains of hundreds, and every leader, and all the congregation of Israel, and if it seem good to you, and if it be of the Lord our God!" We are pious people, we must put in God somewhere, as if we could bluff God with our unanimities and our majorities, and our federations, and our fanfare and trumpeting, when we ignore His word and set that aside!

Notice further! Again he says, "Let us bring the Ark to us," and all the congregation said they would do it, for the thing was right in the eyes of God? Oh, no, the thing was right in the eyes of all the people. Now, do you see what we are in for? I wonder if that is why some of the big people today do not touch this chapter, simply because on their theories of the Word of God, their bastard liberal theories, this chapter does not fit them! Let us learn a lesson! No amount of religious enthusiasm, for it was religious, it was about the Ark, will answer. It was not a skeptical and an ungodly people—it was God's dear people, and the king and the priests and all of them were round about it, but God would not have it. Every Sunday-school child knows now that God would not have it, and if God would not have it from His dear, delightful David, He will not from you, my friend, nor from me either. Look out! Let us have no more mere mouth religion, and no more mouth honor, and no more mouth respect to the Word while all the time trampling under foot the Word, because we are all unanimous and we are all agreed, as everybody says it. And God did not allow it. He would not have it from His dear, delightful David—will He have it from you and me? What, professing to honor Him while deliberately insulting Him in His tenderest part, that Word of His, which He hath magnified above all His name, and on which everything depends of faith and worship and work, for everythng depends on the foundation of His Word? Look out! It is an awful and personal reference. That is where these people were wrong. Fine people, good people, and I am not talking about people inside the church and skeptic, modern or not so modern; I am talking about good, devout, worshipping people inside all the traditions of orthodoxy and reverence, going terribly astray, so terribly astray that God was so provoked to anger that He burst up the whole business with a tremendous mark of vivid displeasure. I know it is an unwelcome chapter, and I know why, and I know my sermon tonight is unwelcome to some people, and I know why. It is no credit to those people. How are we going about it? Just as David and all these people woke up one morning and said, "We will have a fine time bringing up the Ark, and there is no use bothering to look up the Bible as to any instructions God may have given by Moses, for we are all unanimous, and that is enough." No, it is not, certainly not. We get very unanimous about a thing, and here is how we go wrong: I speak to the individual. We go and consult with our Christian friends, our pious, good, worshipping and praying friends, and we tell them about this scheme of ours, and they say it is good. "Oh, yes, I believe it is all right and it would be for God's glory and a great blessing," and after we have got hot about it and explain the proposition to the captains and the chief friends, and

they all rub us the way of the hair and agree with us, then we go to God and pray, and our very prayer is a rebellion. Our prayer means, "O God, I am awfully hot about this! O God, I want this! O God, I think it would be for Thy glory! and O God, to my best friends it is a right thing! and O God, just because it is my will You will please make it Your will too!" Did you never find yourselves praying like that? Then you do not know yourself.

I think, brother preacher, that one of our great works is to search, as with a lighted candle, the hearts of our best saints to discover these things that will offend and provoke God, that they may be discovered and put away; all these spurious, counterfeit things of worship and reverence that are bastard and hollow and are not prompted nor inspired nor guided by the living eternal Word of God, but are our own whim and our own inspiration and our own enthusiasm and our own mistrust. No, the right way to pray is, and I believe some people have not begun to pray, simply because you can quote a text deftly, like David, putting in God's name deftly, just to give it a pious look we quote a text deftly and put in liturgical phrases in our sermons and prayers and reports about things, and we throw dust in our own eyes and think we have cheated God—the right way to pray to God, for God allows great plainness of speech with His children if we will be honest with Him and stop trying to blind Him with deftly quoted pious phrases—for your life stop that, lest He smite you on the cheek for daring to do it! It is a horrible thing that is in behind it. I want to justify God. It should always be so, should it not? This is the right way to pray: "O God, here is a thing I would like! O God, here is a thing and I am very hot about it! and O God, I have consulted all my best friends and they agree on it! But O my Father, O my God, if it is not Thy will, never mind me nor my tantrums nor my tempers; if it is not Thy will, never mind me! Head me off! Thwart me! Break me!" Remember how He prayed, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Again, that great prayer is often spoiled because we know it too well and we quote it so deftly, and it slips off the tongue in a senseless parrot rhyme, and it provokes God to hear it, for He knows the self-will and the rebellion that is in behind it. We provoke God when we do not think it. We quote things in a deft glib way, like a parrot rhyme slipping off our lips, that in David's mouth and in the mouth of Christ were sobs and agonies and tears and blood, and we dare to be grave! I pass. How did this thing miscarry? Well, you know how it miscarried. I have hinted at it all the time. It was about carrying the Ark. If ever a box in this world, by the construction as well as by express instruction, chapter and verse in Exodus and in Numbers,

was made for being carried on men's shoulders, on staves through rings, and never, never carried on any sort of cart, it was that box. God help us! How did we contrive to make such a botch and bungle of handling the Ark? By express contsruction, as well as chapter and verse instruction, in Exodus and in Numbers, the Ark was never to be carted, but always to be carried on the priests' shoulders. The Ark was a plain box, four feet long, by three feet by two, with a gold lid on top, which became known as the mercy seat; rising from the ends of the lid to the golden figures of the cherubim with their faces turned down onto the golden lid—I mention it hastily—and sometimes in over from the center of the lid, there appeared a marvelous bright shining cloud. Of course, to say "shining" to say "bright shining" seem to be a contradiction in terms, but remember I am trying to describe the undescribed and the indescribable—a marvelous bright shining cloud, the shekinah glory, the symbol of the awful and glorious presence of Jehovah in the midst of His people above the mercy seat. There were four golden rings at the four corners, and by express instruction by God through Moses to the priests and Levites, four staves were run through these four rings far enough, about eighteen inches, projecting beyond the rings, just to give them shoulder room on the shoulders of the priests who were to carry the Ark of God. I break off to say how in all the world could David and the priests and the Levites and all the people make such a botch and bungle of handling that Ark? God was utterly without any blame; they were absolutely provoking Him. It would not have been righteous nor holy for God to have allowed this to go, His word trampled under by His own people, and thinking simply because we are unanimous it is all right. No, it is not. For the fiftieth time, if God would not have it from His dear, delightful David, He is not going to have it from any theologian or preacher or denomination or king or the people today, either. Look out for God! My dear fellow, look out for God, especially in a time that is full of new-fangled notions and the whole test is, "Is it popular? Are the leaders agreed to it?" A good many of these notions—like carrying the Ark on a cart—we have borrowed from the Philistines and not from the Bible, but the whole thing is that it is popular and everybody does it, and so will we, because it will be popular. How could they bungle it?

Remember David as a man who loved the Bible. David said, "Oh, how I love Thy law!" and the law was just a bit of the Bible; it was as finished in David's time as it is finished and completed in our day, with express chapters and verses from God through Moses as to how to handle the Ark. "Oh, how I love Thy law, it is dearer

than money and sweeter than honey." And you feel inclined to say, "David, if you love your Bible so much, you must not have been reading it in Exodus and in Numbers, or you would never have made such a bungle about carrying the Ark." I am striking into things today and the very air of the church is full of them, bastard reverence that provokes God to His face, and He will not have it. David, you must not have been reading in Exodus and Numbers. Dear friends, from all mere hot air—that is a word of your own—from mere hot air and poor vapid expressions of love for God's Word, may God deliver us. "O, Mr. McNeill," says a man, "how I love the Bible and how I deplore all these modern notions. I believe the Bible from Genesis to Revelation!" Do you? It is a big order! No more hot air, please, about how you believe the Bible. David talked that way. Oh, how he believed the Bible, yet on this memorable occasion ignored the Bible and never looked at it. Men and women, do you see it staring you in the face? David trumpeted to all the world how he loved the Bible, and on this critical occasion ignored the Bible, trampling it under feet. God won't have it, and I stand for God. And so they went on with their trumpeting, and Uzza put forth his hand, for the oxen shook it, and if Uzza could touch it so could another and another. I think of mercy as always behind the judgment, and through the judgment, Uzza smitten, the music ceased, the procession was broken up, and David first filled with anger and then frightened. "How shall I bring the Ark home to me? What if God smites me? Uzza was an innocent man compared with me. Why shall I not be smitten?" That is a much better mood than being angry. There is a great lesson, O men and women, a great lesson for today, filled with all its bastard, hollow, unscriptural reverence, and God cannot be cheated nor bluffed nor coerced nor concussed with—not He. What is the crux of our religion? When I see David standing there with his brows down, over that dead man in the road, angry, what is the crux of our religion? It is the dead man in the road, right at the heart of our Christianity. What is at the heart of it? The dead, smitten Jesus. That is the very crux of our religion—the One who was smitten. It was expedient that Uzza be smitten that the whole procession perish not. Now, do you begin to see things glimmering? Now, do you begin to see why some moderns won't touch this chapter? I should think no. It would rebuke them to death and silence their very soul—that is why they do not touch it; they dare not touch it; it contradicts their whole spirit and teaching about the Word of God. Look at the cross, and what happens with the cross? The dead man at the heart of our religion. Royal brows are down—the royal brows in philosophy, the royal brows in theology. Why should anybody be smitten? It just

means why should not God be only too glad to see us romping around Him anyhow? It is the very tone of it today in certain quarters inside the church. Why should not God be only too glad to see us romping around him anyhow? Why should there be and thus, saith the Lord. Why should not the Bible be simply as regards doctrine—put a penny in the slot and take out whatever comes out, since it is popular and pleases the general taste and makes your minister a lovely man? Do not be so rigid and narrow as to testing things by a chapter and verse application of the Word of God. Oh, no, and God won't mind it! He will! Look out for God! He will mind it! My dear fellow, you will be a great deal cleverer than you are with your deftly turned phrases before you will cheat or concuss or coerce God, speaking as to the revelation of His mind and heart and will in His eternal Word, so do not be a fool and live all your days. Look out!

What did a great preacher say the other day—mind you, he is not great in my eyes, and I am, as Carlyle would say, naturally a hero worshipper—I am inclined to worship genius of any sort ever since I was a lad, but I have learned to test everything by the written, inspired, authoritative Word of God. What did this big preacher say? He said this, "If God is going to forgive me for any sins that I have committed, why can't God forgive me and be done with it? Why should anybody be smitten?" You talk about the Bible being out of date—it is not. There is an echo from that old chapter, "If God is going to forgive me for any trespasses and sins I have committed, why cannot He forgive me and be done with it?" Why, it is the dead smitten Christ in the midst of things. Why should anybody be smitten? Give me your sympathy, dear friends. I have a stiff subject to handle, but it is tremendously up to date and needed inside the house of God. We are not to be told about the smiting today; maybe you yourselves do not like it. To tell the honest truth, you do not like this chapter. You think it was very hard on Uzza, you think God cannot be justified. That is not faith at all. You are not a child at all. You are a rebellious little imp; you are a crosspatch. I stand over the smitten Uzza and I say—standing over the smitten Jesus—I say of God, and it was God who did it—God put Him to the cross; He is the rock, His work is perfect, for all His ways are judgment, and the God of truth and without iniquity does right all the while. I say it over the smitten Jesus on the cross. What do you say? for a lot of people think they are believers until God crosses their enthusiasm, and then the brow is down, like David's, and it is all broken. You are not a believer at all. You are an angry little thing, angry at God, but pretending that you are not, of course. With all his

faults, David did not pretend, and don't you. When you get hot about something—God seems to have opened the door, to have opened it wide, and you go up, and just as you go up the stairs God slams the door in your face—do you say hallelujah as you go down the steps? That is the thing to test some hallelujah gentry. Ha! ha! there is a lot of hallelujah, and I tell you it is a windy affair. I wish you would stop it. How do you feel over it when God slams the door in your face, and He seemed to open it, and you went up the steps to go in, and there it is shut? Do you go down the steps saying, "I worship thee, sweet law of God, and all thy ways adore?" Mind you, you ought. A better man than any of us said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." That was a believer, if you please. I wish we had a few more like him in this dyspeptic, short-tempered time. I stand bluntly to say that I have no interest in a God that does not smite; I would despise Him. A God who does not smite, I would despise Him, and so would you. This modern God of some people is nothing but love, as Joseph Parker said, "this great new modern love, and He is nothing but a great big kiss," and no matter how you mock Him, if you just take off your hat to Him once a week or once a month and go to His church—one gentleman acknowledging another—take off your hat and go to His church once a week or once a month, and all the rest of the time ignore Him and set Him aside, never consulting the Living Oracle of the Living Word, it is all right. There is no smiting and there is no stroke, and John and Judas and the Sultan of Turkey and his butchered victims and the drunkard and the swearer and the debauchee will all be found in the end of the day lying sweetly together in the bosom of this great big kiss of a modern God who has no stroke and no smiting and nothing but love. Do you believe in a God like that? You are like me; you would despise a God like that and you would be right, and He is not the God revealed in Jesus Christ, and on the cross as nowhere else. Behold the love and behold the severity and do not tamper with either. I have lived long enough to be done with these bastard notions of love! love! love!

When I was a lad, I do not know how it was with other ministers—maybe they were born with Geneva gowns on their backs, but I was not—I was an awfully ordinary boy. My dear mother, if you have a boy and he is rather wild—meaning well, of course—but rather wild, permit him to live, and give him my compliments and say I was asking for him. When I was a boy I made a dangerous discovery. As I told you this morning, my dear, weak, ailing, but loved mother, five and twenty years and never a day without pain, five and twenty years and never a night with two hours unbroken sleep, full of love

and gentleness; but her love and gentleness might have spoiled me, because I made the dangerous discovery for a lad, when I was only nine, that if I did wrong and was rebellious and deserved to be thrashed, I made the dangerous discovery that my mother was so weak that although she got hold of me and I deserved to be punished, she was so weak I could wriggle out of her hands and run away laughing. That is a dangerous discovery for a lad to make of love on the side of weakness. And then I discovered that the other end of my mother was my father. He could hold with one hand and lay on with the other, and I did not run away laughing. And yet I stand today, and I feel a lump in my throat as I say it, I loved my great strong horny-handed father as much as I loved my weak gentle mother, for though his hand was strong to smite, it was also strong to save. How they toiled for us! those great strong horny hands! One of the visions that I will carry while memory holds its seat, and the workingmen here will know the reference—working with cold iron crowbars and pinchers on a cold, frosty morning is terrible for opening great cracks in the hands, and I have seen my father at night drop burning resin into those great deep cracks to heal them up and to strengthen them that he might go forth in the morning to work and toil for our support. They were strong, they were hard, as I frankly admit it. It is not joyous to be afflicted, and I will not pretend that it was, but how I loved him! And, O God, I want to love Thee by the sight of the smiting and the inflexible holiness, righteousness and truth that dare not be tampered with. Never mind me! Spare not for my crying. He that spares the rod hates the child, and it is said that Young America is beginning to show traces of a spared rod. (A voice, "That is so!") Is that so? (Amen! amen!) Well, talk to your wife about it tonight! Said a lady to me, "You know, Mr. McNeill, I never chastise my children." Well, I did not say it to the lady—even I had not the courage. I thought, "Well, what people you are to have children to mind you! Your children may rise up to curse you; you were not fit to be trusted with the upbringing of children for God and truth and righteousness; a weak thing like you; how could you bring up a child?"

Well, how do you feel about the cross, friend? Whatever I felt at first about the dead smitten Jesus in the road, I have got over my anger and got over my fright, and I begin to see the longer I live that that smitten dead man on the cross is at the heart of our religion. My! He is healing all the quarrel! The great reconciliation takes place there, the light begins to break there, and I stand over the smitten dead Jesus at the very heart of our religion, and I say He was wounded for my transgressions, He was bruised for my

iniquity, the stroke that I deserved fell upon Him, and with His stripes I am healed. He has given me a peace by His sorrow and life by His death. How do you feel about the cross? It is John McNeill's last message to you—perhaps we shall meet next before the throne in the midst of which is a Lamb smitten and wounded and slain. How do you feel about the smitten Jesus? Have you got over your anger and have you got over your fright, into its deep, sweet, reconciling, soul-gladdening and saving power? I hasten, although one is tempted to linger here.

The Ark was carried aside into the house of Obed-edom, just huddled in, and it smote nobody and blessed everybody for three months. Let me give a little picture in closing. One night Obed-edom and his wife, about three months after they had taken in that awful box, and warning the children when they took it in, "Children, don't touch that box; it killed a man for touching it," they put it behind the curtains and warned everybody. They were terribly afraid to take it in at all, and after three months, one night just before they went to rest, at the close of the day, when the hamlet was still, Obed-edom and his wife were having what we call in Scotland a four-handed crack—a two-handed conversation—and it was all about the Ark, and he said, "My dear, do you remember what an awful fright we were in about taking in that box, and if it had not been for the king himself and the priests and Levites asking us to take it in, I would not have dared to touch it, and how we put it behind the curtains and screens and warned the chidlren never to touch that box? But nearly three months have gone, and I begin to see that things began to mend with us from the time we got courage to take in that box; there has been a blessing ever since the day it came in. None of my cattle has been lost or stolen or strayed. I never had such a harvest as I am going to reap soon. My health never was better. You can almost see our children grow, and they have had no measles or small-pox or chicken-pox since the box came in. In our relations with each other as man and wife, while I trust we love each other, but mind you, there is a good deal of wear and tear in married life and love sometimes seems to wear thin, and I noticed that formerly if I said a sharp thing to you, you answered with a sharper,"—most wives are gifted that way; don't try them too much. I see some of you trying to look strange! You remember Sam Jones. He once said, "All those women here who have never spoken a cross word to their husbands during their married life stand up!" and at the back of the hall three women stood up, and Sam Jones said, "Will the rest of you look around and see the three biggest liars in West Virginia?" We do not want any hot air about

your husband. "Why," he said, "if I said a sharp thing, you answered with a sharper, and ever since that box came in I have noticed that if I say a sharp thing you either say nothing at all or give the soft answer that turns away wrath. I declare, you grow younger every day, and I never was as much in love with you, dear, as I am this minute." And she said, "My dear husband,"—may I break in to say to you, say nice things like that to her now, do not wait until she is dead and blubber them over her coffin; say them while she is living and keep her out of the coffin! I have the feeling just now that I am the most popular preacher that ever some women listened to! In the morning it was the old maids, now it is the other lot!

If you will allow me, I will let fancy play; it is between the lines. Why should we leave all this to the Germans, especially when it is along the analogy of faith? I think the wife would tell her story, "O dear, I will tell you something of a day when you were all out and I was abiding in the house and nobody in it but myself, wee Benjie and myself, and I was busy, and suddenly I got conscious that wee Benjie had disappeared, and in a moment I thought about the Ark, and I dropped my work and I went along to that place where we put it behind the curtains, and I thought my heart would stand still—I heard his little feet moving inside the curtain, and I was nearly paralyzed." Edersheim tells us that when the high priest went once a year before the Ark into the awful presence of God, that he would tie a red cord about his ankle, so if he was not accepted and died, they might draw out his dead body. She said, "I heard him there," and where will a mother not go after her youngest child? "And the mother-love made me daring and I pushed aside the curtains and I went in before the Ark, and I will never forget what happened. Wee Benjie was standing rapturous before the Ark, because from the middle lid there arose a shape, a wreath, a figure of more than mortal human grace and beauty, and I thought I heard a voice of more than mortal sweetness that said to me, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" I believe she heard it, something like it, for God was ever the same to the childlike. O men and women, unbend your brows and give up all bastard worship and all pretended reverence and be the thing, down to the ground be the thing! Come to Him like a little child—not childishly, that is unworthy, unmanly, unwomanly—childlike, that solves the problem, that is the road to God. God has put handles to things, and if you attempt to handle them other than revealed in God's written word, you will never be able to handle them. There will be no blessing, but blight and quarreling and no reconciliation, and wrangling betwixt you and Him

forever. Oh, take things by the handles! He has revealed Himself, He has put handles to things. David went away and turned to his Bible the next chapter but one, and he called the procession back again. He said, "Come back, I have been reading the Bible, and I see where we made the bungle; it is only the priests that ought to carry the Ark on their shoulders, according to the word of the Lord." And it went all right then. Men and women, the things of God regarding life, sin, pardon, character, judgment and destiny are things not of speculation and discovery, but of revelation, and the greatest intellect in Europe or America is on the same dead level with the darkest savage. It is revelation, or we should never know, and in the greatness of our error we should go astray. The way to get to God, as Job would say, that is a path that the vulture's eye of the keenest intellect never discovered and never will. But, glory to God! it is revealed. What is the Ark to you and to me in this last message until the judgment seat? The Bible—yes; the church—yes; but after all, dear friends, the last form of the Ark is Jesus Christ. He is the brightness of God's glory, He is the express image of His person, and in order that we might know Him and handle Him aright He put His hands to Himself. Come to the Ark! Come to God's dear Son, and you will find hands as human as your own, with the track of the nail through them. Lay hold of Him by the hand, and there will be no cross and no quarrel and no controversy and no more bastard reverence and no more bastard worship, provoking God beyond endurance while professing to believe Him and worship Him. The dear old Scotch meter Psalm, a little song David composed about the Ark long afterwards, comes to my mind:

"I will not go within my house,
  Nor rest in bed at all,
Nor shall my eyes take any sleep,
  Nor eyelids slumber shall,
Until for the Lord a place I find
  Where He may make abode,
A place of habitation
  For Jacob's mighty God."

Enshrine Jesus in the temple of your heart in childlike faith and thou shalt be blessed. Blessed art thou when thou goest out, and blessed art thou when thou comest in, and blessed art thou when thou sittest down, and blessed art thou when thou riseth up, blessed in sickness and blessed in health, blessed in prosperity and blessed in adversity, blessed in living and blessed in dying, blessed in time

and blessed in eternity. Blessed are all they who have enshrined Jesus Christ, the Ark of the covenant, in a meek, obedient and child-like faith.

The Healing of Naaman

(II Kings, Chapter 5.)

By REV. JOHN McNEILL, D. D.

There are two or three familiar points about the gospel which are vividly illustrated in this story. And, first of all, the illustration I bring forward is, How to state the case as to what is wrong with human nature. According to the Bible, what is wrong is terribly wrong. The Bible's own doctrine about human nature, as regards birth and nature, what a terrible doctrine it is! There is no getting past it, there is no turning the edge of it; and the worst word the Bible says is terribly hacked up by human nature itself, throughout the generations, in lands that are savage and lands that are civilized. How are we to state it? for there is a great deal in that. Here is the stating of our terrible doctrine of depravity through sin. See how it is stated! We had a man in my own country, Scotland, whom we called rabbi, because of his great Oriental learning, and besides he was a great metaphysician and scholar, John Duncan—Rabbi Duncan—and he used to tell us students who were to be preachers, "Gentlemen, when you become preachers do not add to the offense of the cross you own personal offensiveness in preaching it—do not add to the offense of the cross any personal offensiveness of your own in preaching it." He meant, of course, what we call the doctrines of the cross. The doctrines that gather around the cross, especially on the dark and gloomy side as to human guilt and incurable sinfulness, will always be rasping enough on the natural feelings of self-sufficiency you meet in the human heart, without making them intolerable by the way you preach them. And that warning is true and always needed. What preacher has not felt that just because he stands here in the pulpit and because the people sit there, and, so to speak, have no right to reply, that he would use this doctrine of man's depravity and hopelessness and guilt through sin, as a bludgeon, and wherever you see a head go for it, and if you see that any part of the head is elevated particularly high, then it is all the better a target. "Don't

add to the offense of the cross your own personal offensiveness in preaching it." Don't make these doctrines seem utterly unbearable by the tone. Notice, the offensive tone in which we may preach it! See how we are guided here! Look in the case of Naaman, see him as an example of sin that represents all our hopelessness, sinfulness and uncleanness! See how it is stated, how the Bible puts everything in that poor man's favor that can be put. It tells the bitter truth and yet it cushions the blow, and tells the thing as gently and softly as may be while all the time it must be told. Was Naaman captain of the host? the Bible says so; was he a great man with his king? the Bible says so; was he honorable? it is the Bible that tells us that. Does the Lord actually use him—the Lord is the Lord of heathen countries—does the Lord actually use him for the deliverance of Syria, although it was heathen and idolatrous? it is the Bible that says, "By Naaman the Lord had wrought deliverance for Syria." Was he a brave soldier? he would face the foes of king and country ten to one on the field of battle and never flinch nor fly; the Bible says so, "He was a mighty man of valor." Having given the true and perfect inventory of the things in the man's favor and to his credit, it drops its voice and with a lump in its throat and a tear in its eye says, "But there was a dimness on all his honors and on all his glory, he was a leper, dying by inches, hopelessly and utterly incurable." Brother preachers and teachers, there is a lesson for us; we have to deliver a terribly humbling message; I grant you it is gloriously healing. If I speak to any sinner here, what I have to say, man, about your condition is terribly humbling but it is gloriously healing. Don't let your pride damn your soul. Let us remember that it is a terrible message; and let us remember that the leprosy has affected our thoughts and one of its deadliest symptoms is the common thought in the minds of many that they are not leprous and not incurable and not unclean and not dying by inches. Let us be gentle and say it because we must say it if we are to tell the truth.

Then the story jumps over and brings in the little girl. I shall telescope what I have to say in this remark: What a shining mark she is for the preachers! The Syrians had gone out by companies. Syria and Israel were border countries; there was trouble on the border; marauding bands were going from Syria into Israel and from Israel into Syria and carrying off booty, like the old days in England and Scotland, there was always trouble on the borders: of course, since we took England over all has been quiet! You better be ready for another smile for we in Canada are going to take the states over! A good many Scotchmen are over already. A marauding band had gone from heathen Syria into Israel and had driven off the defenders and had killed some of them and ruined the homestead,

and by freak of mercy a soldier as he dashed away picked up a girl, flung her across the saddle-bow and galloped back with her to Syria, but God guided the little thing for she belonged to Israel. I break off to say for these children of ours, put the broad arrow on them of government, and, mark you! God will look after His own. "Fast bind fast find." Bind your children to God in faith and prayer when they are young, and then no matter how the home nest may be harried, even by the scourge of war, the bottom drop out of it and the birds be compelled to fly away, God will guide their flight; and at the end when all is over and the curtain lifts may we find the old home nest rebuilt in heaven and all the birds gathered back into it again, not one missing: it is in the convenant of His grace for our children, may we work it and put Him to the proof by it, and He will stand the test. Because the little girl belonged to Israel and was given over to Him by faith and prayer, by father and mother, in untroubled times, God guided her and she became a little maid to the wife of this dying general, the great commander-in-chief; and one day when the little girl was dealing with her mistress, may be working on her hair, she saw her mistress in the mirror in front furtively brush away the tear—now, see here, don't you say, "There were no mirrors then," don't break me up like that—there were always mirrors of some kind since there were women; beauty always had something in which to see itself. At any rate, I think of her there working away with her mistress' hair, and she brushed away the tears and the little thing's heart became too big for her breast and she burst out, "Oh, would to God my master were with the prophet that is in Samaria for he would recover him of his leprosy!"

My dear preachers, she is a shining mark for us to the end of time. With artless art, and mind you! it is far more beautiful than it looks, it is so simple: but what is simplicity? simplicity is more than a flow of subtile, essential, intangible, imponderable influence. A blade of grass is very simple, but never make the mistake of thinking that a simple thing is a weak thing; a blade of grass is very simple, and there are millions of them in the fields, but all the scientists in Europe and America could not make one single blade of grass: the roots, the being, the entity of one single blade of grass lie in the creating energy, wisdom and power of Almighty God. And the gospel is very simple and this wee girl's gospel was simply set forth by a little witless remark, but never make the mistake of thinking that a simple thing is a weak thing. Artlessly told but how artful in its artlessness, for it struck and stuck and made its mark; and in a sense she was putting in her tongue and interfering in things above her and beyond her; she was interfering where all the doctors were beaten and all the great people had come to a non-

plus of the healing of this great commander's leprosy. My brother, we are in the midst of a terrible calamity, this wide-spread curse of inborn, inbred sin, the leprosy of the soul, the spring and fountain of all the misery of earth, and yet if you know a cure, if you speak for God and His gospel and His Son, SPEAK UP, SPEAK OUT, SPEAK ON! In the midst of the babel of voices don't you dare to stand with hat in hand and bated breath and whispered humbleness and almost an apology for interfering,—speak out, speak out! if you speak for God and home and salvation. If you have lost, dear preacher, your own confidence in God's one great cure, in the glorious gospel,—if you have lost it, man, sit down and take a rest until your second wind comes into you: you will do no good and heal nobody, take a rest until your second wind. The devil has given you a punch somehow. God recover you soon! The mistress did not turn around and say, "You impertinent little hussy, if you have to know the secrets of this family will you kindly hold your tongue about them or I will be compelled to dismiss you." On one side it was the word of a witless lassie breaking in where all the great people were utterly at a nonplus, but what a message for preachers! speak up, speak out, speak on! with this artless artfulness if you speak for God and hope and salvation. I remember hearing Joseph Parker say in his great ponderous Jupiter tone fashion, "We preachers are continually admonished that we must be abreast of the age and speak up-to-date and up to the times: I accept the admonition, but that preacher will always be abreast of the age and up-to-date who preaches to breaking hearts." With all the talk about scholarship and learning, my young brother preacher starting out in the field, if you want to be up-to-date and abreast of the age preach to broken and breaking and despairing hearts, and God will always send people to listen to you, you will be up-to-date and abreast of the age. It struck and stuck. If I believe you will believe. If we stand up in the pulpit on Sunday and speak as if we believed something, faith will be begotten in our hearers' hearts; if we speak with the accent of conviction it will go home with conviction. But awhile back there in the pulpits we got into the fashion, as one has said, of doubting all our beliefs and believing all our doubts, and is it any wonder that healing and salvation got a backset? "I believe, therefore have I spoken," and conviction and belief, with the blessing of God, will beget conviction even in hearts prejudiced against the message to begin with.

How many men have this story to tell: they went to hear a preacher—people of culture and polish but sceptical to the gospel —but he was no great orator and no great reasoner, but he spoke with this divine simplicity as if he believed he knew, and these ac-

complished sceptical people were pierced and aroused and felt that they were being interested. It struck and stuck. There are always people ready for our message for the aching and the breaking heart. "One went in and told his Lord, Thus and thus said the maid of the land of Israel." Then comes another great point, and that is that bad as the disease is, terrible as the trouble is, the cure is so simple that it staggers us. The point is that the great difficulty of the gospel lies in its simplicity. Now see how, with the best intentions in the world, they spoiled the little girl's gospel! "Then one went in and told the king, and the king of Syria said, Go to, I will send a letter to the king of Israel." Did the wee girl ever mention kings? "I would my master were with the prophet," God's ambassador, God's channel: she never mentioned the king. These people, of course, meant well: they wanted to put a little more dignity into this thing, more weight: is it not a common snare, one that often enters into the pulpit as well as the pew? I repeat it again, the great difficulty after all in getting this wonderful cure to work is its very simplicity, we will not take it as we get it, and all around there is a tendency to try to deck it off to improve it: stand back! you will only postpone the cure and enlarge the mouth of death and hell. I know that intellect has its place and I am not railing against philosophy and science, but the hour is urgent and the case is desperate and there is only one cure; Oh, stick to it, add nothing to it, take nothing from it, or the blood of souls shall be added to all our other sins, and, how shall we answer that charge in the great day. Preachers, there is a prayer in the old psalm wrung in anguish from royal lips: "Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God of my salvation." Deliver me from all temptation either to add to or to take from it or to try to refine it or to improve it or to philosophize it in its sweet fragrant simplicity!

Let me urge my message! They spoiled it and postponed Naaman's cure, and, remember, he is dying all the time. They stuck the wrong label on the poor man and set him down at the wrong address, and they would not have him marked C. O. D. It is great to me to see this mistake, although it was a big risk for Naaman. It is great to see how the king of Syria sends to the king of Israel and the king of Israel tears his clothes. Everybody knew that only God could heal. I love to see this distress and it is here yet,—kings in science, kings in theology, kings in philosophy, kings in culture and poetry and painting and art, kings in science, kings in statecraft, all reduced to absolute impotence to touch the real root of what is wrong, the leprous state of the sinful soul that is in everybody, for the king is cursed with the same affliction. God save the king! he, too, is born in the leprous state: so with your presidents and all our

rulers, none of us can redeem his brother, none of us can cure each other, we are all overwhelmed in the common, deadly, hopeless calamity. There are the kings themselves admitting it when it does not come along the line of argument and discussion or of theology or science or philosophy but along the line of simple fact. The king tore his clothes, "Am I God?" I am tempted to quote Burns; possibly it is not the best circumstance and I shall have need to accommodate him—

> A king can make a belted knight,
> A marquis, duke and all that,
> But a saved soul's above his might.

He is a sinner himself. Oh, it is beautiful to me to see how unconsciously God secured that point for His glorious gospel through the little girl, the king confessing his absolute impotence. We are there yet, the cure is only postponed. And then after putting the poor man off the track the prophet heard that this thing was likely to miscarry, and God told him, because, dear friends, the gospel won't miscarry, and I stand to say this as my deepest reading of all I know of history, if it was not and were not that the God who gave the gospel were also looking after the gospel it would have miscarried; but He loves us too well to allow us to spoil it, He loves us too well to allow it to miscarry; it cost Him too much to bring us the gospel to allow Him to stand quietly by and see it miscarry. Although many things trouble us and make us anxious for the gospel, do not get over-anxious; remember that He who revealed it is always looking after it and it won't be allowed to miscarry. So He told the prophet and the prophet sent to the king and said, "Let him come to me and he shall know that there is a prophet." That is not pride, that is not egotism, that is what Paul calls "magnifying your office," not yourself. "Let him come to me," I stand for God and His grace and mighty power. There is a position from which we preachers must not shrink, no matter how weak and incompetent and humble, there is a place there and we must not shirk. Come to me for a message on science and I must honestly and modestly say that I have no message, I trust that I have an educated man's interest, a college bred man's interest in science, but I have no message: come to me about philosophy and I have no message: come to me about poetry and art and painting and I have no message, though I trust that I have an educated cultured man's interest: but come to me because you feel that of late some condemning thing has laid hold of you, and you cannot dance it away and you cannot laugh it away and it is eating and killing all pleas-

ure and all joy—man, in that day come to me, and, glory to His name! I have a message. I am not going to shirk there. Preachers, we stand between the living God and perishing souls; God help us to maintain our standing and keep our place, and that is our place. Could anything be more honorable? could your heart in its wildest ambitions have asked for a greater honor? Yet, I think I know some brethren who have the unspeakable honor of standing between the living God and sin-smitten souls until the plague is stayed and headed, and it does not seem to be enough and they want to be decorated here and there, called attention to: what variety artists they are! Dr. Chalmers, our great doctor, said a word to the students that went down the generations: "Gentlemen, when you become preachers, no matter what your brilliance in your theological or academic career, when you become preachers, gentlemen, don't be afraid or ashamed to be known as men of one commodity." O God help us to stick! For a little while men may think that we have no message for them and that we are played out,—stick to your text and you will get your innings; they will come back again down at the elbows and down at the heel and all bounce and swagger out of them to ask with pitiful earnestness, "What must I do to be saved?" and in that day you will get your innings and you will be glad that you stuck to your text, sin and salvation through the mighty sacrifice of the blood of Christ. What honor! What greater honor could we possibly have? All else is tinsel, mere glitter.

Another great point comes out; like the one before, we now emphasize the absoluteness of the cure. He did not come out himself, the prophet, when Naaman came to his door with horses and chariots: he sent his servant out, and if I may paraphrase it the servant said, "O sir, did you notice a yellow, muddy, swift flowing river"—because the other day I heard a preacher get very oratorical describing the Jordan as a noble stream flashing under the sun; stop the flashing nonsense, the Jordan is swift flowing and not romantic, a rather muddy river. And the prophet's servant said, "Do you remember a swift flowing, muddy river half a mile back?" "Yes." "That is the Jordan, and my master sent me out to say that you are to go back there and wash yourself." Is it any wonder that Naaman went up like a rocket, just aflame? I love him for it; I love to see a man get honestly mad: I can get mad myself; and he just got mad, and he flamed and blazed,—"Behold, I thought he would surely come out to me," emphasizing the me; "Granted that I am a leper, there is no denying that, but I am none of your ordinary lepers, I am a great man, "He will surely come out to me and stand and call on the name of the Lord his God; I don't care what the name is, only the more mysterious the better, abracadabra,

never asking what it means. Is it not wonderful! What a glorious thing, to stand and call on the name of the Lord," abracadabra, and stick his hand on the spot and, presto! you are healed: now for the dollars! Mind you, my brothers, the quacks, religious preachers and teachers, get the dollars. I want to say that to some of you who run to the quacks and Christian Science or Millennialdawnism or Russellism or any quack nonsense, how you pay for it! Look how he battled over there! he just felt he was being mocked by those Israelites because he was a Syrian. "They are playing with me," and it makes him mad when he feels that insult is added to injury. Maclaren of Manchester makes a shrewd remark there: he says, "In his own eyes Naaman was a great man who happened to be a leper: in God's eyes and the prophet's eyes he was a leper who happened to be a great man." If you could run that through your congregation next Sunday you would make some people sit up. Now, God help us to do it for a number of our people just think, no matter what you sing and say about this gospel and about its power and all that have sinned and there is no difference, that there is a difference. Preach as you like about the common curse of sin and salvation through the blood of Christ, that madam and her son and highly cultured daughter do not believe it; they still think their's is a special case. "I thought he would come out to me"—the thing must be specially prepared for me, I am not an ordinary leper, I am a great man." A lady said to me, "It is all very fine to argue that there is no difference but after all there is a difference, and you know mine is a special case." "Indeed, madam," I said, "you said it yourself; it is not polite to contradict a lady and I will let you have it; yours is a special case, an especially tough case." That is all that is special in anybody, some special crook, some special form of this universal foulness and spot and disease, that is the only specialty there is, some special form of pride or matter of unbelief. Dear patient God, how He must love us or He would pitch us away on the scrap-heap and let us go and out of the stones of the street in a moment raise up beings that would love Him with a white heat and passion of holiness and faithfulness that would never dim. How He must love us! I break off to say that: it is quite logically in the argument. I want to say to any one here under the influence of modern ideas, if the prophet's gospel and the wee girl's gospel are too simple and not grand enough, dear man, will you tell me where your way of it is any better? If the Bible doctrine of sin and salvation through faith in Christ and His precious blood, if it is not grand and cultured enough, please tell me where your own variations are so grand? Take Naaman and his case! "Behold I thought he would come out to me"—that is simply pride: there is nothing spe-

cial about pride; if you are proud, dear unsaved friend, you are about the commonest sort going, you are common as dirt. I am not joking; if you are proud and heady and conceited, my dear friend, you are of the common sort.

If you want to be uncommon be humble; but simply to swell, it is the last form of your leprosy—it has gone to your head now. I often say that when man fell he fell on his head and he has been all disordered there ever since. Look at his disorder that is under the names of science and philosophy! God help us! What a wonderful set of notions as to what he is and where he is going and about God, heaven, hell and the hereafter! I can name a great list that show his utter disorder and confusion. If God's way is too simple and not grand enough, where is your own much better? "He will surely come out to me and call on the name of the Lord his God and strike his hand over the place"—that is simply tricks, that is magic, and I would rather have miracle than magic if I have to go between the two: I would rather have miracle than tricks—tricks of sacerdotalism, tricks of spiritualism, going into a darkened room and sitting in total darkness; God help us! think of people going into a darkened room to get light on anything! If you ever go to a sceance, remember to turn up the light suddenly and you will get light on spiritualism, you will discover some trick every time and you will go home a sadder and a wiser man. Think of what people will do who think the gospel won't do and the Bible is exploded! There are people in London—and I take that city as the core and center of modern cultivation, wealth and achievement—who can no longer endure the gospel, it is so old-fashioned and so rude, especially this message of blood and cleansing, it is so uncultured for scientific and polite ears, they cannot stand the Bible any more, and it is all exploded and they cannot believe it, and what will they believe? Cultured and refined people, titled people, of our own English blood and civilization, they will go to a woman and pay money to some star gazer or crystal gazer or shuffler of some kind—I am not speaking of ignorant people—cultured, educated people, aristocratic people who cannot believe the Bible any more, and they will put their hands into that woman's hand solemnly, and pay money to listen to her saying, "You will be in trouble in six weeks from a dark-haired man." You sharp and shrewd Americans can be taken in with that, and you are in New York as much as in London. I remember an awful text about people who think the gospel is too rude and uncultured and unscientific, "For which cause God sent them strong delusions that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but take pleasure in unrighteousness." It is a terrific word, may we never soften it! it is the unmasking of God's own bat-

tery, and let it belch and roar until they are demolished. "For which cause God sent them a strong delusion that they should believe a lie," and their condemnation is just. After all have we not often preached, and God help us to preach it! that it is the old thing that seemed so simple and so rude and so unscientific and so unrefined that after all is the mighty thing, and we must go to it; it will not bow to us, we must bow to it.

"Then Naaman's servants came near": they were servants and not lick-spittels, not lackeys—they were true friends, and when they saw their master was mad, instead of taking things out why they rubbed them in. Somebody tonight going home to the hotel or boarding house will hear some friend of your's kicking against my message tonight. I dare you to take out that rankle; I dare you to comfort those whom God's word has made miserable, I dare you for your life, look out! Don't be a procurer for the lords of hell: if you would be a true friend, rub it in, and if they get mad at me and kick at this sermon, ask them why, and say in my name, with my respects, that it takes two to make a quarrel, and I am not in it. Why should they be mad? Don't you try to comfort these whom God is not comforting! Take care! These servants could easily have said, "Master," and bowing, "master, no wonder you feel angry, no wonder you feel insulted, we feel insulted with you." How easy it would have been to rub him the way of the hair! What wonderful servants they were that dared to rub it in and say, "My father" for they loved him; he was one of these peppery colonels and they come up in a great rage, and yet you love them, for they can get truly mad and then can cool in the same skin they grew hot in. I want to say to some highbrows here tonight, my dear brother and my dear sister, you will need to cool in the same skin you grow hot in if ever you are to be saved; you will need to get over it, for I dare not alter things, and as your best friend I say that. I dare not alter things, I would be no friend to you if I did, I would be your worst enemy. They said, "How much more when you are asked to do something simple should you do it?" It struck the dear man. There is a side point here but it is a great one: there is usually some place where the devil and sin, where our leprosy gets a special grip on us that is specially deadly and tight; but, glory to God! there is usually some thing in us where God gets a grip and the gospel gets a grip and the preacher gets a grip, some human thing, some natural thing: Oh, that we preachers would set ourselves more to discover it, for it is through the natural that God brings us to the supernatural, to put it in a sentence. Did you ever ask what it was, humanly speaking, that saved Naaman? My answer is, It was the soldier in him that saved him. There is usually a point where old

Adam and sin grip us and hold us, but glory to God! there is usually some human point where God and His gospel and the preacher get us and save us, and it was the soldier in him that saved him. What is the first and last duty of a soldier? Obedience.

His not to question why,
His not to make reply,
His but to do and die.

And that spirit has written the grandest chapters in our British and your American history on many a bloody and glorious field, not even when the soldiers knew that some one had blundered, no questioning. That attracted the old veteran. He seems to have said to himself, "Man, look out; there is a trap here for your pride, Naaman." He thought to himself, "If you gave an order to one of your soldiers on the field of battle, how would you like it if your soldier turned around and said, 'Captain, I hear what you say, but, behold! I think it should be done some other way.' I would cleave him to the chyme where he stood." Obedience is the first and last duty of a soldier, and it was the soldier in him, glory to God! that saved him. "This is a command; I must see it through." "Then he went down and dipped himself seven times."

Every child knows that God could have saved him by the sheer fiat of His word, "Be clean!" and cleansed he would have been. Why did He make him dip seven times? Just to supple him, to take the poker out of his back, to demolish this "Behold, I think,"—mind you, it needs some demolishing, but God won't crucify your intellect. He may bear hard on the pride, the passion, the swagger, the insolence of the intellect, but these things are the disease, the blight, the leprosy of the intellect, that God is healing us from. Depend on Him and always trust Him. Seven times! down he went—one, two, three, four, five, six dips, and up he came, no better, but considerably wetter, and even then he is not a good Baptist. But stop a moment there! Suppose that Naaman had stopped at six, and that is going a long way, and had come up after the sixth dip and said, "Now, this is sheer folly, those Israelites are laughing at me," and something had whispered in his ear, "Naaman, clear out and save what is left of common sense, six and not a scale loosened!" If God says seven, then seven it is, and to stop at six is rank rebellion, and it is not faith at all; that is still "Behold, I thought." Are you clear about that? If God says seven, then six won't do; six and a good try won't do. If God says seven, then seven it is, and you are only postponing your cure, my skeptical friend, and you cannot afford to do that. The quickest road to Christ is best for you; you

may die on the road and be an everlasting leper. Oh, the shortest road and the quickest cut to Christ is the best. "Then he went down and dipped seven times." If God has said, my skeptical friend, that the only way to be saved is "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ in thine heart and confess Him with thy mouth and thou shalt be saved," then believe it is, and you cannot alter it, and you will never change God. What a mercy you cannot! Even when He grips you tightest, man, He is your greatest friend. He is never more your loving, sympathizing God and Savior than when His gloved hand is gripping your soul and holding you to the point like a vise; otherwise you would be lost. If God says, "Believe," then believe it is; if God says cleansing, then cleansing it is, and you are only postponing your cure, and I am your best friend and I will hold you tightly and will not be slack with you; may you come to see it! And down he went and said—you ought to see the look on his face! I was not there, but I have often been there! If you had seen the look! The man was fighting for his soul with the powers of darkness and pride and Satan closing round; surely a battle at every point! You ought to have seen the rage of battle in his face, as if he would say, "Unhand me give me a chance for my life!" and the brave veteran pulled himself together to go down for the seventh time, and up he came, leaving his leprosy speeding away down the Jordan to the Dead Sea, and he was clean—hallelujah! he was clean. It is easy to find fault with the gospel, and easy to show here, there and the other place where it seems to be this and that and the other thing, but I never knew anybody who ever tried it to have ever found fault with it.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
  Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
  And shall be till I die.

It is a lowly illustration; perhaps in a better order it should have come first, but you remember how Wordsworth, the great English poet, banters Scotland about the hills of Yarrow, of the wonderful things he had heard, and in a bantering way he tries to belittle Yarrow, but that was when it was unvisited, and he says—

What's Yarrow but a river bare,
  That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
  As worthy of your wonder.

That was when Yarrow was unvisited, but after Yarrow had been visited, then the poet of the English lakes broke out and said—

> Should life be dull and spirits low,
> 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
> That earth has something yet to show,
> The bonny holms of Yarrow!

O Christ! O Christ! Oh, cleansing blood! Oh, glorious gospel! Before we have been there we can pick out this and that, and it seems to be more dignified and more philosophic; but my! after we have been there the others have no glory "by reason of the glory that excelleth." The last difficulty, again I repeat, is it seems too good to be true. An old wife said that to Rabbi Duncan, of whom I spoke at the beginning. "Oh, doctor," she said, "it seems too good to be true." And his reply was, "No, Jenny, it is too good not to be true."

"There is life for a look at the crucified one."

Do not say it is weak because it is simple; it is tremendously deep and strong on every side. What the Jordan was to Naaman's leprosy when he utterly obeyed God's gospel and utterly gave up all his own thoughts and notions, that the great sacrifice on the cross is, my dear friends, to our guilt and sin and condemnation. The moment you utterly believe, look and trust Him, thy sins are gone, washed away, and thou art whiter than snow.

Christ Feeding the Multitude

(Mark 6:31-44.)

By REV. JOHN McNEILL, D. D.

I just want to go over that story in the light of today, because the multitudes are still unfed. After all the centuries Jesus and His disciples see today His church standing still in the midst of the great mass and multitude of mankind, as sheep without a shepherd, not yet fed, and yet the Shepherd is here and the food is here. Will there not be something of an edge of a rebuke, something necessarily cutting in a clear up-to-date exposition of this old story?

"The day was now far spent,"—I strike in there. He had been teaching and preaching, the people hung on his lips, great multitudes, gathered together in a sense unpreparedly, and while He was talking one can well imagine they forgot just everything; they forgot their bodily condition, they forgot their geographical surroundings. Even yet it is wonderful how good preaching can lift people out of themselves, and some of them forget a great deal about time and place and circumstance; but let the ministers not forget that bad preaching emphasizes all three, and the desire for an immediate change. And then came the disciples just at that point. The sun was falling to the west, and I cannot help being a little hard on what they said. "When the day was far spent the disciples came and said, This is a desert place and the day is far passed, send them away." They had been constituted, as it were, a committee of investigation and inquiry upon this impromptu picnic. You remember in John's account, our Master had the whole situation and all its consequences in His mind, but in order to test and prove them He said certain things. It is the report of a committee, and no doubt there are committeemen here, excellent men, and we must have committees, and yet I have to say these things, though the committees should rise and stone me because this was a shockingly poor report. This committee came and said, "Master, it is all very fine for you to be teaching and preaching like this, and of course it is wonderful, but Master! Master!

where would you bring up if we gentlemen were not around looking after things? The sun is going down and you have lifted these people out of themselves, and there will be a terrible panic, and we have been anticipating all this, and here is our unanimous report. Send them away." Was it not great? Think of the brains that were in it! Think of the heart that was in it! What a magnificent report! Unto their everlasting shame it was unanimous. Oh, that there had been one Presbyterian elder there to put in the usual objection! And it does not make the report any better when you go into its details. Just think of the solemn way in which we may talk nonsense before the Lord! Just think of the quiet, patient way, to His everlasting credit, in which He listens to us, and still tries to get His work done by us when we have stopped jabbering and talking! They said, "Master, this is a desert place." He who had made the place did not know what sort of a place he had made! Just think who He is, the great Creator! and here this company says, "Master, this is a desert place." He who made the place did not know how He made it! And they said, "The day is far spent." He who made the sun did not know what o'clock it was, if it had not been for these gentlemen! "This is a desert place, and the day is far spent; send them away." Noble fellows! "We have nothing to give them, we did not ask them here, we are not responsible, and we have been thinking over things and this is our unanimous report." Is it any wonder He said bluntly, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat!" That is to say, He tore up the report and discharged the committee with no thanks to the convener. He is sore on committees. I know that I have committeemen all around me, and committee women, too, and I know we must have them; there must be somebody to whom things are committed, but I tell you that this lot deserves all I am giving them, and, to use a phrase of your own, it is not only all I am giving them, but, your own phrase, and then some. Are you aware that that is all we did for shameful centuries? What was the attitude of the church to the great multitude and mass of mankind? "Send them away; for heaven's sake, do not come to us, we have nothing, we have barely enough for ourselves."

In our own Scotch Presbyterian General Assembly — it is a shameful story, but it must be told—when somebody proposed missions to the heathen not much more than one hundred years ago, a venerable minister said that when God wanted to convert and save the heathen He would do it in His own way and time without us. Thank God! the moderator or somebody by him rose and said, "Rax me that Bible,"—rax means reach—"Rax me that Bible!" and they handed him the Bible and he read the great commission of the church and her marching orders to go into all the world and preach

the gospel to every creature; but for centuries we forgot. Why, we are only beginning now to stop playing at foreign missions; we are reversing disasters born of the centuries, and the disastrous report of this unanimous committee, and instead of bidding them to stay back and not to come near us, we are crying out today, "Ho, there! ho, there!" to India, Africa, China, "you need not depart, come back! we have happened upon great supplies!" Oh, it was time, was it not? My friends, was it not time? It is enough to make every Christian cheek red, the scandal and the shame of it for centuries, and we are only beginning to stop playing at foreign missions, and some people can hardly go on with the wee bit of foreign mission work they are doing. They sit down and rub their hands to think over what a lot they are doing, and we never begin to do something but we have to sit down and adjourn for refreshments. These fellows clapped each other on the back. There is not a Christian cheek that should not grow hot with shame to think that here we are, and the word He left by the men who saw Him last was "Go! go!" committee or no committee. "G-O spells go!" as Spurgeon thundered out in a great meeting of six thousand people in his own great tabernacle. "Go!" and we have not gone. I would not wonder but there are people here who are not yet clear about foreign missions, and when one speaks about foreign missions they will talk about the heathen at home! Much they care for the heathen at home! It is like Judas talking about the poor. Not that he cared for the poor, says the Bible with awful bluntness, but because he was a thief. And what are you doing? Trying to magnify your zeal and concern for the heathen at home? Take care! God might make very short work of your argument. Oh, send them away! Thank God! we are reversing it, and we are crying, "Come back India, China, Korea, the Islands of the Sea, Oh! come back!" forgive us! forgive us! come back! we have happened on great supplies." We are beginning to understand our Lord in the midst of us and the mighty power of His gospel.

We will pass on. He said, "Give them to eat," and they said, "Shall we go and buy two hundred shillings worth, two hundred quarters worth of bread to give them to eat?" That was Phillip; you find it in John. Jesus said to Philip, "What have you got?" Philip had the reputation of being a careful man, and when they had anything to do, especially that involved money, they submitted it to Philip; and the Lord wanted a quarter of an hour with Philip, and Philip sat looking down his nose, as wise as an owl. Oh, men and women, the way we talk in the sight of God! To His everlasting credit the way He puts up with us! Two hundred pennyworth of bread! "Why," he said, "I have been looking at this," with a kind of a pastry, cake and confectioner's eye, "and it would need all that."

Philip is the man who stands for ways and means, what we call at home "L. s. d." You all know how it is on committees; when you propose anything alarming which seems to be going beyond ordinary ways, anything that would mean getting a little past your depth, up gets this ponderous wise Philip and says, "It is all very well to have enthusiasm and talk like this, but we must attend to the ways and means," and he gets great fame because he looks after the L. s. d., and you know it is a proposition of dollars and cents. Very often the man who does that is a wealthy layman, and when he says in the midst of the discussion, "It is a matter of dollars and cents," a great silence falls on the ministry and we sit all depressed. He is a terrible bogy, he is an awful bugbear, and we suffer sometimes from the bug end and sometimes from the bear end. I am not against prudence and calculation and estimates; you must have estimates. I am not against prudence, testing things and the putting of brains into them; but take care that what you call prudence and calculation do not make cowards and unbelief. How could I object to prudence, being a Scotchman, unless I am also half Irish, and that checks the prudence. A glorious thing is prudence and useful to friends who are chary of beginning until they have seen the ends. But give us now and then a man, and we shall crown him king, whose courage scorns the consequence that he may do this thing; and we are needing today to get something done. Committees or no committees—I was going to say funds or no funds—the Master's call is urgent and His word is "Go, preach!"

"And He said to them, How many loaves have you? Go and see; and when they knew they say five." In the time of urgency, of almost panic and alarm, He flings them back upon themselves. "How many loaves have ye?" After all, if we are His, if He is in our midst, if His spirit rules, if His word rules, then no matter how small we look, no matter how poor we look, no matter how inadequate we look, no matter how immense, vast and paralyzing the work, He flings us back upon ourselves. We have something, we are fit, we are adequate. The problem does not outgo the supply if we know Him and obey Him and have our eyes on Him. "They say, five and two fishes." Take care of that word "loaves,"—that is misleading; it is not our loaf; no, but five wee scones and a couple of sardines, and Peter could have eaten it all and asked for more. Take care of our somewhat ponderous English here! There is a great lesson, "Bring it to me." Here is a row of ciphers; where will you put the integer, where will you put the one? Put one at the right end of six nothings and it is a million, put one at the wrong end of six nothings and it is one absolutely decimated down to nothing. Where are we going to put the integer? "Bring it to me!" Then it will

be multiplied beyond the powers of arithmetic. When He stands at the head of our nothings, it is the one at the head of six nothings, we are a million, and the more nothings we are the more we are multiplied, so bring out your ciphers; and it is astonishing how few people will answer to that designation. You intimate next Sunday there will be a meeting in the basement of the ciphers of your congregation and you will have a cool time; there will be no great competition for chairs. But ask for a meeting of enthusiastic and inquiring people. Oh, it is different then. But say that you want the ciphers and the nothings, how slow we are to answer to these descriptions. He flings us back on ourselves, but if you know Him you have something to feed the world. If I know Him I have something—that is to say, I must be living myself, and what gives me life and sustains life shall give life and sustain life indefinitely. That is the mistake we make, hoarding this thing. We have hoarded the manna and it breeds worms and stinks. Here is the root of nine-tenths of the heresies of the ages, the want of foreign mission zeal. If we had spread the gospel we would have had less attacks and less heresies and corruptions and departures inside the church; it is there the degeneration begins with this heavenly stuff because we hoard it. If we had spread it we would not have been bothered with these criticisms and mutilations. But God saw we were not eating the stuff and were not spreading it, and He rebuked us. As He told Israel, begin to hoard it and it will breed worms. Is not that the origin of many a dreary page of church history? I believe it has been the root of many heresies that have been allowed to attack the Word of God from the inside. Go and spread it, love it and eat it and share it and it will be sweet and wholesome, and it will divide and divide, and by dividing it will multiply and multiply. Oh, think of it! when you go back to these great cities especially, with the millions round about you in Chicago, so many of them unfed, starving; you have something. I do not care how obscure, if you know Jesus you must have enough to keep your own life going. He never starves His own, never. These disciples were not starving, there is always a viaticum, bread for the day. It is embodied in the statutes of the King of the Kingdom for His people. If you are a Christian you are bound to keep yourself going. There is the solution of the world-wide problem in its most world-wide statement.

You are a Christian woman and that woman next door with whom you talk is dead as dead can be; she knows nothing of Christ, as if she were in India or China or darkest Africa, and the whole world's problem is right at that back door of that neighbor of yours, and with what Christ gives you for your soul you can solve the problem at that neighbor woman's door, and it will tell to the other

side of the wall of China and back again. It is not some daring scheme that is going to evangelize the world, or brilliant scheme or idea; it is just the commonest thing, and when you look at it and consider it, it should have been done long ago. The early church after a little while stopped it, and it is so difficult to get things started up again. So they brought Him what they had, and He commanded them all to sit down by companies. What a picture it is of the crowd of today! "Seas now join the lands they did divide." I remember when I was a lad if anybody emigrated from our little village to America or Canada, why we sat up with them all the night before, and we went with them to the point of departure, and we wept and wailed, and they hung upon each other's necks, and if anybody dreamed of going to Australia he was as good as dead. One smiles at it today. "Seas now join the lands they did divide." I remember when I was a lad at school there hung on the wall the map of Africa, and these capital letters stretched across a certain part of that map, U N and then K on a range of mountains and then N O W and then a N near the ocean, and for many a day I wondered why they called that great stretch "UNKNOWN." It was a long time before I discovered that it meant "unknown." Now it is so you are almost a back number if you have not been there for a holiday. What a wonderful day we are living in! And He arranged these people in ranks of fifty and a hundred. As this audience is not thrown into a tumultuous crowd, but split by gangways, so they were made ready for the feet of the bread carrier — God speed his feet! Never was the world so ordered, arranged and ready for the feet and hand of the bread carrier! How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of Him that publisheth good tidings. God speed our laggard feet! O mothers, look over your children lying there in their cradles and cribs at night, lying in a row—they are not in a row long; you lay them in a row, but an hour after it is a crooked row, as we say in Scotland, heads and frogs—look at them and say, "Jesus, there is Johnnie, if you could make a preacher of him do so, and there is Mary—go right along, show Him that this is in your heart, show Him that it is in your blood; say to Him, "I cannot go myself, but I am Thy servant, and nations are dying, perishing for lack of a message that would be bread for their hunger and water for their thirst and life to their death, and I cannot go, but Jesus, if my Johnnie would be a preacher or a missionary, take him, although it makes my heart-strings sore; never mind me, take him, take her," for the time is ripe and the world lies open and we must not tarry. We have a strong conviction that this awful bloodshed will end in the opening of wider doorways and avenues and lanes for the speeding of the feet of the carriers of the gospel.

Behind all this cannonading and slaughter sits our Jesus, King of kings and Lord of lords forever, with compassion for the multitude and desiring to feed them with the living bread. "Then He took the five loaves and two fishes and He looked up to heaven." It was a time of panic and the need seemed to be to get this bread quickly to the anxious men and the still more anxious women and children, but the Lord never hurried. He looked up to heaven to be in fellowship with His Father, to join the trouble and anxiety and distress of earth with the almighty power and calmness of heaven. He, the Jacob's ladder on which angels come and go, took time in the hour of urgency and near-panic to get into communication openly, visibly, actually with God and heaven and power and peace! Let us take time! "The more hurry the worse speed!" As He did with His Father in heaven we must continually do with Him. He is not only the great object of faith, but He is the grandest example of how to do it. Let us look up! Let us get into touch with Him and have the power and peace and blessing of heaven. If you do not, you will solve no problem; you will be a bit of the problem yourself. Unblessed preaching, unblessed committee work, unblessed schemes have solved no problem—they intensify it. I do not care how brainy or clever or eloquent you are, without this you are powerless. Is that blessing on our work? Am I giving people bread that is blest, or bread, no matter how it is baked, that is not blest? If the latter, then my people are not fed, and no problem will be solved. Is what you give the people on Sunday blest or unblest bread? Everything turns on that. I may be a great scholar or orator, but is my word blest of God or is it not?

On the other hand, I may be no great scholar or speaker, but if my work is under the blessing of heaven, deliberately asked and as deliberately given, then it will tell. I may get no name in Chicago for being an eloquent preacher, but you will begin to notice that hungry folks come to get fed and the crowd will come around to your church as a breadshop. Man, that is the reputation to get! Get the reputation in Chicago, St. Louis, Toronto and New York that your church is a breadshop, and before God! the people will come; and if it is not a breadshop, then shut the shop and quit. Ask God to give you another shop and be an honest man; go and break stones and be happy. Oh, what are we doing? If my church in Toronto is not a breadshop, then shut the shop and take me out of it, and put a man into it whose work will be bread. Let us supply these things. The hour is urgent and there is no food but one food and we profess to dispense it. Are we dispensing it, or are we intensifying and increasing the problem and delaying indefinitely its solution?

"And they did all eat and were filled." There is a place there

where you cannot explain things. In these days people want everything explained. You cannot do it. There was the bread, and He looked up into heaven and got in touch and He blest it and then it broke and broke and broke. You can see it but not explain it. My learned brother, do not try to explain everything, for the simple reason you cannot, especially those who have a name for learning. Tell your people frankly that there are a whole lot of things which you do not know, because some people get idolatrous for the name of learning. Tell them you do not know. Examine it carefully to find out. Now where did the miracle take place? You cannot tell, but it did take place. I can imagine somebody saying, "That is a great lesson for Peter." I can imagine some people saying, as Peter came along with the basket, "Peter, Peter, before I eat this bread explain to me how this takes place." I think Peter would have been inclined to put his elbow in that objector's anatomy, and shoving him aside he would have said, "I have not time to explain just now; there is a man behind you with his mouth watering; let me get to him." In all our churches today we are likely to have a few people of the intellectual sort, and they want things explained. My dear friend, don't you fall into a trap there! This gospel of ours is full of miracle and it is full of the supernatural, but mind you, first, last and all the time it is for eating—stick to that. Tell them that, and don't be afraid or ashamed to press for that. It is not to be quibbled at and criticised and the nose turned up at, and before I eat it I want to know how it comes here! If you will starve you deserve to starve. The proof of this puding is the eating of it. The great proof that this word is life, the bread of God, is tasting it. Oh, taste and see that this is what it professes to be! And you will do no good to your intellectual people if you begin to explain too much, for they need the gospel after all as the least intellectual masses of the ignorant. It is not to be questioned and quibbled and questioned and almost suspected. This is the bread that the Lord hath sent us from heaven to eat. Let us press that more than we have been doing and we will solve problems. We will have God behind us. It is for bread and it is for eating, Mr. Critic, and it is not for questioning. Eat it first and look after! If we could only get some people first of all to take a good feed of the gospel instead of asking questions first, and asking this everlasting question, as R. L. Stevenson says, "Ask the reason of the cause and the wherefore of the why." If our critics and skeptics and clever people feed first and ask their questions next, why after they were fed I believe they would forget their questions and criticisms, and if they asked any question it would be, "My, that was fine! when is the next?" Is it not true that this gospel is for eating and drinking?

Again, I wish to warn you intellectual people that you are not to quibble and scoff at it unless God take it from you, and your judgment will be just. You are a needy, starving sinner, and you dare to turn up your nose, and you will not touch or taste this until you know all about it! Who are you, anyway? I get hot at it; I believe it is divine indignation. We must warn people, especially in these so-called intellectual and critical days. It is for eating, and God may take it from you because you dare to get so finical or critical, as if it were poison and there were danger. "They did all eat and were filled." Oh, thank God for that. Oh, brethren, I have one great ambition as a preacher. I would like on Sunday morning after the benediction, when my people go out and mingle on the streets, I would consider it a great compliment, greater than any man could give me, if there was a contented look on their faces compared with what their faces looked like when they came in. God give me a desire for the reputation that people get filled, and that somebody who came care-worn and wrinkled goes away with the wrinkles smoothed out, and somebody who came battered and wearied and haunted, with an awful look of fear in his face, as if the dogs were tearing him, goes out with his head up—he has seen the vision of the Conqueror and his heart has lost its awful fear. Oh, give us that and we will be content! I repeat it, the look on the very faces of our people when they get out after the benediction—that means we have got something, they have been eating and drinking, they are fed and refreshed. I am sure the gibe of the poet is still true of some churches, "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed," and they go away, and sharp eyes can see, when they go home, the empty look, the dissatisfied look, the stale look, on their very faces; and we ought to feel that as preachers, and feel it deeply, and be troubled about it, and go to God that we may remedy it. Dear Lord Jesus, You will satisfy the hungry world yet for all the skeptical prating and for all the parading of the wisdom of the wise and for all the contempt that has been poured upon You and upon Your bread, upon You, Yourself, dear Lord, and upon this dear gospel that to some people is so empty; my Lord, You will fulfill the parable and the miracle, they shall all eat and be filled. Men might have had their criticism and skepticisms in that crowd, for they wore their heads above their shoulders, and they might wonder how this bread came, but the more they ate it they said, "However it comes it is fine for eating; whatever be the final explanation of its composition it is grand for eating." Oh, friends, is it not? is it not bread? does it not feed and fill and satisfy? You cannot exaggerate the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ to satisfy and strengthen and feed the soul, you can go over the score about everything else,

you can say more than you should say and can get over-enthusiastic and get over-extravagant, but I defy you to exaggerate the healing, saving, heart-gladdening, strengthening power of the simple word of truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is like the woman who touched the hem of His garment; all she had ever heard of the healing power of Jesus was discovered to be less than the truth in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, when she put it all to the touch.

My heart stands still almost when I think that every Sunday, when you and I meet our people in these great favored cities, and while our brethren stand in bazaar and market-place, in China and India, with the crowds gathered around them, there is a moment there when heaven from above stoops down and hell from beneath is moved to see what? The people begin to eat. Will they receive it? Will they believe it? Will the miracle of all miracles take place and the problem begin to be solved? The power is with us and the bread is all around us.

I am always glad to tell the story of the minister in Glasgow, where I was preaching for a fortnight. It came on to the last Saturday, and he said, "McNeill, I am glad you are leaving." I said, "All right, thank you," and of course it needed some explanation. He said, "I am glad you are leaving." I said, "Why?" He said, "Before you came I had actually the pen in my hand to send in my resignation, not only from this pulpit, but from all pulpits; I was dead sick of it, dead tired of it; I saw nothing in it, and I was like Isaiah, 'Who hath believed our report and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?' and I was utterly spent. I thought I had mistaken my work, and I wanted out of it, and now after this fortnight I am glad you are going, for I am wearying to be at it tomorrow. I have tasted anew on my tongue the freshness and sweetness of Christ's saving grace, and I am wearying to be at it and to tell others tomorrow."

God bless His Word!

The Orientalism of The Word

By REV. FRANK N. PALMER, D. D.

The human race is divided geographically into two great classes: the Occidental and the Oriental. These two classes differ very essentially from each other. They differ in their physical make-up. The Oriental works slowly, the Occidental works rapidly. The word "arise" in the Scriptures seems to call upon the Oriental to move—"Arise, Jonah, go to Nineveh," "Arise, Joshua, go over this Jordan." They differ in their dress. The Occidental dresses in close-fitting garments, the Oriental in loose-fitting garments. They differ in their houses. The Occidental dwells in a house with sloping roofs, the Oriental lives in flat-roofed houses. The Occidental has his yard outside of his house; the Oriental, "among the wealthy," has his yard or court within the house. They differ in their methods of travel and work. The Occidental, as a rule, works singly; the Oriental works by twos. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill." "Two men shall be in the field." They differ in their devotion to places and people. The Occidental removes his residence easily; the Oriental is born, lives, dies and is buried in the same place. That is doubtless the meaning of the Biblical verse, "He was gathered unto his fathers." "Until within thirty-five years," says an Oriental missionary, "no Oriental was ever known to remove from the place of his birth." They differ in their devotion to religion. The Occidental is not essentially religious; the Oriental is extremely religious. A cab driver in a mosque at Cairo said to me at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, "Please excuse me, for I desire to go and pray." Did ever an American cab driver make a like request?

Our topic will be considered along two lines:

I. The Reasons for the Orientalism of the Word. Four reasons will be mentioned.

1. A Natural Reason.—Phillips Brooks said, "All literature that is worth while comes out of life." Every writer, as a rule, writes out of his environment, out of his experience, out of his contact with living people. Gypsy Smith, reared in a Gypsy camp, cannot help taking his illustrations from nature—comparisons like these, "Like a lost

bird in a wood," "Like a caged bird." Robert Burdette, in his lecture on the Philosophy of Fun, makes this statement, "Every Funnigram that I have written, I have seen, I do not grind out of humor of my own." The poem of Sam Walter Foss, entitled, "The House by the Side of the Road," was not born in the author's brain. He saw the house located almost in the road at the top of a long hill in England. So the thirty-seven authors of the sixty-six books that form the library of the Bible wrote in terms of the country in which they lived, in terms of the people among whom they dwelt, in terms of their habits, of their dress, of their weapons, of their utensils, of their olive yards, etc. They could not do otherwise. It was quite natural that they should dress the truth in the Oriental garb.

2. The Geographical Reason. — The Holy Land in which the thirty-seven authors lived was peculiarly shut in on all sides; on the north with the mountains of Lebanon; on the east, an impassable desert; likewise on the south; on the west, the Mediterranean Sea. If any of these authors traveled outside of the Holy Land (their number was few) they were still in the Orient. They had little connection with the outside world. The caravans or armies that traversed their land were Oriental. Our authors of today can travel around the globe. Great libraries are at their disposal. They can speak in terms of the Aurora Borealis or at the Swiss Alps or the Cannibals of the Pacific Isles. But the thirty-seven authors of Holy Writ were confined to this wee bit of Oriental Palestine.

3. An Historical Reason.—God said to Abraham at Bethel, "To thee and thy seed will I give this land." "The Holy Land was given by God to the Jew, hence the Jew treasures his land as a God-given gift in a way that no other people can treasure their land. God mentions in Deuteronomy 11:12 his peculiar interest in this land in these words, "The land which Jehovah careth for; the eyes of Jehovah are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year." Hence, the authors of the Holy Scriptures, through loyalty to their land, will write in terms of the Mountain of Carmel, of the plain of Sharon, of the trench of the Jordan, etc.

4. Tempermental Reason. — While the Occidental is largely logical, the Oriental is largely imaginative. He speaks in terms of the riddle, of the parable, of the proverb, of the story. He is very rich in the use of the simile and he draws his comparisons from the things about him. As an exaggerated example, take these words of Hezekiah in Isaiah 38:12-13-14, "My dwelling is removed and is carried away from me as a shepherd's tent. I have rolled up like a weaver my life. He will cut me off from the loom. . . . As a lion, so he breaketh all my bones; like a swallow or a crane, so did

I chatter; I did mourn as a dove." Seven similes are packed by the speaker in the brief compass of three verses, and the comparisons are taken from the life and labor and customs of the Orient.

II. The Prevalence of Orientalism in the Word.

The following Scripture texts are selected to illustrate the Orientalism of the Word. They cover the five forms of Biblical Literature—Narrative, Law, Poetry, Prophecy, Epistle. They also illustrate the variety of sources from whence the Orientalisms are drawn. They likewise show what great spiritual truths are imbedded in them.

1. O. T. NARRATIVE.

Genesis 18:2, 16.—"And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, lo, three men stood by him; and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground. . . . And the men rose up from thence and looked toward Sodom; and Abraham went with them to bring them on the way."—Social Customs.

Exodus 25:5.—"Rams' skins, dyed red, and seal skins, and acacia wood."—Animal.

Judges 5:28.—"Through the window she looked forth and cried, the mother of Sisera cried through the lattice, 'Why is his chariot so long in coming?' . . ."—House.

Ruth 2:3,4.—"And she went and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers; and her hap was to light on the portion of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the family of Elimelech. And, behold, Boaz came from Bethlehem, and said unto the reapers, 'Jehovah be with you.' And they answered him, 'Jehovah bless thee.'"—Agriculture. Social.

I Samuel 26:13, 14, 20.—"Then David went over to the other side, and stood on the top of the mountain afar off, a great space being between them: and David cried to the people, and to Abner, the son of Ner, saying, 'Answerest thou not, Abner?' Then Abner answered and said, 'Who art thou that criest to the king?' . . . Now therefore let not my blood fall to the earth away from Jehovah: for the king of Israel is come out to seek a flea, as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains."—Climate. Hunting.

II Kings 3:11.—"Elisha the son of Shaphat is here, who poured water on the hands of Elijah."—House Customs.

Esther 1:7.—"And they gave them drink in vessels of gold (the vessels being diverse one from another)."—House Customs.

2. LAW.

Deuteronomy 24:12, 11.—"And if he be a poor man, thou shalt not sleep with his pledge; thou shalt surely restore to him the pledge

when the sun goeth down, that he may sleep in his garments and bless thee. . . ."—Clothing.

Deuteronomy 22:8.—When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence."—House.

3. POETRY.

Job 6:15.—"My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, as the channel of brooks that pass away."—Geography.

Psalm 18:17, 18, 19.—"He delivereth me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me; for they were too strong for me. They came upon me in the day of my calamity; but the Lord was my stay. He brought me forth also unto a large place: He delivered me because He delighted in me."—Geography.

Psalm 18:42.—"Then did I beat them small as the rust before the wind: I did cast them out as the mire of the streets."—City.

Psalm 128:3.—"Thy children like olive plants around about thy table."—Orchard.

Proverbs 19:6.—"Many will entreat the favor of the liberal man; and every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts."—Buying and Selling.

Proverbs 23:6.—"Eat thou not the bread of him that hath an evil eye, neither desire thou his daintiness."—Superstition.

Proverbs 25:26.—"As a troubled fountain, and a corrupted spring, so is a righteous man that giveth away before the wicked."—Habits.

Proverbs 27:15.—"A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike."—House and Household.

Song of Solomon 1:5.—"I am black, but comely. O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon."—Tent Life.

4. PROPHECY.

Isaiah 40:3, 4.—"The voice of one that crieth, 'Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of Jehovah; make level in the desert a highway for our God.' Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the uneven shall be made level, and the rough places a plain."—Royal Travel.

Hosea 14:4-6.—"I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall blossom as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon."—Pastoral Life.

Hosea 4:16.—"For Israel slideth back as a backsliding heifer; now the Lord will feed them as a lamb in a large place."

Amos 3:3.—"Shall two walk together except they have agreed?" —Travel.

The Committal of The Scriptures

By REV. FRANK N. PALMER, D. D.

We desire to utter a clear and clarion call to the Christian people of today to revive amongst themselves that splendid, old-time religious habit of laying up the Word of God in the mind and in the heart. Our fathers and mothers and our grandparents more largely were trained in the committal of the Scriptures. Our Sabbath School teaching in its early history consisted largely of the repeating of the Scriptures, in the Sabbath session, which had been committed in the home during the week days. Their testimony to us who have not continued the practice is that it has prevented a most valuable asset in religious knowledge and in religious experience. Let the topic of the hour be unfolded along four lines.

I. THE WHY.

Many strong reasons for committing the Scriptures may be given. Let five suffice.

1. God wills it.—Deut. 6:6. "These words which I command thee, this day, shall be in thy heart." Note that the command is not a thought, nor a teaching, nor the truth contained in these words. This was an express command of God regarding the Ten Commandments. These Commandments formed at the time the Bible. Jewish parents train their children to commit the Word of God. If God wills that men should pray, if God wills that men should give, if God wills that men should keep the Sabbath holy—God also wills that His children should lay up His Word in their hearts.

2. As an Aid in Personal Work.—If the personal worker has stored up in his mind the Scripture texts which mark the plan of salvation, which contain the invitations of the Gospel, which remove the clouds in the way of becoming a Christian, then he is greatly aided in repeating these verses to those who are interested in salvation.

3. As a Means of Spiritual Growth.—A certain writer has compared the believer to a ruminant. This animal devours its food quickly and then sits down and chews it over. If the believer stores his heart with the Word of God, choice food of his soul, then in his leisure moments he may meditate upon it. "Desire the sincere milk of the Word that ye may grow thereby."

4. As a Weapon in Overcoming Temptation.—When Jesus was tempted by the devil during forty days in the wilderness, he overcame by quoting the Word of God. Three times when the tempter tempted, Jesus said, "It is written," and quotes His answer from the Word of God, and three times Jesus overcame. If selfishness manifests itself, keep repeating, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," or keep repeating, "Love seeketh not her own." If worry possesses you, keep repeating, "In nothing be anxious," or keep repeating, "Let the peace of God rule your hearts."

5. As a Comfort in Times of Physical Weakness and Infirmity.—To many of us there may come seasons when we are laid by through illness. The eye may become dim, the ear may lose its keenness of hearing. We may lack friends to read to us. It is then that the stored Words of God prove a rich benediction. It is then that the "exceeding great and precious promises" bring rich consolation. In my student days I was ministering unto a country parish on the Illinois prairies, and in making a call one day I met an aged mother in Israel who was bed-ridden, nearly blind, and who possessed no friends to minister friendship. But she told me with a great deal of zeal and enthusiasm that every morning when she awoke there came to her memory a new verse of Scripture which gave her comfort and cheer throughout the day.

II. THE WHO.

1. Every Christian—every believer in God, irrespective of age or sex or Christian task, should cultivate and form this habit of Scripture committal.

2. Parents and Children.—The home is the place where God expects religious instruction to be given and to be received. The parent is the God-ordained teacher of his children. "Thou shalt teach them unto thy children," are the words of Deut. 6:7. The writer spent a week in a Christian home in Kentucky as a guest. The breakfast season was certainly ideal. When the material meal was finished, without rising from their seats, the spiritual meal began. Quite frequently there was a repetition of Scripture verses or of a brief chapter. Sometimes they repeated the Scripture texts singly and sometimes they repeated them in concert. It did not require much time and they all entered heartily into the second meal. This plan is commended to the home.

3. Teachers and Sabbath School Scholars.—We recognize how many demands must be met in the thirty minutes spent by the Sabbath School class in their weekly recitation. But here is a splendid opportunity to cultivate this habit of Scripture committal. Three minutes spent at the opening would within a year's time accomplish much.

4. Pastors and Congregations. — It is lamentable after nineteen centuries of church life, that the only portion of the Scriptures which the average minister will call upon his congregation to repeat is the twenty-third Psalm. Could not the minister devote five minutes at the prayer meeting service for the repetition of Scripture? The minister could make public announcement of the passage that was being committed, or the passage could be printed in the weekly bulletin or calendar. The fact that the entire congregation was committing some portion of the Word would itself prove an incentive. Possibly also in this way the minister might be enabled to secure the daily family altar at the breakfast hour.

III. THE WHAT.

First of all one must needs commit scattered verses of the Scripture. For example, the rich promises of the Book of Isaiah, the "I ams" of Christ in the Gospel according to John, the great salvation truths in the Romans, the assurances in First John, and the promises "to him that overcometh" in the Revelation."

But we desire to emphasize the committing of the great chapters of the Bible. As certain peaks in a great mountain range tower above others, so certain chapters of the Word of God are more precious than others. Select what you regard as the five or the ten or the fifteen greatest chapters of the Scriptures. In making this selection be sure to choose those which differ from each other. Some for their literary make-up, some for their teaching contents, some rich in practical duty, some full of exhortation. For example, Ecclesiastes 12 is rich in its literary make-up; Romans 12, because of its practicality; Hebrews 11, because of its teaching; Psalm 103, because of its praise.

IV. THE HOW.

Let no one be discouraged because the memory is poor. Those of us who have passed the early age when things are easily memorized will doubtless find our memories less tenacious, but most of us are spoiling our memories because we give them so little to do. Memories are like muscles—exercise makes them strong. But there are certain means which will make the memorizing of the Word easier. The following may be mentioned:

1. Write the Word.—Did you ever write even one of the short books of the Bible? If not, try it. Read the Word out loud, then copy it. In doing this you use the mind, you use the eye twice, the ear once, and the hand once. Many of the words will thus take lodgment in the heart.

2. Commit the Word Orally.—The Chinese are considered the best committers. They commit out aloud. In some schools of ora-

tory where extended portions of literature are committed, the teachers require that they be committed orally.

3. Use Every Mechanical Contrivance Possible.—We have committed the names of the Minor Prophets by joining them mechanically into these groups: H. J.—A. O.—J. M. N.—H. Z.—H. Z.—M. Do you see how these letters are held together mechanically? The nine Beatitudes are remembered in their order by the following letters: "P.—M. M. H. T.—M. P. P. P. Ye." Do you see the mechanical device by which these are held together?

4. Use Where Possible the Logical or Chronological Connection. Note the logical connection between certain of the Plagues. Note the chronological order of the characters mentioned in Hebrews 11.

5. Make Picture Charts of Scripture Passages.—The eye is a great aid to the memory. The writer was laid aside from active work for several weeks recently by a stubborn case of rheumatism. As a splendid compensation for this necessitated idleness, there came to him the thought of reducing portions of Scripture to a picture chart. The time was profitably spent in thus trying to picture several of the Psalms. I commend it to you as a very helpful method of fastening consecutive verses of Scripture in the memory. The first picture you draw will not satisfy. The second will be an improvement upon the first. Possibly the fourth or fifth will be quite satisfactory. Practice thus on the First Psalm and on the Nineteenth. The writer always found it difficult to hold in their right order the twenty-two verses of the 103d Psalm. But since reducing these verses to the picture chart they are easily held in their rightful places.

In closing let me make these brief suggestions: First, do not say "I can't." Remember that this expression God has removed from the language of religion. "I can do things," is the inspired expression. Second, Do not make a mountain of it. If you have been a climber of mountains, you remember that the hill which seems steep at the distance loses its steepness as you approach it. Third, Use odd moments. When walking, when riding, when doing some mechanical task, you may be repeating the Scripture. A certain busines man in the West committed the eleventh chapter of Hebrews while walking from his business place to his home for his meals. Fourth, Keep reviewing. We commit, we forget, but the words return more easily the second time. By constant perseverance some of these chapters will become as familiar to us as the multiplication table. Fifth, Commit with absolute accuracy. Remember that we are dealing with the inspired Word of God. Sixth, Worship in all your committal. With the heart repeat these confessions, these teachings, and in them all worship the God of our salvation.

Paul's Debt to the World

By PROFESSOR A. T. ROBERTSON, LL. D.

Paul was in Corinth when he wrote this letter to the Romans. Tertius was his amanuensis, we know that because he put it in. We know who was the bearer of the epistle; it was the deaconess Phœbe. I do not know whether the word deaconess was used here in a technical sense or not. The Baptists, Methodists and Episcopalians have deaconesses in a technical sense. Nobody knows the exact etymology of the word deacon; it is either from "dioko," to pursue, or "dia" and "komis," to raise the dust, and certainly a deacon can do that all right. We know approximately the date; we know it was in the springtime and before his last visit to Rome, because in the fifteenth chapter he tells us about his plan of going to Jerusalem and then to Rome. He made that last visit to Jerusalem immediately after he wrote this epistle. It was the spring of 56 or 57, unless it was 55. That is all we know absolutely about it. The ancients had queer habits about dates—that is to say, they did not put them in. Can you remember the year you were married? You can remember the time of the year as the most joyful time of your life. We know why he wrote to the church at Rome. He wrote because he had not been there. Usually he wrote because he had been there. He always wrote because he had been or because he had not. In these letters to the churches where he had been he does not go into so much detail about his gospel. We can be grateful that Paul had not been to Rome because he takes occasion to give a more extended account of the gospel that they who had not heard him preach might have fuller knowledge. This is a letter and not a treatise on systematic theology; it is not like a sermon. It is the most extensive discussion of Paul's gospel that we have at all. The church at Rome was composed of both Gentiles and Jews.

As to Paul's debt to the world, this outline is my comprehension of the things Paul had in mind:

I. Paul's debt to the world.—Romans 1:1-17.

1. His call, 1.
2. His gospel, 2-4.
3. His field, 5-7.
4. His gratitude for the saints at Rome, 8-10.
5. His eagerness to see them, 10-13.
6. His readiness to preach in Rome, 14 and 15.
7. His pride in the power of the gospel, 16 and 17.

In the first place, Paul's call, verse 1: "Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God." He gives a description of himself in this opening verse, and we are grateful for it. It is always interesting to see what a preacher thinks of himself. Sometimes we have no trouble about it, and sometimes that is the most information we get. Paul feels called on to tell something of himself. He is a stranger to most of them. In Romans 16 he sends greetings to many of his friends. Some scholars think that this chapter is in the wrong place, but I do not think so. He had many friends in Rome, but the masses of the church had not seen him face to face. He gives his name as Paulus; that means "little;" that does not mean that he was little in stature or ability. A man is not handicapped particularly by his name. He is the slave of Jesus Christ, he is the bondman of Jesus Christ, of Jesus the Savior and Christ the Messiah. He is chained to the chariot wheels of Christ. He is not ashamed of it, but proud of it; he mentions it as a matter of honor. He delivered his credentials, as Sanday points out in his great work on Romans. He is the servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, "apostolos," (from "apostello," to send away), and in a general sense it means missionary. Are you apostles, men and women, of the Lord?

You are not apostles in the sense that the twelve were, you are not chosen in that technical sense as a group; but if we are Christians we are apostles. Christ was an apostle. "Consider Jesus the apostle and high priest of our confession." All Christians are apostles in the missionary sense; in the technical sense perhaps we do not rise so high. Was Paul an apostle in the technical sense? He was not one of the twelve. Some people think he took the place of Judas. I do not. Judas went to his own place, and Matthias was put in his place. Some people think that because Matthias was not mentioned any more that he was a failure and Paul was put in his place. How do you know he was a failure? In the future history of the twentieth century will your name be in it? Paul is an apostle in the technical sense; he had seen Jesus and had a divine call. He is not one of the twelve, but he is as much an apostle as they. He says he is called

to be one, and he is conscious of his call. It is a sad thing when a man has a doubt about his call, and it is sad for a preacher to feel that he is in the wrong place. It is sad for anybody to be in the wrong place, but especially for a minister.

Churches have a wonderful way of not calling a man when nobody else has him. Ministers do not want to resign until they get another call, because they will be left stranded. Paul says he was called to be an apostle. Ministerial misfits! God help us! We can sell second-hand clothes, but who will have ministerial misfits? A Baptist church in Kentucky had a pastor they did not want. I was preaching at another point, and the deacons of the other church held a meeting and recommended their own pastor to the deacons of the other church. Did they want him? No. A ministerial misfit. We should have a call from God whether we have any from man or not. If we do not have one from men, we can have one to men. Paul was a separated man, separated to the gospel of God, separated from everything else. He had his call and he was devoted. That word "separated" brings up the word Pharisee. He had been one; he was now a spiritual Pharisee. He was still separate from other things and consecrated to the gospel of God. That was the hand of God on Paul. He was set apart to the gospel of God. Paul was a specialist with the gospel. What is your specialty? You say, "I am in the reform movements, that is my line." And is the gospel a side line? You say, "I am a leader in bettering the houses of the people, and preaching is incidental." These other things are good—better houses, less sickness, better wages—they are all good, but if that is your main task as a preacher and the gospel of Christ is a side line, you will soon be off the track. Paul says, "I am separated to the gospel of God." That is the main line, and that takes in these other things, to be sure. Most of all, the consciousness should be that the preacher has God's gospel and is consecrated to it. These are the two conceptions in Paul's mind and should be in the mind of the modern preacher. We must have a gospel, and there is nothing else worthy the name except God's gospel. If you have not God's gospel you have not any gospel. It is God's gospel.

I used to preach a good deal in an Ohio town. One day a good sister with whom I took dinner asked me what I thought of "New Thought." She was a Baptist and a prominent woman, and I thought I was safe and I said that I did not think much of it. She did not say a thing, but dropped her knife and fork and gasped, and has never asked me to dinner since. You must have a gospel and you must give yourself to it. Paul did that. He was separated unto the gospel of God. Paul, in his epistle to the Galatians, discusses that

at length. Paul's consecration is not ecclesiastical ordination; what he claims to have on his head is God's hand. "Separated unto the gospel of God" by God. God called him and gave him His message and put him into the work. That is his notion of himself.

Second. His gospel: He says, "The gospel of God, which he had promised aforetime by his prophets in the Holy Scriptures, concerning his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, which was made of the seed of David according to the flesh; and declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead, even Jesus Christ our Lord, amen." Paul has a wonderful way of going off at a word. He is talking about himself separated unto the gospel of God, and the mention of the gospel of God brings up the matter, and he gives you in subordinate clauses what he means by the gospel of God, and so he gives us his idea of the content of the gospel of God in verses 2 and 4. He gives a description of his gospel after he describes himself. Paul knows what his gospel is. There was no gospel of the "perhaps" with him. He knows his gospel. It was promised of old, "which he promised aforetime through his prophets." That was before the radical criticism made God a tribal God of the Kenites, and made the Old Testament legendary with no prophecy of Christ. What marvelous things they discover in these days! Paul's notion of God's gospel is to show that God himself was running this business, and before Wellhausen was ever born God had a gospel. God's gospel was promised away back yonder in the Holy Scriptures. What did He promise beforehand? He promised His gospel. It is in the Holy Scriptures. It may not be in your sermon or mine.

A man asked a Unitarian preacher what he was preaching now. He said, "I am preaching out of the magazines." "What about the Bible?" "I finished it two years ago." If you want the gospel it is in the Scriptures, and it may vitalize the audience. What is His gospel in the Scriptures? Look at this Greek proposition concerning His Son? God's Son in the Old Testament! What an old fogy Paul was! He actually thought he saw something in the Old Testament about God's Son. Christ is in the Old Testament for anybody who can see and not there for the spiritually blind. "Concerning His Son." Christ is either in the Old Testament or He is not. We are in the element of the miraculous, to be sure. You say I am assuming all that. Yes, because I am assuming that you have some commonsense. You and I believe in a real God who has all power to do His will. "Concerning His Son,"—God's Son, who was born of the seed of David according to the flesh. He was man, He was born of the seed of David, He was declared to be the Son of God with power in His divinity. You have here both sides, humanity on one side and divinity

on the other—Son of man, seed of David. "Declared to be the Son of God with power." Mark that "with power." "Declared" by what? By deeds of holy life and words; by His resurrection from the dead; by the power He is exercising today and ever since.

The onward march of Christianity, in spite of the wars of the devil, is proof of the ever living Christ and the power of the cross today. God and Christ have not gone out of business, in spite of Emperors and Czars on the continent of Europe. "Declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness by the resurrection from the dead." That spirit may be the Holy Spirit or Christ's own spirit. It is an unusual phrase and that can not be settled either way.

Third. His field: "Through whom we have received,"—that is, by whom—"grace and apostleship for obedience to the faith among all nations for His name." That is rather a large field. He is an apostle to the Gentiles, appointed so by Jesus Christ, and he is a missionary to the world to bring men to surrender unto Christ, "for obedience to the faith,"—for separation "unto obedience to the faith." Faith here is the act of assent; obedience is surrender to Christ. That is Paul's conception of his ministry, to bring them to surrender unto Christ. You may have the biggest crowds and the biggest Sunday-school in town, the largest salary and the finest organ, and preach the longest sermons, and have more music than anybody else, and yet you cannot bring men to Jesus Christ. If you do not bring men to Jesus Christ your ministry is a failure. "Unto the obedience of Christ," for the sake of the name of Christ. His special province is the Gentiles, and the Roman church comes chiefly under that. He claims the Gentiles as part of his work. His prayer is that grace and peace may come unto them.

Fourth. His gratitude: His gratitude for the saints at Rome. He has never been there, but he has heard a great deal about them, and is grateful for what he has heard. We can usually find some grounds for gratitude in the church. It is easy enough to find fault. There is not a preacher here who cannot find fault with his church if he sits up two nights in succession, and they can find fault with us, too. There is his ground of gratitude. He could give plenty of other reasons, but this one is the only one he mentions. The faith of this church is declared throughout the whole world. This church at Rome was a great church, prominent in its position in the greatest city in the world, and the news of their steadfastness had spread all over the world. There are churches today whose fame has gone all over the world. You think at once of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian

Church, New York, the Moody Church in Chicago, and the Spurgeon Church in England. This church had won great fame at that time, and Paul says, "I want you to know how unceasingly I make mention of you always in my prayers." That is a slight hyperbole. Paul did not spend all his time in praying for the church at Rome, but it represents an attitude of mind. There you have a picture of Paul at prayer. He was praying for the church at Rome. "Whenever I pray I make mention of you." I wonder if Paul did not have a prayer list. At any rate he had a mental prayer list, and he seems to have gone over these names and churches as he prayed for them.

In the fifth place: His eagerness to see them:

> "If by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey by the will of God to come unto you, for I long to see you that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift to the end that ye may be established; that is, that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me; now I would not have you ignorant, brethren, that oftentimes I purposed to come unto you, but was hindered, that I might have some fruit among you also, even as among other Gentiles."

The point of that sentence is he was eager to see them and preach the gospel to them. One petition was that he might be prospered, that he might have a good way and be prospered to come, and he has it tangled a bit, "If by any means, or at length, if by some means I am prospered." Paul believed in Providence. Some people do not. Paul did. "If by any length I may be prospered to come unto you." He believed in God's Providence over his life; he felt himself under the guiding hand of God; he was in God's hands, and he trusted God to guide him unto the end. In the twentieth chapter of Acts they prayed him not to go to Jerusalem, and Paul said he was going, and finally when he said he would go, Luke says they said, "The Lord's will be done." After they had tried to keep the Lord's will from being done, then they said, "The Lord's will be done." Like the Scotch doctor who had a case he did not know how to manage; he said, "I will have to leave the child in the hands of the Lord until I can find out what to do." Paul says, "I long after you; I am hankering to see you," that is, with the intense love of a mother for her child, the pastor to see his church or the church to see its pastor, intense longing. "I long after you with eager desire; I want to go, that I may be comforted in you, and that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift to the end that you may be established." Paul has a blessing, he has the notion that he has a blessing for the church

at Rome. What do you want to preach for if you do not think you can do the people some good? He has a spiritual message which he thinks will do them good. He wishes that he might have some fruit in the church at Rome also. The devil had hindered him thus far.

Sixth. His readiness to preach in Rome: "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians; both to the wise and to the unwise; so, as much as in me is I am ready to preach the gospel to you also at Rome." If you were to get a telegram asking you to preach at the Moody Church, Chicago, you would say, "I expected to stay here and hear Dr. Brown, but upon the whole I am willing to preach the gospel in Chicago." Would you not go? And if you were asked to preach in the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London you might be willing to risk your life there. Paul says he was willing to preach the gospel in Rome also. You say, "Of course in as great a city as Rome." Hold on! That is not Paul's idea. You are getting things in a wrong perspective. Rome was Rome; it was not Winona Lake. Now, what is the prominent thing here? Is it atmosphere or beautiful grounds? It is the gospel. That is the center of things here. There was a church in Rome, but what a little figure did they cut! To preach the gospel in Rome was not a big honor, as Rome saw it. The gospel is a small thing from the standpoint of the city of Rome, but Paul says, "I am debtor to the Greeks and to the Barbarians." Paul recognizes his debt to all. "Greeks and Barbarians" was one way of describing the whole world. The Greeks were not Barbarians; the Greek language and culture were everywhere. There were just two divisions for the whole world, Greeks and Barbarians, just as now we have the heathen and the Christians. Who are the heathen? Those are heathen who do not live in Christian lands. Greeks and Barbarians were two terms for all the human race. "The wise and the foolish," that is a rather delicate point. Of course, the world is divided into the wise and the foolish, but the wise are here and the fools are always somewhere else! The Romans would not see themselves to be fools and they doubtless would be complimented! But there is here a division of the human race, Greeks and Barbarians, wise and foolish, but Paul believes he is called to both, to the enlightened and the unenlightened, to those in America and to those in heathen lands, to the wise and to fools, practical fools and those who are fools for lack of sense. Paul says he is called to preach to them. How would you like to be the pastor of a church like that, and how would they like to have you as pastor? Paul says, "I feel that I am debtor to both kinds, Jews and Gentiles, wise and foolish; I am called unto both." The readiness is with him, "I am ready." To do what? To preach the gospel to you in Rome." Suppose you were called to

preach in China or in Africa, would you go? Do you feel the call to go wherever the gospel is needed—to the big city or to the little village, to the cross-roads or to the missionary fields? Paul is ready to preach the gospel in Rome, not as a place of rare distinction, but where the gospel is not as yet a great power.

Seventh. His pride in the power of the gospel: That is the last point. He says he is not ashamed of the gospel. Who is? Some are. When you are called to preach a commencement at the university do you preach the gospel or preach a sermon? I have heard sermons on university occasions that had no gospel in them. Did you ever preach the gospel of Christ before a great university? Dr. G. B. Foster says that the gospel of Christ is played out, that it has no message for the modern man, that you can not live up to the Sermon on the Mount at the present day, that it is ineffective, that you can not make it operate. "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; I will preach it in Rome." Suppose you were to preach at my seminary. Would you preach the gospel? Or in Chicago. Would you preach the gospel? Men of science and even theological professors need the gospel of Christ. Paul says, "I am not ashamed of the gospel; I will put Christ in the center." What is the message for this modern age? How many sermons and books we have had on that subject, the gospel that the modern man needs, the gospel for an age of doubt! We had some brilliant remarks on that subject last night. The modern man is just as big a sinner as the ancient man, sometimes bigger. Paul says, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth." It is the only thing that is the power of God—it is the dynamite of God; nothing else will save men today but the blood of Christ, no soda water kind of gospel; nothing but the blood of Christ can wash away sin. Some men do not like Billy Sunday's preaching. It is said that there are two classes who do not like Billy Sunday's preaching—the saloonkeepers and some preachers. That is a rather curious combination. I honor the man who can preach the gospel as he did for three months in Pittsburgh, where the gospel was talked even on the street cars and some eighteen thousand people were brought to Christ. A man who can do that must have the power of God with him. "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; it is the power of God unto salvation." How we need today this power of God! If men want to criticize us, let them. They criticized John the Baptist and Christ and Paul, and they will criticize you if you say anything or do anything. The gospel has as much power today as it ever had. "To the Jew first and also to the Greek." The Jew first in privilege and penalty. Why is it the power of God? "For therein is revealed the righteousness of God," God's kind of righteousness. What is

God's kind of righteousness? The kind He has and that we have not. How are we going to get it? Paul's message is to show these Gentiles and Jews are without God's righteousness and how they can get it. And the world today wants Christ. It is lost without Christ. Did we ever have such an object lesson in the history of the human race as we have now, when so-called Christians are jumping at each other's throats? If we ever needed the power of the gospel it is today, that there may be the righteousness of God in human hearts and lives.

Israel

By REV. S. B. ROHOLD.

Dear Friends: Our good friend, Dr. Vance, has carried us away to that great century of peace, and although I am a Jew, born in Palestine, yet I am British, my blood flowed faster while he was speaking, and I would have liked to have said a good many things on that subject.

Our purpose is to consider Israel this afternoon for a short time. In the time at my disposal I desire that we should consider Israel briefly as a nation, especially in relation to the Jews in our own land. During the past few years the magnifying glasses have been most carefully focused on the strangers within our gates. Foreigners from all over the world are flocking to this land, and the Jew among them, and he cannot escape attention. It is most extraordinary. If the philosopher's words are true that "nature's greatness lies in nature's contrasts," then the Jew is a most extraordinary contrast in himself. Here you have a people wise and unwise, poor and rich, religious and irreligious, morally high and morally degraded, at peace and at war at the same time. Think of this extraordinary tragedy of war today! Britain is fighting Germany; Germany is fighting Russia. You never hear of a Briton fighting a Briton; you never hear of a German fighting a German; you never hear of a Russian fighting a Russian; but here is a Jew fighting a Jew. It is estimated that Russia had 85,000 Jews in her regular army, and now in the time of war, when the Russian army is fully mobilized, there will be 265,000 Jews fighting for Russia. Austria-Hungary, in the time of peace, has 50,000 Jews in her army; now, when she mobilizes her army in full, there will be something like 150,000 Jews fighting. Germany will have 20,000 Jews fighting. Britain will have about 20,000 Jews fighting. France will have 15,000 to 25,000 Jews fighting. These will be in the regular army, in the navy, and so on. Now you will have a most extraordinary tragedy—an army of 400,000 Jews, and what are they doing? For what are they fighting? They are killing one another. There is a patriotism abiding and true, and men are ready to shed their blood freely. It is the Jew that will shed his blood for Britain. Britain

has been all she could be to the Jews, and the Jews will be all they can be to the Britons. I am absolutely sure of that.

Now this Jew demands attention. This demand is based on moral considerations as well as religious and Biblical. Let us consider for a moment why the Jews come to this country at all. Of course many come to get rich, but the majority of the Jews do not come to Canada or to America, or to other parts of the world simply because they want to accumulate wealth. They come here because they are compelled to come. For centuries the Jew has been persecuted, and now there is an extraordinary opportunity to do something better.

Open the story of mankind and his tragedy is unrolled. Israel's history is the darkest and bloodiest in the whole of human history and unfit to be fully told. One writer says, and truly, "The whole of the continent of Europe has been reddened with the blood of the Jew." And why? There was a great misunderstanding. The Jew made a blunder in a day nineteen hundred years ago, when "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." This has been followed by eighteen hundred years of exile and shame among all nations, and those years have not been enough to wash away that awful stain. As the Jew failed to understand his relation to his Messiah, the Church of Christ failed miserably, almost from its very beginning, to understand its relationship to Israel. The church thought that it was her duty to avenge that awful mistake which Israel made. This morning a speaker said that the Jew is the most hated person throughout the world, and he gave as a reason jealousy. That is only part of the reason; that is not the true reason, if we look into the divine purposes of God. The Christian Church failed to understand the real purpose and plan of God. "Blindness in part has happened to Israel until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in." Now let us go back to the very beginning: The great apostle to the Gentiles hated Christ ignorantly; but after the extraordinary vision came to him, he was filled with a wonderful love for the Savior, the crucified Nazarene, and he wanted to win the whole earth for Christ. At Rome, the first Christian Church was established, and what happened there? The Gentile Christians thought that when the Jews crucified the Nazarene they crucified Him wilfully, with their eyes open, well knowing that He was their Savior and King, and therefore they had forfeited all claims to the gospel. That was a mistake. Poor Paul was heartbroken, and so he wrote that magnificent defense in his epistle to the Romans, "I say, hath God cast away His people? God forbid, for I also am an Israelite, of the seed of Abraham of the tribe of Benjamin." The first congress of bishops decided that the Jews had forfeited their claims to the gospel, and for centuries they were denied

admission into the Christian Church. Later a new idea came to the Church, to evangelize the Jews, whether they wanted it or not, and so there was organized the fearful inquisition with all its hideous machinery. Thus the Jews were driven further away from the gospel.

Have you ever read of the Jews in England? How often the populace invaded the Jewish quarter in London, giving themselves to murder and robbery? Only Jewish history can find such a tragedy as occurred in York, whither the flames of persecution had spread, when the priests and elders appeared before the Jewish synagogue with an iron cross, asking them to fall down and worship it. Israel, true to her monotheistic ideas, refused, and fire was set to the synagogue, and men, women and children were burned alive. The venerable rabbi, with five hundred Jews who took shelter in the castle, on hearing the cries and seeing the flames, said to his people, "This day the Lord calls upon us to die for our faith." Then parents killed their children, and afterwards themselves, and when the persecutors came there were none to persecute.

On All Saints' Day, 1290, all the Jews were expelled from Great Britain en masse and all their property confiscated. France expelled the Jews. In Spain, between the twelfth and the middle of the fourteenth centuries, no less than 200,000 Jews were slain in that awful country. The rest were expelled and their property confiscated. Where should they go? Here is the irony, as well as the tragedy—the Jew flying from Christian hate and finding shelter with the wild Mohammedans of Arabia. But the majority found rest in Poland, and when Poland was divided and Russia received the lion's share, 40,000,000 Jews found themselves clustered within the paws of that wild Russian bear. As Jews we feel that the one weak spot in this awful trial which Great Britain is passing through is to be allied with Russia, but the Jewish people in Russia say, "We are big enough to lay down our grievance against Russia and be true to that country and her allies which restored us to freedom." In Russia what did the Jew do when oppressed? Do you remember Jacob of old? What he did when he was afraid of his brother Esau, lest he would slay the mother and the child? He sent a present to Esau, so many camels, so many donkeys and so many horses, each going in front of the other with a servant to proclaim that it was a present from his servant Jacob to Esau, his older brother. That is what the Jew has been doing for centuries. Every nobleman down to the commonest policeman had to be bribed in order to exist. I have traveled through Russia, and I know what it means to live there; I know the terror of that life, and yet there is an extraordinary love for the country, and

I do not know why. Yet we see it among the people. They have been persecuted dreadfully and yet they stay and live there.

In 1882 the new May Laws were put in force, and it was ordained that all Jews, with the exception of the very rich—who, by paying a very large sum of money, secured the right of residence in the villages and smaller towns—were expelled and forced to move into the larger cities, thus creating the fearful ghettos, with conditions impossible to describe. All universities were closed to the Jews. If a young Jew wanted to attend the university there was only one door open to him, and that was by apostatising to the Greek Catholic church. The condition of the Jewish girl was still worse. If she wanted to enter a university and obtain a higher education, there was only one door open to her, and that was by securing a "yellow ticket." In an audience like this I am afraid to explain in plain language what a "yellow ticket" means. Life in Russia becomes so oppressive that all kinds of societies have been formed to remove the Jews from Russia and plant them in another country. During the past thirty years Baron Edmund de Rothschild spent no less than one hundred million francs in settling the Jews in Palestine. Baron Hirsch left £15,000,000, and besides this money has been gathered throughout the world to remove the Jews from Russia. During the past thirty years no less than $100,000,000 has been spent on settling the Jews in Palestine. The influx of the Jews from Russia into Palestine was something like one thousand a year, but when the awful Balkan war broke out the new immigrant in Palestine would not go to fight a battle which was not his own, and perhaps half of the young people who had been settled in Palestine during these years fled away from the country and came to America. During the years 1899 to 1913, 1,347,590 Jews came from Russia and settled in this country; nearly half a million Jews settled in Great Britain, in Germany and in other parts of Europe; but here comes the extraordinary tragedy of it all: When the new census appeared in Russia it was found that there was an increase of the Russian Jewry to 6,060,000, an actual increase of 845,000 during the past fifteen years. This has revealed a most disappointing and disquieting situation, for it means that the constant and heavy immigration has been more than neutralized by the natural increase of the population, and in spite of the trains and ships that carry the Russian Jews by scores of thousands to other lands, there is a bigger Jewish population than ever, cooped up in the Pale of Settlement. Such a fact may well engender a feeling of despair in the hearts of the Jews who rely entirely on philanthropic methods to cope with the Jewish problem. After all these endless wanderings, these numberless institutions, these interminable committee meetings, this unnecessary expenditure,

the Russian Jewish problem has not advanced an inch from where it stood when the great exodus began a generation ago. While new ghettos have been planted on both sides of the Atlantic, the Pale still exists in all its grim misery, with a population driven closer to its walls. Six millions still tremble at the word "Pogrom." That is the net result of thirty years' striving! What a pitiable tragedy!

This is the sorrowful situation, but what about Israel's spiritual condition? Exactly as the Jew failed economically he has failed spiritually. Here comes the important question: Why should we trouble at all to make converts of these Jews? Some one says, the Jews can take care of themselves. I agree that they can take care of themselves, and perhaps of somebody else, too. But this is not all there is to it. At the great World's Missionary Conference, Prof. Paterson uttered these remarkable words, "Modern evangelical Christianity of today is the true and final religion." If it is the true and final religion, then it is our duty to go to every creature and persuade him to accept that religion. But some one may say, "You can persuade the Chinaman, you can persuade the Hindoo, you can persuade other nationalities, but there is an extraordinary stiff-necked people called the Jews and you cannot persuade them.' If you say that you admit failure. Then the Jew must really have something better than you have. Did you ever consider what the difference is between the Jew and the Christian? A missionary goes to China and he meets Chinese heathen. He can persuade them. He can say, "Why worship this stone? Why worship this idol? Worship Jehovah who is a Spirit." You can persuade a Chinaman, but you can not convert him, as conversion is the act of the Holy Spirit. I have many times argued with the Hindoo, "Why worship the elements of Nature? Worship Jehovah, who is the God of Nature itself." But what will you tell the Jew? To believe in God? The Jew believes in God exactly as you do. If you say, "Believe in the Bible," you will find there are orthodox Christians and orthodox Jews, and reformed Christians and reformed Jews, liberal Christians and liberal Jews. You will tell him to believe in Jesus. The Jew has altogether changed his attitude toward Christianity and he is challenging the world. Some time ago Dr. Silverman made the extraordinary statement in New York that every educated Christian minister believed in the Jewish faith. Modern Judaism of today is the greatest enemy of Christianity. The modern rational Christianity of today, styled under the so-called name "reformed," is the enemy of Christ, and I am sorry to say so. It is paralyzing. I do not mean honest searchers after truth; I do not mean those who are trying to establish the authenticity and facts relating to Scripture—they are to be admired and loved—but men who irreverently, through their own conceit, are

trying to bring down Christ to the level of the ordinary human prophets — these are robbing us of the best and holiest that we cherish in Jesus, the Christ of God.

It is the divinity of Christ that holds the church and gives her inspiration and life, and which is the only foundation of her existence. A great conference of reformed Jewish rabbis was held in Paris, France, to see what they can do to bring life to Judaism. They said that Judaism had an ideal, but that the ideal was lost, and they wanted something new to revitalize Judaism. They invited a great Gentile agnostic to inspire them in the person of Monsieur Renan, and during his address he said to them, "You Jews have made the greatest mistake in your life; you denounce Jesus; you speak against His character and His teaching. You will fail, as you have failed for nineteen centuries. But proclaim Him as your own—Jesus is your own—just as Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Amos and Obadiah. Proclaim Him, if you will, as the greatest of all of them, and in proclaiming Him as one of these human prophets, you might succeed in clipping Him of His divinity." You remember when Balak engaged that false prophet Balaam to curse Israel, and he said, "I cannot curse them, because God does not curse them," but he gave him this advice, "Let the Moabites expose themselves to Israel, and Israel will fall into sin, and Jehovah, who hates sin, will kill them," and you remember the many thousands of Israel that fell, and that is what the modern Balaam has advised the Jew—to bring Jesus down to the level of a human prophet.

Dr. Max Nordau, in a letter to Father Hyacinthe, of Paris, says, "Jesus is soul of our soul and flesh of our flesh." Who would exclude Him from the people of Israel? Other leading Reformed Jewish rabbis follow in the same train by proclaiming Jesus as their own, and the renewal of the ancient prophets. The great difference between the Jew and the Christian is the cross of Christ, but it is this cross which must conquer.

Now the question is, can you convert the Jews; can you reach them? My friends, have you ever tried to reach them? If you will try you will see that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. We cannot afford to omit the Jew from our missionary program. The trouble is we are afraid of the Jew, and it is an extraordinary fear. I know of certain communities from which the Christians ran away when the Jews appeared to dwell among them. Why they ran away I fail to understand. The other day in a train a lady sat near me. She did not recognize that I was a Jew—I do not know why, but she did not. She told me she had a beautiful house which she was compelled to leave because the Jews came in the neighborhood,

and of course she had to go away. I said to her, "You will have to secure another seat in the car by and by, because a Jew is sitting next to you." Can you reach the Jew with the Gospel? That is the great question. At the great missionary congress it was declared that during the past century nearly a quarter million Jews had accepted Christianity. That means, when you consider the relative number of Jews in the world and the relative number of heathen in the world, if the conversions from heathenism to Christianity had been equal to the conversions from Judaism, there would have been sevenfold. There have been seven converts from Judaism for every convert from heathenism. Does it mean failure? Last night when Dr. McNeill mentioned Edersheim he did not speak of him as a converted Jew.

If I had time I could say something far more interesting than what I have said. I could prove that since the conversion of St. Paul to this present time there have been Jews converted to Christianity that could stand in the place of St. Paul himself. Some of these have been the best historians and spiritual writers within the Christian church and many of them were the best church missionaries, but we do not speak of them as converted Jews. They have been placed within the church and the church claims them as her own. In our work we go to the Gentiles and we want them to be reconciled to Israel. We do not want the Jew to become a Gentile. That can not be, just as we cannot make a Gentile a Jew. We cannot make the Jews Gentiles, but we can bring them to peace. What is the meaning of peace? Harmony—harmony in music—harmony in business—harmony in life. Peace is the harmonizer of us all, and that is what we want to bring to the Jew, and the only force that can bring about this consummation is Jesus, the "Prince of Peace."

Have you ever considered the tragedy of the Jews? Here is a people hating not a Gentile, not a Russian that kills them, not a Roumanian that persecutes them, not a Spaniard that exiles them, but they hate Jesus, Him whom we all delight to worship and adore. Why do they hate Him so? There is no reason except one, and that is the reason which St. Paul gives in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, "Blindness in part has happened to Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles has come in." In plain English it means this, that Israel has been put aside by Jehovah for the time being in order that you might be saved. Now in the true spirit of gratitude we must give back to Israel the Christ which they once gave to us, that they, too, may rejoice and sing unto Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

The Nation's Call

By MRS. VIOLA D. ROMANS.

I am glad to come to this Bible Conference. I appreciate the honor conferred upon me by your invitation. Your fame has gone abroad in the years past. I was very anxious indeed when I passed this way to come to you. I realize the strength, the power and the uplift which are here. I realize what a privilege it is to have this opportunity to look into your faces and catch a new inspiration for the great cause we represent and for which we are laboring. I am especially glad to come as the humble representative of the organization of women known as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. I am glad to come from the State in which this organization was born years ago, my own State of Ohio, the southwestern section of the State. At the close of a great lecture by Dr. Dio Lewis, the women were moved to leave their homes, and they went forth into the icy streets and knelt upon the icy walks in winter, and they besought the men who sold to quit the business, and the men who drank to move with them to the house of prayer, where hundreds were converted and turned from the evil of their ways. A reaction set in, and it soon became apparent that the liquor traffic was intrenched in law and that to overcome it a permanent organization must be formed. In the City of Cleveland, Ohio, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union organization sprang into being. It has grown and enlarged, until today it reaches across this continent, into every State, and into more than fifty nations of the earth. Truly do we sing:

> "All 'round the world the ribbon white is twined,
> All 'round the world the glorious light has shined."

We are reading today the news of the war just at a time when this old gore-soaked earth is crying out for peace, just at a time when our peace delegates were upon the continent, en route for the Peace Conference at The Hague, this great conflagration has burst forth. In the eight nations engaged in this war we have our members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union who have been powerful in the work in their own countries. They are suffering today, many

of them, and our prayers will go out to these women who have upheld this white ribbon banner. It seems a strange thing that after all our talk and agitation about peace we should come to a time like this. We scarcely understand it. You who are Bible students will say that this is in the line of prophecy. We do not know; but at any rate it is well for us this afternoon that we are hedged in by two great oceans, far removed from the conflict, and we rejoice that we have a great chief executive in our nation's capital who is conservative and a lover of peace, and who is, in the truest sense of the word, a Christian, our sturdy President, Mr. Woodrow Wilson.

I believe we have a conflict on here of a very different nature from that which we are reading about in other countries today. We have a battle on for right, and it is a privilege, my brothers and sisters, that we can come together in this hour, calmly and peaceably, to talk about this great conflict. It is the greatest conflict of our time. The greatest issue of our day, perhaps, is to solve the liquor problem with the questions naturally allied with it. Sometimes people have said to me, as I have been going up and down preaching the gospel of temperance as I have been given to see it, "Why are you so interested in this conflict?" I remember when I was working in the Legislature of my own State a man said to me, "Why are you so interested in this battle against the saloon? We know that in your home you have never been attacked by the iniquities of this business. We happen to know that you have been reared far away from the environment of it; it has not come into your home life," and I have always answered, "I am grateful for that every hour of my life, but I want to say to you that I have no assurance that it will not enter my life, that it will never destroy my home and break my heart, for none of us have been reared so pure, so clean and so holy that we dare say that this accursed thing shall not come nigh our dwelling." It is no respecter of creeds, persons, caste or conditions, and it bears upon its breastplate the stamp of the government. That is the shame of it! If we could remove the stamp of the government, which is the respectability given it by the revenue paid to the government, we could kill the saloon business in this country in a twelvemonth, and if you could give me the assurance this very hour that this business would never come into my life, it behooves me all the more to give the best years of my life in protest against the legalized iniquity that is ruining lives, breaking the hearts and destroying the hopes and blighting the homes of hundreds and thousands of women who are less fortunate than I have been. I have never yet found a reasonable excuse for any woman who professes to be a follower of Jesus Christ not casting in her lot in this conflict and helping to outlaw this traffic. I have heard that not more than one-thirtieth of church-going women

belong to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and that one-thirtieth is doing more for the advancement of the Kingdom than all the other twenty-nine-thirtieths. I have never heard any reasonable excuse for any one holding himself aloof from this great conflict. When I am told that one home out of every five contributes a child, that one hundred thousand men and women and boys and girls are going down every year in this maelstrom of death, I am amazed that we have been dallying with this question so long. I said that when I was in the Legislature I did so and so. I want to explain it. I never occupied a seat in that august body, but I was elected by thirty-five thousand honest, earnest, loyal women of the State, who wear the badge of white to represent them in the lobby. "A highly respectable position for a woman!" I hear you say. At any rate they selected me to go down there in behalf of the temperance measure. I thought in the outset it was something of a compliment. I soon found out my mistake. They thought somebody must be sacrificed; they thought I could be spared better than any other. We have a great fight on. I come from a magnificent battlefield in Ohio. I like a good clean fight. I have defied any man, woman or child to bring forth any good thing the liquor traffic has ever done; but we discovered at last one good thing they have done, and that was to precipitate this campaign in my own State at this time. I believe we will win the battle. You know how it came about: We circulated the initiative suffrage petition, seeking to place the suffrage amendment upon the ballot at next November election, and when it became apparent that we were going to secure the required number of names on the petition the liquor men became alarmed, and they thought it would be better to precipitate the battle before the women were enfranchised. When there were only a few weeks left it was discovered that the liquor men were circulating a petition seeking to do away with our local option laws and to annul all of our regulation and restrictive laws—in short, to prohibit prohibition in Ohio for at least twenty years. What did the temperance people do? The Anti-Saloon League, the Prohibition party, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the other great temperance forces are working together. It does not matter what the differences may have been if we stand together and work together until the common foe is vanquished. The organizations got together and the men circulated the petitions asking for a state-wide prohibition law, and that proposition will be placed upon the ballot next November, and of course the adverse proposition will also be there, and the fight is fairly on, and I believe that is one good thing the liquor traffic did. We ought to have whipped them two years ago, when our constitution was being revised, but at that time we had restricted license and limited prohi-

bition as the issue, and we did not know what we were voting for. I know ministers who were puzzled. But now we have a clean-cut issue—the home against the saloon, prohibition against the free and unlimited liquor traffic—and I rejoice in a fight like that, and I think it has to come like that before we win the battle. Now, my State, after trying license for fifty or sixty years, after the State entered the galaxy of States, the license proposition was placed in the constitution, and we tried it out. It was a pronounced failure. In 1851, when the constitution was first revised, the voters of Ohio said, "We will incorporate therein a 'no license' clause." It was the intention of that clause that the liquor traffic should be outlawed in Ohio. What was the result? Power was given to the Legislature to provide against the evils arising from the violations of the no-license clause. No matter how stringent a law is it is sometimes violated. We have very strong laws against counterfeiting but they are broken. The Legislature of Ohio, instead of making it a crime for any one to engage in the liquor business, said, "We will restrict it and we will fine it," and that tax was raised from $250 to $1,000. I was working in the Legislature at the time the Aiken bill was passed. The liquor traffic was not satisfied with that; they wanted the legal status and standing which would be given to them to have license reinstated in our State constitution, and it was done in 1912, but it was done upon a special election called for the purpose, at which not 50 per cent of the voters of Ohio were present. So after all it was only a majority of the minority which reinstated the license system in Ohio. Our State stands today at the open grave of her lost opportunity, but I believe we are going to redeem her in the next November election. We want your help; we want you to come over into our land and help us to do it, and when you have the fight squarely on in Indiana we will help you if we can.

We are all working for National constitutional prohibition. That is the great battle on in this country today, and it augurs largely for victory at the present time for the bill introduced by the splendid champion of prohibition, the hero of the Merrimac, Richmond P. Hobson, who stands in Congress as the leader of the movement there. I hope no man or woman here who believes the liquor traffic ought to go, has neglected to avail himself and herself of the opportunity to send a word to Congress, a letter or a petition, and I hope this great body has sent a message to Congress, that they may know how you stand in this conflict. I said I was working in the Legislature for a bill to give the women of my State the right to vote at local option elections. We did not win that battle. If we had, Ohio would be dry now, or if we succeed in getting the ballot this year we will help you, my brother, win future battles. That is the only proposi-

tion, so far as I know, upon which we exactly agree with the rum traffic. On that we have gotten together, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the liquor business. That is, if the women of Ohio were enfranchised the liquor traffic would have to go. We all believe it. After I was working in the Legislature, side by side with the attorney of the liquor traffic seven long weeks—he was a fine-looking fellow of nice family—I was told that no matter what occurred I must keep sweet, that I must not seem ruffled or disturbed by anything that occurred. That was the hardest strain to my constitution that I had to undergo! The liquor dealers' attorney came to me when our proposition was going to a vote and he said, "Mrs. Romans, were you not so-and-so before you were married?" He asked me about my name before I was married. He had been looking up my record to see if I had a good moral character, because the liquor traffic hinges on a good moral character. You cannot get a license to run a saloon unless you have a good moral character. Did anybody ever hear of a man wanting to run a saloon who had a good moral character? He had been looking up my record to see where I came from and whether I was in the line of legitimacy. He said, "You were so-and-so," and I said, "Yes." He said, "I knew some of your people." I said, "I am glad you formed their acquaintance." He said, "Your people were all Friends, Quakers?" I said, "Yes, and I am still in the Quaker church." He said, "Don't you know that I have a little Quaker blood in my veins?" Oh, the insolence of it! but I had to keep sweet. As I looked him over from top to toe, I said, "I am sorry, sir, that you have not enough to leaven the whole lump, for if you had you would not be engaged in the business you are representing here today," for I never heard of a Quaker representing the liquor business or of being engaged in it anywhere. I said, "Furthermore, I want to serve you notice now that whether we win or lose in this fight, the motherhood of this State will never give up this battle until she has a right to cast a ballot against the iniquitous business which you represent, until she has the power to protect her best loved ones against the infamy of the saloon traffic," and that was the end of our acquaintanceship. I have never seen him since. I think that did not quite vanquish him. They won that battle. Three or votes changed would have given us the victory. If we had won the ballot then the battle would have been over and Ohio redeemed from the saloon now.

Now, I am a suffragist. Maybe you have suspected that from the things I have said. I understand most of you here are suffragists. I think I have said that my grandmother was a Quaker preacher. I was brought up with the idea in the home and church that we had co-privileges along with our brothers, and I began to look around to

see if I inherited my ideas on this subject, just as you Democrats and Republicans have. You have not been able to give in the past, some of you, any better reason than that. I tried to see if I had justification for my opinion. I turned back to Genesis and read that after the earth was created, and after all living things on earth were made, God said, "Let us create man in our image," and it was done. "In the image of God created he him, male and female created he them." "In our image,"—that gives, I believe, a feminine attribute to God that some of us may not have thought about before, and He blessed them and set them at much the same work, that of replenishing the earth and subduing it. He said not a word about their subduing each other. Then a long way removed from the first chapter of Genesis, I read in the constitution of the United States, and it is quite a good document with pretty good doctrine, its definition of citizenship. What is it? School boys and girls, if here, could answer me: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside." "All persons," not male persons, not female persons, but all persons. And furthermore, it adds that no State shall enact any law that shall abridge the privileges or immunities of her citizens. By what right, therefore, are we denied a voice in the government which we are expected to obey? By what right, then, has my State and your State incorporated that word "male" in its constitution? I declare that under the United States constitution it has no right. I believe the time is speedily coming when the women of this entire United States will have the free and unlimited use of the ballot. Oh, yes, we vote on school elections over there in Ohio, and that has been an argument used against us. They say in Ohio "You have the privilege of voting for the members of the school board and a small per cent of you come out to the polls." That has been used as an argument against the proposition, and I think that argument is not justifiable, because, as I said a while ago, at our special election, called to revise the constitution of Ohio, not 50 per cent of the voters of the State were present at an election so important as that. It reminds me of that story about two little boys playing on the curb. One boy said, "What day is this?" He said, "Tuesday." "No, it is not, it is Wednesday." "How do you know?" "I can always tell by the way father says grace at table." "How is that?" "On Sunday, when we have a big dinner, a good roast, he always begins, 'Most bountiful Father,' and then on Monday, when it is cold slices, he says, 'For what we are about to receive,' and then on Tuesday, when it is hash, he says, 'Lord, help us to be grateful,' and then on Wednesday, when it is stew, he says, 'Mother, the children are making so much noise today I think we will dispense with

grace; dish up whatever you have.'" So they dished up the soup to us in Ohio and we were not very enthusiastic about it. We do feel that we would be very grateful for the full dinner, if you please, as in so many States, ten States, women have already been recognized. When I was a child I was reared in a home where my father was very active in the political world. He was not a politician, but a debater, a talker and a writer. He was an abolitionist in the early day. He was a very active man in the Republican party, and I grew up affiliated to the Republican party, and I had a brother who was two years my junior. We grew up together under exactly the same conditions of religious training, the same education, the same environment, the same everything, and when we came to our majority he became a citizen and I did not. I remember when Mr. Blaine was defeated and Mr. Cleveland was elected that I really felt this country had gone to ruin. Our Democratic neighbors had for the first time in our recollection their first opportunity to have a jollification over a Democratic victory, and they came out on the hill in front of our house and had a bonfire and a jollification. I felt that the whole world was a funeral and I was one of the chief mourners, that our home and property would be confiscated, and that peace, prosperity and liberty were forever at an end. I was so prejudiced as that. Have you anybody in your own neighborhood who has ever been like that? When my brother, who was two years my junior, came to his majority he entered into citizenship; he went out to cast the ballot, and I could not understand it. I had shouted for the candidates before the election, and I did not understand why it was. I had been bearing my share of the burdens of taxation and government and tried to be a law-abiding citizen, and I asked why it was that he was given the ballot and I was denied it. I have been looking for the "why" ever since.

I went to the penitentiary in Ohio one morning in June. It is the custom of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in their flower mission department, to go to the prisoners in the jails and penitentiaries, and the shut-ins generally, and carry them blossoms tied about with the white ribbon and with a scriptural text-card attached. They always have a scriptural text-card attached because our evangelistic department was the chief cornerstone upon which we builded as an organization. We went over there and as we sat on the platform and the prisoners filed into their places in the great auditorium, the warden said, "You are going to have two thousand men in your audience this morning," I confess that I almost had stage fright. When did I ever, in all my journeys, confront an audience of two thousand men in a temperance meeting? Never before, I believe. There they were; they could not get away. I said to them

in the very outset, "Brothers, I suppose I am very much like you in one respect, and that is that I did not want to come here, (I think there was not a volunteer in my presence that morning), but I have been training with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for twenty years, and I have come to understand that when they command it is well to move, so I have come over with these women who have brought you the flowers." (And the prisoners had the flowers pinned on the lapels of their coats that morning.) After I had told them about our departments of work and about how it was our custom to take these messages of love and hope to the prisoners, and how our organization represented organized mother love with a heart large enough and great enough to reach down to the uttermost places, that we might bring to them messages of hope, I said, "We have a regular department called Prison Work, a department which not only goes on errands like this, but goes to our law-making bodies as well, and there we plead for better sanitary conditions for the inmates of our great prisons. We had asked that this prison be taken out of the confines of the city and that it be placed in a rural district where there was pure air and free sunlight and where, through coming in close touch with Nature, you might reach more directly up to Nature's God." I said, "I have no apology to make to you for the Legislature, at its last session, not giving to you the reforms for which we asked. Since so many of them are coming here to reside with you, I should have thought they would make the place as modernly convenient as possible while they had an opportunity to make the appropriation." I said furthermore, "I understand that ninety-five per cent of you are here because of the curse of rum," and they responded to that, acknowledging it to be a fact that ninety-five per cent of that great congregation there that morning were there because the rum traffic had made it so easy for them to do wrong and so difficult for them to do right. Many of them had, perhaps, inherited an appetite, and I said, "Brother, if I were an elector and had failed to use my ballot, that priceless privilege and wonderful power at the ballot-box, to do away with this iniquitous thing which has made it easy for so many of you to come here, if I had failed to use it for your uplift rather than for your downfall, I should not have the courage to look you in the face this morning, very much less to bring to you the gospel message of 'whosoever will may come.'"

This battle is to the Christian voters. You must solve this question, and I believe that when the Christian voter catches step with his church resolutions in this nation of ours and conducts himself as consistently at the ballot-box as at the family altar, then

the liquor traffic will die. God speed the time when the Christian voter will have the courage of his convictions and will express them upon this and every question at the ballot-box.

Last autumn I went to Brooklyn, N. Y., to attend a great convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, where it was a privilege to listen to reports from more than thirty nations of the earth. After that we went out to see the sights, and we went across the Brooklyn bridge. We stood looking at that wonderful structure and commenting upon it. We thought of Mr. Roebling and his great master mind that conceived the idea of this great bridge, who made the plans for its construction, and I tell you I stood amazed. I bowed to masculine superiority in that proposition, and I said, "Every piece, every bolt, band, pillar, screw, nut and pin is in its place, each and every one important." So it is in this conflict we have for constitutional prohibition in this nation; every man, woman and child has a part to play, and each one of us can find something to do to help on the cause. We can write a letter, we can sign a pledge, we can circulate a petition, we can give out leaflets, we can write an article for the public, we can make a speech or enter into debate; there is something for each to do to help on in this great conflict. Just now England has issued an order to the young Englishmen here that they should come home, and every Englishman who is without a family, between the ages of eighteen and thirty years, is expected to return to England and help on the cause of the war in Europe, and this was the call issued, "The king and your country need you." It seems to me that this call is coming to every Christian man and woman today, "The King and this country need you." Are you in line for service? It matters less whether we are about to win this conflict than whether we, as Christian workers, are found in the line of duty, standing fast in the midst of the deadly breach, whether on the mountain tops or in the trenches, ready for any service, call or sacrifice this great cause may demand. This battle may cost treasure and blood, we know not, but it behooves us to be out on the firing line, to be ready for every opportunity, and it seems to me that never was there a time when the opportunities were so great and the outlook so bright. Nine States are entirely dry; in seventeen others more than fifty per cent is dry; in fourteen more than twenty-five per cent is dry; in two-thirds of the territory of the entire country liquor cannot be legally sold. It is now only a few years until the stuff cannot be manufactured or sold anywhere for beverage purposes. We have gone into the rural districts. The farmer in the country has used his franchise in taking measures against the business. We have gone into the city districts, and found there many thousands of aristocratic people who live in fine homes and who do

not desire saloons for their neighborhoods, and they have used their prerogative to vote the saloon out whenever and wherever possible. We hear the poor Negro, the despised race, the weaker race, through his leaders, today petitioning us to put away this curse from his people, because if it is injurious to the white race that have in them inbred education and Christianity and facilities for progress and reforms, that the white race today is supposed to have, if the traffic is bad for them it is infinitely worse for the Negro, and he is pleading that it be put aside. Take the testimony of business men today! Ask the merchant if he wants the saloon placed down town alongside his store. He will say, "Not at all; it would lower my standard and lessen my patronage." Ask the manufacturer if he wants the saloon across the street from his great factory, and he will say, "No, that would deplete the energies and the efficiency of my workmen and damage my output." Ask the great shipping merchants if they want saloons located down by their docks and warehouses, and they will say, "No, that will give us a bad reputation on sea and land." Ask the saloonkeeper if he wants to live alongside his own products, his own business, and he will say, "No, he wants to go up town in the residential district and live in a fine home," and leave the poor victim of the saloon to grovel in his poverty. Who wants the saloon anyway? We all recognize it as an undesirable neighbor. Why do we not put it away? Is it because we cannot do it? I believe that whenever the American people desire anything they speak, and it is done; they recognize no impossibility. Whenever a disease such as consumption goes into a community and takes hold of its inmates we say immediately, "We will quarantine against the ravages of this disease." Our fair country is afflicted with a disease, a disease so fatal that every time the minute hand marks five on the dial one body falls into a drunkard's grave and one soul is sent to a drunkard's eternity. Why have we not quarantined against this accursed thing? Read the rise and fall of every nation, mark well the part licentiousness and drink have played in those nations, and you will recognize that no government can long exist half drunk and half sober. Is it not imperative that we rise in our might and vote out this accursed thing in this State and in my State and in this Nation? Captain Hobson said, "The star of empire has always traveled westward, and today it stands above the last great nation of this earth, and because we are patriotic, and because we represent our country and love her great institutions, and believe they are worth saving, we plead with you men and women everywhere." Have you ever stopped to count the cost of our privileges? Have you traced the pathway of liberty? If you have you will find it runs through bloody sands. You will trace it back through clouds of civil strife, when this nation's best

blood flowed in torrents. Ask some one here who was in that great conflict, who, true to the call of his country, went forth into the fire-lined jaws of battle to rescue the old flag that fell at Sumpter and lifted with it a race into liberty and a nation into triumph. That pathway follows far back of that civil strife until you seem to stand at last at Valley Forge, where George Washington, the commander of the American army, was frequently seen in that awful winter; his eyes lifted in prayer to God, beseeching Him for assistance and deliverance for the cause and the army entrusted to his care. It was at a time when the heavens above seemed as brass and the earth offered no solace, but our extremity proves to be God's opportunity! When we use every power at our command He reaches down His hand and gives us victory, and it was so then, and this nation stepped forth into freedom, throwing off the yoke of King George. Trace that pathway of liberty past religious persecution. It was not always so that we could thus assemble for the worship of God according to the dictates of our own conscience. You trace the pathway of liberty past dangerous gloom lit up by martyrs' fires. Trace it still further back until you come to old Plymouth Rock. We have heard so much about the trials and hardships of the Pilgrim Fathers—I am told it was a woman's voice that was first lifted on old Plymouth Rock in prayer and praise for deliverance from that stormy voyage—we have heard much about the trials of the Pilgrim Fathers, we have heard but little about trials endured by the Pilgrim Mothers—but it has been said that the women endured all the trials of the Pilgrim Fathers, and more—they endured the Pilgrim Fathers!

Trace the pathway of liberty across the seas and down the ages until you seem to stand at last upon the summit of the mountain just outside Jerusalem. There in the darkness of that awful hour you seem to pause before a wooden cross upon which hangs the body of our crucified Savior, and as you seem to hear the blood drops splash upon the cursed ground as they fall from the broken heart of the Son of God, you realize that to give us these liberties and privileges the Son of God was scourged and crucified. Our rights and privileges and liberties have been won by the tears and toils of many nations! The Stars and Stripes of Old Glory have been baptized again and again in human blood, its white stripes have been bleached o'er and o'er in human tears, its stars have shone forth from the midnight darkness of centuries. THAT OLD FLAG IS HOLY! and I wish it might be in evidence here in this hall. Unfurl it to the breezes, that every zephyr may kiss the sacred folds, red with the blood of heroes, white with God's justice, and blue with heaven's own azure. The flag floats in many places as legally above the saloon as above our

school houses and our churches. Are you going to allow this condition to continue? I plead with you to stand up in your might and smite this evil. Our boys and our girls are falling along the line, thick and fast, and the trampled sod reeks with the blood of its victims slain. This Nation's call is the call of God. Will you come? Your King and your country need you!

The Four D. C's; or the Divine Concern

By REV. MAURICE RUBEN.

Our Brother Rohold has presented the subject in a very practical and comprehensive way from the standpoint of the American Jew and the Jew of the world. I will, therefore give you more of the Scriptural aspect of the problem.

The Word of God speaks to us definitely on this subject. Isaiah is full of good things. The Old Testament Evangel is speaking out the heart of God concerning this nation, while other prophets have given coroborative testimony. God is uniquely interested in His people, and Christians should know more about it. We cannot get away from the fact that there is very much in the Bible about the Jews; in fact, it is primarily a Jewish Book.

We find in the sixty-second chapter of Isaiah a verse which says:

> "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until her righteousness go forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth. And the nations shall see thy righteousness and all kings the glory, and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name."

That is a wonderful prophecy. It is going to bring a day of peace and glory. The Jews are called by various names—Hebrews, Israelites, children of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and sometimes by other names you know, but here the Word says they shall be called by a new name. That is, the great Jehovah is going to cleanse them, to justify and fill them with the Holy Spirit; they are to be a converted nation—there is to be a Christian nation of Jews! They will be settled in Palestine, the land of their fathers, which was promised to them to be their everlasting inheritance. Thus, the power of God is to come upon them, kings shall see their glory and the Gentiles shall behold their righteousness.

We often hear the great capitals of the world mentioned — London, Berlin, Paris — and there are Jews who fairly tremble when they think of some of the capitals under whose governments life and

property are endangered. Upon our own beautiful capital, we, as Americans, look with pardonable pride, Jew and Gentile alike. Washington, D. C.—we all know what the D. C. stands for here—District of Columbia—but we want to affix a D. C. after Jerusalem, the City of the Great King, but, of course, with a different meaning, viz.:

1. DIVINE CONCERN.

Our first D. C., then, is the Divine Concern, for Jerusalem, for Israel, for Zion, for the country, for the people. Thus let us emphasize the verse: "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest until all be accomplished." Is it not wonderful how the spirit, mind and heart of our God is occupied with the intense longing and ceaseless purpose to rehabilitate His people, to establish them in righteousness, and to make Jerusalem glorious in all the earth? The reproach of the city, land and the people is to be removed, and the glory of the Lord shall shine upon Zion and upon Jerusalem. Do we not read in Ezekiel that "God has set Jerusalem in the midst of the earth and among the nations round about her," from which is inferred that Jerusalem is the real center of the earth?

Therefore, let us not forget the "Divine Concern" of the Lord for His people "still beloved for their Father's sake." May we, therefore, as Christians respond to a Scriptural Concern for Israel, and this brings us to the next passage in this marvelous chapter, which we would designate —

2. THE DIVINE CO-OPERATION.

Let me quote the sixth verse, which reads, "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night. Ye, who are the Lord's remembrancers, take ye no rest and give Him no rest till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

It is a well-attested fact that God works through human instrumentality. He has His chosen vessels and makes them meet for the Master's use. We have, in this verse, the call to "Divine Co-operation,"—

First. To prayer in behalf of Israel. Did He not inspire His ancient people to pray for the peoples and nations all round about them? He taught our ancestors to pray for your ancestors, and these prayers ascended in mighty volumes from Jewish congregations in tent and temple, one of which is "God bless us and cause thy face to shine upon us, that THY WAY may be known, thy saving health among all nations. Let all the people praise Thee, etc."—Psalm 67.

Remember, that is a Jewish prayer. This and other petitions have ascended to the throne of mercy. The answer did not come at once, but the prayers, nevertheless, were bottled up and finally the vials were opened and poured out and the answer came by Jesus Christ, who declared "I am the Way." Well may our Christian friends ponder this thought and awaken to the spiritual obligation that they owe Israel a debt of prayer.

Second. In this "Divine Co-operation" God reminds us that He has placed upon the walls of Zion "His Remembrancers" that His intercessors are to travail in spirit and be exercised in prevailing prayer, and to "rest neither day nor night till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." Have you had a burden for Israel? Has God been waiting to hear the sound of prayer from you in behalf of that scattered, wandering and homeless people of whom you have heard today? Are you praying for them? I know some of you are doing so. I learned since I became a Christian that it was the practice of the church at one time to pray regularly for the Jews. This ministry was especially exercised by the church in England and Scotland, where Godly pastors and Christian people poured out their souls, pleading in behalf of Israel. The answer came.

Jewish mission work commenced with the beginning of the missionary century. Jewish souls were brought into the church of Jesus Christ. Among them a galaxy of luminaries which are shining brightly in the firmament of the Christian church. Our Brother named a few of them, but turn to the Jewish Encyclopædia, a distinctively Jewish work, and on page 253, volume 4, there is a large list of the names of prominent Jews who excelled in all the various channels of culture—in art, in science, in music, in finance—all of them Christian Jews. This was the answer to the prayers of God's people early in the nineteenth century.

3. THE DIVINE COMMISSION.

The next D. C. leads to a practical step. We read in the tenth verse: "Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up a highway; gather out the stones; lift up an ensign for the people." Is it not wonderful that we should find in the Old Testament such a commission for this work? Is it not a call to missionary labors? So in the Old Testament the good Lord already calls us to this service. He gives us a "Divine Commission," yea, marching orders. The various steps are pointed out. I want, therefore, to make this verse practical, because the first thing we hear from the good Christian people is the question, "How many Jews have you converted?" Thank God, I do not want to claim that I have converted any Jews, for I might have the same experience that Mr.

Moody had. In a certain city there was a drunken man reeling along the street and a friend said, "Mr. Moody, there is one of your converts." And the answer was, "Well, it looks like it. The Lord pity MY converts," said Mr. Moody. For that reason I do not like to quote statistics about OUR converts, although under God, I have led some five hundred Jewish souls to Christ and thousands are being influenced for Him by our testimony. I am afraid that such converts may backslide. I want the Jews to be converted by the Spirit of God. I am willing to be God's witness. I am ready to tell them the true story of Jesus Christ, but I want them to be truly born from above. We are not afraid of that kind of a Jew or Gentile. He must be made over. He needs us just as we did. "Go through the gates,"—that is a starting place. Ordinarily the Jews keep the doors shut, there is an enmity concerning the cross of Jesus Christ, and Paul makes it plain in his letter to the Romans where he says, "As concerning the Gospel they are enemies for your sakes, but, as touching the election, they are still beloved for the Father's sake." Enmity against the cross—opposition to Christianity.

The Jews are a peaceful people; they want peace, but as we have heard, when it comes to war, he gets stirred up and is ready to fight. You and I ought to take the wrong fight out of him, for he is ready to fight Christianity, and it is our business to show him the way of peace. These are, therefore, steps which we, as Christian people, must take; that is, to gather out the "stones" of difficulties and help to lead them into the right way of the true Christian faith. Try to draw near to your Jewish friends and neighbors. The Jew loves friendship, but he mistrusts you because you mistrust him. If he does not like you, it is because you do not like him. "Prepare ye the way of the people." Go to him, make him feel that you are a real Christian and that you are interested in him. Have him realize that you are a friend of the Jew. Show yourself a friend of Israel. By so doing you will prepare the way for us missionaries, and that is what the Lord wants you to do. This is the preparatory work to be done, the casting up of a highway for the Jewish people, that they may behold the true Messiah in Jesus Christ. Thus, by prayer, by personal work and real heart interest, it will result in the opening of missions to the Jews in your respective cities, or to co-operate with reliable existing missions.

You have cities with a Jewish population of from 25,000 to 40,000, and not a witness to them. Cities like Buffalo, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Rochester, Syracuse, etc. Therefore, follow these various steps and "Lift up an ensign for the people."

I must briefly tell you how I was converted. Nineteen years ago

found me in business life, connected with my brother in a department establishment in the city of Pittsburgh. I had drifted into skepticism as a result of the Ingersollian wave which swept over America thirty-five years ago. I came under the blandishment of his oratory. I was charmed by his mocking wit and by his eloquence. My faith was poisoned, and in the course of time I found myself in the ranks of infidelity. I lost all conception of the supernatural. After my marriage in 1895, there came into that store an humble layman. He was making purchases. He wanted to see me. I took him to my department, and after an ordinary conversation he began to talk about Jesus to me. I laughed him to scorn. I thought I knew it all, for I had studied evolution and the Darwinian theory; I had exchanged the old ancestors and had adopted some new ones. I forsook Abraham, Isaac and Jacob for the monkey clan. Of course I thought I was smart. I intended to make a skeptic out of that man and I meant to prove to him that there was no Christ and that religion was a myth. Although Pittsburgh had about 25,000 Jews at that time, there was no mission to Jews there, and God, in His divine concern for Israel, picked out that man in order to begin a testimony to the Jews. God honored the humble witness of that plain layman. He did not know much about the Jews. He was surprised that the Jews did not believe in Christ. As we met together, I tried to make him wise, and I quoted all the skeptical authorities.

The man did not take much stock in what I said, but he said some good things that reminded me of my childhood days and of my father and mother, who were orthodox believing Jews, praying every day for the coming of the Messiah. God's Spirit handled my case, and I began to be stirred up. I lost my ordinary peace till finally a New Testament was given to me, which I promised to read. Up to that time I had not read the New Testament as a book. I was familiar with some of the sayings of Jesus, wich I had run across in my infidel literature and which were always interpreted against the claims of Jesus Christ.

Now I commenced to study the words of Christ, and I marveled at His teaching. Going through the Sermon on the Mount, and continuing to study and ponder His truth, Jesus began to speak to me. The fear of God returned to me. On the nineteenth day of March, 1895, God's blessed Spirit fell on me, and in a moment of time I knew that God was the author of the Bible, and then I lifted up my heart and called upon the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob that He would somehow show me about Christ, for my Jewish heart did not like Jesus Christ. I could have swung back to Jewish orthodoxy, but I had promised to read the New Testament, and I did. And then as I read and compared the Old Testament prophecies, and searched the

Book, and finally came to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, reading for the first time that marvelous prophecy about the suffering servant of the Lord, the scales fell from my eyes and I saw the fountain before me. I plunged in with my prejudices and hatred, and God, for the sake of Christ, took that lump out of my heart, purged me from sin, and the result was a converted Jew in Pittsburgh. I thought at the time that I was the only converted Jew in the world.

4. THE DIVINE CONSUMMATION.

In the last part of the eleventh verse there is another D. C.: "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold his reward is with him, and his response before him. And they shall call them the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord: and thou shalt be called Sought-out, a city not forsaken." You have heard this afternoon that beautiful word painting in that splendid address on "The World at Peace." It is surely going to come, but according to the Word of God it cannot come until the Jew is at peace with Jesus Christ.

Study God's plan. In the closing verses is the forecast of the Divine Consummation. The Daughters of Zion must behold their Savior. They will follow their Gentile sisters and also organize Home and Foreign Missionary Societies. Their fathers, sons and brothers will follow. See the glorious picture promised, "They shall be called the 'holy people,' the redeemed of the Lord."

Dear brethren, give the Jew the Gospel. God will smile upon you and you will hasten the world's peace. In "The Christian Worker's Magazine," the September number, is a report of the work at Pittsburgh, which illustrates one phase of our activities, the open air work. I wish you would subscribe for that magazine. Get a copy of this number and on the last page we have a little advertisement in which a special offer is made to Christians. It is a real bargain offer. Our magazine, "The Glory of Israel," with a free tract offer for Jews, at a nominal price.

Liquor vs. Business

By PROFESSOR CHARLES SCANLON, A. M.

The liquor traffic has long since lost all claim to right of existence, either on moral or on social grounds. Almost its sole plea for toleration today is that it helps business. The purpose of this address is to deal with that phase of the question, omitting entirely, for the time, other phases.

The four great staple products of our lives are food, clothing, shelter and tools with which to work. Business is helped when the demand for these commodities is increased, when the cost and the difficulty of production is diminished, and when the purchasing power of the people is enlarged. Business is always injured when the demand for these staples is decreased, when the cost and difficulty of production is increased, and when the purchasing power of the people is diminished. In the light of these few simple, accepted principles of political economy, let us examine the liquor traffic.

I. THE DEMAND.

Food.

What is the effect of the liquor traffic upon the demand for food? Other things being equal, do the families of drunkards have more food and better food than the families of sober men? The contrary is true. Therefore the liquor traffic is the enemy of the grain grower, the miller, the flour merchant, the stock raiser, the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the fruit grower, the fruit dealer, and of every man who produces or handles any article of food, because it lessens the demand for what that man has to supply.

Clothing.

What is the effect of the liquor traffic upon the demand for clothing? Other things being equal, do the families of drunkards have more clothing and better clothing than the families of sober men? Not at all. Then the liquor traffic is the enemy of the cotton grower, the wool producer, the manufacturer of fabrics, the dry goods merchant, the clothier, the tailor, the hatter, the shoemaker, the shoe

dealer, and of every man who handles or produces any article of clothing, because it lessens the demand for what that man has to supply.

Houses.

How does the liquor traffic affect the demand for houses? When young people are married and establish a home and build a house, they give business to teamsters and hod-carriers and stone-masons and bricklayers and carpenters and plasterers and furniture dealers and hardware merchants and glaziers and shingle makers and upholsterers and carpet weavers and men in other lines of trade and industry. Suppose the young husband is a drinking man. He will commonly go from a poor house to a poorer one, and finally it may be to the poorhouse itself, where those who are dependent upon him are supported at public expense. Now, he has paid no wages to others, but has taken the wages of others to care for those whom he had the right to support.

Tools.

What is the effect of the liquor traffic upon the demand for tools? By this we mean anything used in the production of a livelihood. The stock and the implements of the farmer, the library of the professional man, and the utensils of the household are all included under this head.

Other things being equal, do drunken farmers have more and better stock, more and better machinery than sober farmers? Not at all. Then the liquor traffic is the enemy of the horse market, the cattle market, sheep market, hog market, poultry market; it is the enemy of the manufacturers of plows, and seeders, and wagons, and rakes, and mowers, and reapers, and harness, and of the dealers in agricultural implements, because it lessens the demand for all such things.

How does it affect the demand for books? Other things being equal, do drunken professional men have larger or better libraries than sober men in the same lines? Not at all. Then the liquor traffic is the enemy of the paper manufacturer, the printer, the bookbinder, the bookseller, and of every man whose capital, or labor, or genius, enters into the use or the production of a book, or a paper, or a magazine, because it lessens the demand for all these things.

Do the wives of drunkards, other things being equal, have more and better utensils with which to conduct the duties of the home, than the wives of sober men? By no means. There is no wiser or higher economy anywhere than the preservation of the health and the strength of the wife and the mother. There can be no greater extravagance than the needless expenditure of the strength of the wife

and the mother. The measure of Christian civilization must always be the measure of love and confidence and respect shown to womanhood. We can no more elevate a nation while degrading its womanhood than we can strengthen a rope by weakening its strands, or enrich a nation by impoverishing the people.

The liquor traffic is always and everywhere the enemy of womanhood. It degrades her physically, morally, socially, intellectually and spiritually. Every day a multitude of men are spending for liquor that which would otherwise be spent in the home, and when so spent would preserve the health and strength of the wife and the mother.

A Four-Fold Curse.

Here, then, is a traffic which lessens the demand for food, for clothing, for houses, for tools with which to work. A thing which does that must always be an enemy of business, for wherever there is suffering in America today it is due to under-consumption and not to over-production. As long as there are children who cry for bread, there is not too much grain; as long as there are those who are clad in rags, there is not too much clothing; as long as one and two and three and even four families live in one small room, as they frequently do in the larger cities, and then some of them take in boarders, there are not too many houses in this country. We need to enable our people to build their homes and live comfortably in them, and it could be done with less than goes into the liquor traffic.

If it be asked if this traffic is not here to supply a demand, we answer that primarily it is here to create a harmful, unnatural demand that it may supply it.

II. THE COST OF PRODUCTION.

If, as we have shown, the liquor traffic lessens the demand for the great staples of life, how does it affect the cost and the difficulty of production? Ames & Co., the shovel manufacturers, found that when their men were abstainers they produced 14 per cent more goods than when they were drinking.

Mr. Mosley, an Englishman of means and public spirit, brought to America a commission to ascertain the reason for the larger productive power of the average American workman. Going to different parts of this country and making their investigations independently of each other, the commission gave as its judgment that the superior productive power of the American workman over his British brother was due to his greater degree of sobriety.

The Vice President of the American Sugar Factory at Rocky Ford, Colorado, told me that when saloons were there Monday was often a day to be dreaded. The men came late, they were unskillful,

they spoiled the product, they broke the machinery, they injured themselves and others, and often their wages were attached. After the saloons were banished Monday was often the best day in the week. The men came back refreshed after the rest of the Sabbath, and except in case of accident none of the things before complained of occurred. It was a rare thing that the workmen's wages were attached, and that 80 per cent of the business men of Rocky Ford would vote against the return of the saloon, for they sold more goods and found it easier to collect their accounts.

At Ida Grove, Iowa, some years ago, a bank was in process of erection when I visited the town. Everything seemed in readiness, but no one was at work. Inquiring the reason, I was told that there was but one man in the place who was sufficiently skilled to turn the noble arch over the main doorway and that he had gone on a spree. The other workmen were therefore necessarily idle. At the end of the week or month, when they were paid, did they not all have less money than they would have had had the work gone forward in a normal manner on that building? Did not the contractor make less money than he would have made if the men could have worked regularly? Did not the man who was having the building erected lose money by delay in its completion? Did not the merchants of that town do less business than they would have done if all the men had remained sober and employed?

At Taylorsville, Florida, I was told by a man who had large mercantile and turpentine interests that he had just contributed $100 to the prohibition campaign. Inquiring his reason for doing so, he replied, "Keep liquor away and I can manage a thousand Negroes in this camp, but put liquor among them and I don't guarantee to manage one of them, nor a white man either."

At St. Petersburg, Florida, as the throng left the place of meeting, a man standing near the doorway said as I approached, "Most people would suppose that one in my line of business would favor the liquor traffic, but I don't." Inquiring what he did, he said, "I'm an undertaker." "Well," I said, "why do you not favor the liquor traffic?" He replied, "Because an old drunkard's wife dies, and I bury her, and he never pays me for the coffin; or, he dies, and I put him away, and I never get anything for it. I'm against the liquor traffic."

Out from Niagara Falls, in the apple picking season, the farmers told me that they favored prohibition. Asking why, they replied, "We cannot gather and market our fruit with drunken help."

It is slowly but surely dawning on the whole world that the man with a clear eye and a keen ear and steady nerves and firm muscles

and an unclouded brain is a better workman, a better citizen, a better neighbor, a more dependable piece of machinery than a man with a dim eye, a dull ear, unsteady nerves and flabby muscles and a befogged brain. In other words, that a man in the possession of all his powers is a larger asset of the nation than a man shorn of a part of his powers. The merchants do not want drinking men, the manufacturers do not want them, the life insurance companies do not want them, the railroads do not want them, the banks do not want them, the farmers do not want them; in fact, there is nobody who does want them, unless it is here and there a foolish girl. She will sometimes take such, but that is about all.

I, who have sisters and a wife and children of my own, say, with all reverence, I would to God that the young women could see as clearly before marriage as they do so soon and so painfully see after marriage, the folly of linking their lives with drinking men.

III. REDUCES THE PURCHASING POWER.

If the liquor traffic lessens the demand for the necessities of life, and increases the cost and the difficulty of production, how does it affect the purchasing power of the people?

Under normal conditions, a man cannot buy unless he has the money, and he cannot have the money unless he works for it, or is a member of some city council, better unnamed. There stands a factory ready for operation, the workmen with their families are gathering. A grocer establishes himself near by, and I ask where he expects to get a living for his family. He replies he expects a part of the wages of the men who work in the factory. I ask what right he has to any part of their wages, and he says that unless he were there, or some one to take his place, those men would have to go singly or in groups to get their supplies, but by bringing the supplies to a convenient point he economizes their time and increases their productive power, and is thus entitled to a portion of their earnings. This is an honorable business proposition of advantage to all concerned.

There stands a saw-mill owner, and I ask him how he expects to get a living. He replies that lumber is worth more than logs and that everything which comes to his hands is worth more when he is done with it than when he got it, that he is creating value in the community, and he is.

There stands a carpenter, and I ask him how he justifies his trade. He replies that houses are worth more than lumber in the pile, and that everything which comes to his hands is also worth more when

he is done with it than when he got it. He, too, is creating value in the community.

The miller tells me that flour is worth more than wheat in the kernel, the baker says bread is worth more than flour in the barrel, the butcher says dressed meat is worth more than cattle on the hoof, the dairyman says that butter is worth more than cream, the blacksmith says that iron fashioned into useful instruments is worth more than ore in the hills, the tailor says clothes are worth more than goods in the bolt, the shoemaker says shoes are worth more than leather in the roll—they are all creating value.

I go to the milliner and ask her what she is doing. She replies that she is taking a little ribbon and feathers and felt and converting it into something the like of which is not seen in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth, and if you men don't believe that she is creating value, wait until you get a bill for that hat.

There is no yoke under which the average American husband and father bows so joyfully as that which is formed by the arms of his wife, or his daughters, when they put them up and seal them with a kiss and say, "I need a hat." If there is a dollar on the place she will get the hat, and there will be a scene of happiness occur that would make an old bachelor pull his hair, if he has any. Colonel George Baine so truthfuly says that he never sees a rose swinging in the hat of a saloonkeeper's wife that he does not know that it is the rose out of some other woman's cheek, and it is.

Then I turn to a minister, a teacher, a physician and a lawyer, and ask how they can justify their occupation. One of them lives by the sins of the people, one on their ignorance, one on their pains, and the other by their quarrels. The answer is that it is an accepted principle of political economy everywhere that healthy, intelligent, moral people doing business in an orderly way are always better producers than ignorant, unhealthy, immoral people doing business at haphazards. Therefore the minister, the teacher, the physician and the lawyer have a place in the industrial economy of the community, because they increase the productive power of the people.

Now, I turn to a liquor dealer and say to him, "What are you doing? Are you creating value? Will that which comes to your hands be worth more when you are done with it than when you got it? Will there be more children in the public schools and Sunday-schools, and will they be better clothed and fed because of your traffic? Will the men of the community be better husbands, fathers, sons and brothers? Will the women be truer and nobler in their lives? In

short, will your traffic elevate the moral, social or spiritual condition of the community?" If he tells the truth he will say, "No, sir; I am not here to create value, but to destroy value. That which comes to my hands will not be worth more, but almost infinitely less when I am done with it than when I got it. There will not be more children in the public schools or the Sunday-schools, nor will they be better clothed, or better fed because of my traffic. The men will not be better husbands, fathers, sons or brothers. "I am here," he says, "to take sons from mothers, fathers from children, husbands from wives, brothers from sisters. I am here to breed idiots and paupers and criminals and lunatics and spread pestilence among the people."

Some one says, "No, that is unfair. These things may occur, but they are a by-product, they are merely incidental, they are apart from his main purpose. He desires simply to get the money." Very well; here is a burglar who breaks into the house at night. He does not really desire to commit murder. Probably not one burglar in a hundred really prefers to commit murder. If ever a burglar gets into your home, lie still, and he will probably not harm you at all. It takes a good deal of self-restraint to lie there with your hands folded and look peaceful and happy while he is working around and gathering up your watch and pocket-book or rings and other things of interest to him and to you, but if you will lie still he will probably not harm you at all. Burglars have been in my house twice. Of course they got badly fooled, but they have been there twice, and they never harmed me—I was away both times.

But, a burglar goes to a house with the expectation, at least, of getting money or property. If it is necessary to commit murder in order to accomplish his purpose and escape, he stands ready to commit murder. Now is not that the spirit in which the average burglar plies his trade? Here is a liquor dealer who says, and many of them could no doubt truthfully say the same thing, that he does not desire to commit murder, nor to break up the homes and separate the families and blast hope and ruin life and spread pestilence among the people; but he desires the money, and if all these evils must follow in the wake of his work, he stands ready nevertheless to get the money. Now is not that the spirit in which the average liquor dealer plies his trade?

Please observe that I am not abusing liquor dealers. Abuse is not argument. If all the liquor dealers in America were placed on shipboard and sent to sea, and the license system allowed to stand, there would be another company of men tomorrow morning to take their places—that would not settle the question. I am not abusing liquor drinkers—I pity them. If all such were placed on shipboard

and sent to sea, and the license system allowed to stand, there would be another crop of drunkards next year to fill the ranks. That would not settle the question.

If we would dry up this moral ulcer of the nations; if we would heal this open sore of the world, we must stop the manufacture, the importation, the sale and transportation of this iniquitous thing. There is no ultimate, permanent and final solution for the liquor traffic but annihilation. To aim at anything nearer or easier as a permanent solution is to ignore history and invite defeat.

Here, then, is a traffic which lessens the demand for the helpful things of life, increases the cost and the difficulty of production and diminishes the purchasing power of the people. To claim that such a thing is beneficial to business is to do violence to language, logic, history, economics and common sense.

The Responsibility of the Church to Israel

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE.

This subject is at once a condemnation and a commendation of the Church—a condemnation in that such a subject should find a place on any Christian program of today; a commendation in that it speaks of an awakening on the part of the Church to a fuller understanding of her Lord's parting injunction.

The following seven reasons show something of the responsibility of the Church to give the Gospel to Israel:

I. The Church is to give the Gospel to every creature, and the Jew is included in the "every creature."

There is little need to show that this is the business of the Church, entrusted to her by her departing Lord, but she needs to see that missions to the Jew is as peculiar and separate from all other work of missions as the Jew is peculiar and separate from all other peoples. There is and always has been, since there were any Jews, a great and well-defined distinction between them and the Gentiles. The Holy Spirit declares in the Old Testament that Israel shall dwell alone and not be numbered with the nations, but shall be separate and distinct from them. In the classification of the race which the Holy Spirit gives in the New Testament, the same unique place is given to Israel as I Cor. 10:32 declares: " . . . the Jew, the Gentile, or the Church." Here, too, a distinction is made between the unsaved Jew and the unsaved Gentile. While the Church has in a measure acknowledged her responsibility concerning missions for the unsaved, she needs to have a vision of her special and peculiar mission to present the Christ of the Bible to the Jew. In the light of the text above (I Cor. 10:32), Jewish missions should hold in the activities of the Church as distinct a place as the Jew holds among the peoples of the earth.

II. Because of common gratitude.

The Jew, from a human viewpoint, gave to the Church the Scriptures. The writings of Jewish men are the most prized books in all

the world, a literature upon which the Church is founded and without which she would have nothing of value to herself or of blessing to others; without which she would have no existence.

The Jew, from a human viewpoint, therefore, gave to the Church her every life, her heart, her standing; even the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the Scriptures speak in the chirography of Jewish hands. The Jew, from a human viewpoint, therefore, gave to the Church her God, manifest in Jesus the Jew, and revealed to her through the Scriptures written by Jewish hands. Common gratitude for the possession of the true God, for salvation and eternal life in Jesus Christ, and for the comfort and hope of the Scriptures, should be enough to awaken in the bosom of the Church something of her great apostle's desire to give the Gospel to the Jews. Gifts received, whether given consciously or unconsciously, lay upon the recipient some responsibility surely.

III. Because of common justice to her Lord.

In the minds of many Jews the names of Christianity and Cruelty, Christendom and Hatred, are synonymous. The treatment meted out to the Jew in our own and more especially in European countries by that which calls itself Christianity, outshames, if possible, the treatment meted out to the Church herself in the days of Rome's past power. It is little wonder that so much of rationalism is found among the Jews today when Christendom's treatment of them and its influence upon them is considered. It is a matter for amazement that any Jew should be found among them willing to listen long enough to be convinced of its truth, to anything coming to them with the name of Christ. Therefore, in common justice to the name of the Head of the Church, the name of Christ, so maligned among His brethren after the flesh, the Church has a responsibility to present Christ to the Jew as the Bible presents Him. This will be the surest and most effective way of refuting the presentation offered by the persecuting cruelty and hatred of a false Christianity. He must be held before them as the tender Shepherd of the sheep, the One who loved them and gave Himself for them. The loyalty of a wife would cause her to rush to the defense of her husband's name. Let the Bride of Christ arise to the defense of her Bridegroom's name by giving that name its true character to the Jews, among whom it is being maligned by the common enemy called Christendom. Let her teach the Jew that her Lord is not a religion, but a person—the Person spoken of by his own Scriptures.

IV. Because of common justice to herself.

The Church owes it to herself to have her position in the world understood by both Jew and Gentile. Before the Jew she represents

a religion, a system, a movement. She has a responsibility to show him that she does not represent a religion, or a system, or a movement, but a Person, and that Person the One of whom his own cherished Scriptures tell, the cornerstone of his own religion and the crowning expectation of his own system. The Church owes it to herself, representing as she does the Lord Jesus on earth, to give the Jew the truth concerning herself. Whatever a false Christianity has done, or is doing, or may do, the true Church must show the Jew that she desires not his but him, and that not for her sake, but for his sake, and this can only be done by giving to the Jew the Gospel which is the power of God unto salvation; to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile.

V. Because of common honesty.

There is much being said in these days as to the need and advantage of the Church having all her debts paid. There is one debt, however, that whatever the wealth poured into the coffers of the Church may be, will always remain unpaid until she be taken to be forever with her Lord. She will always have to say, "I am a debtor . . . to preach the Gospel . . . to the Jew first and also to the Gentile."—Rom. 1:14-16. Dishonesty is a hard and a harsh word; but in the light of the endowment of the Church by the Lord, in view of the trust given her by Him, and looking at the ignorance of the Gospel among the Jews today as a people, is there a word which better describes the indifference of the Church at large to the spiritual condition of the people of Israel? The Church must surely be honest, and to be honest demands that she pay her debts, and to pay her debts she must needs give the Gospel with bountiful hands, and KEEP ON GIVING IT, with the same freeness with which it was given her, and always to "the Jew first."

VI. Because of common sense.

The sensible thing for any individual or any company to do is, of course, that which is most important. The relative importance of any endeavor can sometimes be determined by noting those who are most interested in it. Who then are the most interested in giving the Gospel to the Jews? Turning to the Bible for an answer, it declares that God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost are all intensely interested in this work and in the Jew. The counsels of the God-head include purposes for Israel far beyond the imagination of human kind.

Nations have come to world empire and in the glory and might of their power they have attempted to crush out the comparatively few millions of the Jewish race. They have turned the instruments

of religion and education and of force against this small nation in the endeavor to sweep all trace of the stock of Israel from the earth, yet one after another they have signally failed. It cannot be said that the failure is because of the resistance of the Jew, for he himself has tried more than once to commit racial suicide by immigration to and amalgamation with other races. In spite of all, however, he continues — peculiar, separate, unique — among the peoples of the earth, yielding neither to murder or to suicide. What is the power behind this people that keeps them thus death-proof? It is the power of the interest the eternal God has in His own ancient people, who will yet be unto Him a name and a praise in every land. It may be said that this is all for the future and that the Holy Spirit works today only among the Gentiles. In answer to this it may be said that it is well for the Church that the Holy Spirit was enough interested in Jewish missions in this age to leave all to deal with a Jew from Tarsus whom He found on the road to Damascus near two thousand years ago—two thousand years that bear testimony to the interest of God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit in missions to the Jews. Commanding, as it does, the attention of the God-head, it is nothing more than common sense for the Church to give this work her heart interest too.

VII. Because of the parting message of the Lord.

The uncancelled instructions given in our Lord's closing messages are still heard by the listening ear and the submissive heart and the yielded will. "To the Jew first" is in all of His last messages — Luke 24:47, Acts 1:8, etc., are still to be found in the only true standard of conduct the Church possesses—the Scriptures. The apostles and early preachers never got away from these closing injunctions of the Lord. The great Paul, apostle particularly for the Church, gives her this commission both by exhortation and by his own example. Wherever he went the Jewish synagogue was his first objective and Jewish listeners his first audiences. Whether it be in Jerusalem or in Damascus, or in far-off Rome, "To the Jew first," was his cry. His heart, filled with the constraining love of Christ, flowed over with passionate longing to make Christ known among the Jews. He longed to see his brethren after the flesh brought to know Christ as their Savior. He knew the truth concerning their future glory; he knew, too, the truth of the present remnant according to the election of grace, but he would preach to them all the unsearchable riches of Christ; and when at last the Holy Spirit draws the veil over Paul's labors in the Book of Acts, Paul is still preaching to the Jews in Rome. And it is this apostle's voice the Church should hear, as a command from her risen Lord, as an admonition from the Holy Spirit, and as an exhortation from Paul, "Be ye followers of me."—I Cor. 11:1.

He had heard and heeded the Lord's parting words, "To the Jew first!" Shall the Church hear and heed the same parting words? Will you? God grant it while yet there is time and opportunity.

I want to close with a word or two about how this responsibility can be met, and for this purpose call your attention to the three following texts:

(1) John 4:35, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields."

In New York and Chicago alone there are over 1,500,000 Jews. Has your church or organization ever lifted up the eyes and looked upon them as representing a harvest for Him? Will you give a little time from China, India, or other fields, to look upon with a prayer for the Spirit to open your eyes to see with His own vision these and many other thousands of Jews in our land? They are our Lord's brethren after the flesh.

(2) Matt. 9:28, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers."

Let me now come near to your heart and let me ask—nay, rather let the One who died for you ask—"Are there any laborers there because you prayed?" And if the answer is "No," is it because of unanswered prayer or because of unuttered prayer? These are solemn questions for any child of God to ask himself in the light of this text. May the Lord stir us up to a sense of our responsibility and privilege in this matter.

(3) Mark 16:15, "Go ye therefore and preach."

Peculiar trials, peculiar burdens and peculiar temptations await the worker for this peculiar people, but the equipment given by the Lord of the harvest will always be sufficient. If, as you pray, He should call you to lay all else aside and go to the Jews, will you go? If He does not thrust you out among them personally, will you pray? And if He has given you material good, will you go in your (or rather in His) money?

You can give the Gospel to the Jews through your money, through your prayers, through your lips. Will you?

The question now is: What will you do with your part of the responsibility of the Church in relation to Israel?

A Man With a Heavenly Secret

(II Corinthians, 12:1-10.)

By REV. JAMES I. VANCE, D. D.

The verse about which I wish to speak this morning is this one which tells of how Paul was caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for man to utter. There was a man with a heavenly secret. It seems to have been a secret hard to keep, but easy to carry— hard to keep because we like to tell good things, easy to carry because it kept him on the glory heights. Some of us have secrets that are easy to keep, but are hard to carry, guilty secrets, secrets that torture our lives, secrets that make existence a horror. But Paul's secret was without shadow of fear, it was a glorious secret. He cannot tell it, but he can scarcely keep from telling it. Oh, Paul, how human you are! You have a secret and you are wild to tell it, and if you are not careful you will be giving yourself away, "How he was caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

Why cannot the man tell us his secret? It was not because he was like Moses and could not speak. It was not because he lacked the gift of speech. It was not because he was without the ability adequately to clothe thought in language. Paul was a master at that sort of thing, as you will see if you will read his epistles or listen to him on Mars Hill, or hear him before Agrippa. Read the eighth chapter of Romans and see how he discussed things that are measureless. Watch him as he takes up the recondite and see how he balances the infinite on a phrase. It was not because he lacked a vocabulary.

It was because there are some things too fine for speech; they are to be experienced rather than discussed. To put them into language is inadequately to present them. It is to misrepresent them. It is because there are some things too sacred to be talked about. The people who are everlastingly talking about their experience usually have a very cheap experience to talk about. The soul is silent in its profoundest moments. The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb. What is it the man has that is too fine for words and too

sacred to be talked about? It is his great soul hour with God, the hour of his supreme Christian experience. He talks about it in a pictorial way. He speaks of being caught up to the third heaven, he refers to Paradise, which means that he was taken where he was face to face with God, past substance and past shadow, where he was face to face with life's great realities, because he was face to face with God; like the high priest who once a year pushed the curtain aside and went in and stood face to face with the symbolism of the divine presence, or like Moses on the mount, or Stephen in his martyr hour, or Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. Paul comes back with his countenance lustrous from that contact, but his lips are sealed.

That is what this man brought back with him from the desert. Paul spent three years after his conversion in the desert, in the wilds of Arabia, in the realm where the Arabian Nights are located, where the Oriental mind pictures its most daring adventures. He was three years there, and when he comes out he has not something he can talk about, but something which he cannot talk about; not a story of adventure, not a story of the beasts he has slain, of the skins he has taken, of the forests he has pigeon-holed, of the wilderness he has traversed or of the rivers he has added to the map, not a story which he can tell the newspaper reporters for the headlines in tomorrow's edition, not a tale which will get him elected a member of the Royal Geographical Society.

That is what some people bring back with them from the desert—something they can talk about, and that is their only estimate of value. In a church in a little town in Virginia there was an old elder who had a very vivid imagination. Imagination is the creative faculty. We did not, of course, think that he meant to falsify, but his imagination sometimes ran away with the facts in describing the marvelous experiences of his early days. He had in his employ a green lad from the mountains. One day the circus came to town and this lad expressed a strong desire to attend, and the old elder said, "Why do you want to go to that worldly affair? Is it to see the ainmals?" He answered that he was not particularly interested in the "beasties." "Well, to see the acting?" No, he didn't care so much for the acting. "Well, what is the desire that moves you in this matter?" And the boy said, "When I get old like you, I want something to talk about like you." There are a lot of peole whose estimate of value never gets beyond that—something they can talk about. Then the desert is worth while. There are also some who think there is nothing in the desert. It is just a sterile stretch of barren sand, an arid waste of sun-baked rock. They think that existence in the desert is exile

and time spent there so much lost out of life. As for them, give them the rattle of the streets and the din of the pavement and the tumult of the crowd and the hum of life.

Paul goes out to the desert and meets God and comes back with a heavenly secret. The desert was no stretch of arid sand to him, no arid waste of sun-baked barren rocks, but at every step he met the presence that spoke to his inmost life. There in the desert he listened until he heard the inaudible and gazed on the invisible, and he went through that door of Paradise which became a shut door back there in the morning of creation. He went through the shut door into the Paradise of God and he heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter. It makes all the difference what you are after when you go to the desert. If you are after adventure, you will get it; if you are after discontent, you usually can be satisfied; if you are after fame or pleasure or wealth, you are likely to come back disappointed; but if you are after God, if you are after a spiritual hour, if you are after the enrichment of your soul and the deepening of your religious life, you will be taken through the door into Paradise, and you will be caught up into the third heaven, and you will hear unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter.

Oh, you toilers of the streets, you lovers of the crowd, you worshippers of the moving show, you people who cannot be happy ten minutes at a time if left alone, what would you do with three long years in the desert? Yet, if we only knew it, that is what we need most. The crowd makes us shallow, we empty ourselves of our strength as we surrender to the conventionalities and the artificialities of life. "Come ye yourselves apart and rest a while." Our souls get so lean that we need to go to the desert to be fattened, so dry that we need to go to the desert to be rejuvenated. Throw down your tools, throw up yuor job and go off somewhere and get lonesome enough to feel the need of your Heavenly Father. Jenny Lind, at the summit of her success on the stage, left it, and people could not understand why. One day a friend went to see her, and found her at the sunset hour sitting on the beach gazing across the sea at the glorious sky. On her lap was an open Bible. This friend said to her, "Madame Goldschmidt, why was it, just as you had the world at your feet, you left it all?" And she said, "When I found every day that this dear Book was meaning less and less to me, and all that out there nothing at all, what else was there for me to do?" Yes, it is true that "solitude is the mother country of the strong."

Because Paul was a man with a heavenly secret he has never worn out. He has been a popular idol, not for a single campaign,

but for two thousand years. Why is it that we are still reading with interest what he wrote and still studying the story of his life? What is the secret of Paul's freshness, of our interest in the man and in what he wrote? Many another man, just as brilliant and gifted, has long since gone to the slag dump. The other week I was in the Democratic State Convention in Nashville, which met to nominate a candidate for the Governorship. Three or four thousand howling politicians from all parts of the State were there in wild turmoil. A man rose to speak, and in the course of his speech he called the name of a man who ten or fifteen years ago was the popular idol of the State. Tennessee has never had, perhaps, a more popular man. Wherever that man went he was greeted with tremendous cheers and crowds; but his name was mentioned in the convention that day, and not a solitary cheer greeted it.

> "Fame is a bee,
> It hath a wing;
> Oh, me! it hath a sting."

Yet here is Paul, and his influence on the world today is unabated and undiminished. Why? It is because we feel that he never tells us all he might tell; we have never sounded the bottom of his well. We have never fathomed his inmost secret. The man's message is not static but dynamic, and so the man and his message become constantly renewed and never grow stale.

A man soon talks out who has nothing but what he talks about. How long would it take yonder river to run dry if all the water it has is that in sight? Yonder is a spring which has been running a thousand years, five thousand years, and it is sweet and full now as ever. People have been coming and washing the dust from their weary faces in its limpid waters, and dipping from it cups of crystal with which to slake their thirst. Civilization has bloomed and withered, cities built up and rotted down, men have come and gone, but the spring is as full and fresh today as when the world was young. Oh, no, it is not strange that some men wear out, it is not strange that some preachers wear out, it is not strange that some evangelists wear out, it is not strange that some teachers and reformers wear out—why shouldn't they? They are never renewed. All they have is what is in sight. Their whole outfit is in the show window. No man can minister to his fellow men who is not being constantly ministered unto himself; no man can have a permanent blessing for his fellows who does not have a heavenly secret for himself. Oh, that we might have not something to say, but something that we cannot say! We preachers are always thinking about what we are to say.

We have to preach twice on Sunday and once during the week, and we must have something fresh and interesting for the people. Then we are called upon for all sorts of occasions, and we are pestered to death as to what we shall say, and we buy books and read them in order that we may find something to say, and we come to Winona and listen in order that we may have something to say. There is something vastly more important for preachers than to have something to say, and that is to have something which they cannot say. That is where we are poor, not in what the schools give us, not in culture and scholarship, but in experience, in spiritual education. Oh, may God enrich us!

And because Paul was a man with a heavenly secret, he always had his best time with God. He was always more or less happy. He had that kind of religion. He had the kind of religion which makes a man happy, not the kind that makes him unhappy. There are two kinds. When Paul wanted to have the time of his life he did not take a train for New York City, he did not look up the sailings of the ocean-going steamers, but he consulted the trains for the desert. He closed his eyes and was in consultation with his Heavenly Father, with Whom alone he could talk about his heavenly secret. Have you ever had a happy secret which you could talk about with only one person in the world? When you and that person got together what times you had! That is the reason why Paul had his best time with God. Have you ever thought of having a good time with God? Dan Crawford says that "Paul was a happy little man who always had a better time with God than he could ever have with any man." Have you ever thought of having a downright good time with God? "That does not sound right," you say, "it sounds irreverent; it seems as if you were going a wee bit too far." You can understand why one should have experiences with God, a solemn time waiting on the Lord, a soul-searching time, but as for having a good time—no, that sounds irreverent. The pity is that we cannot have more of that kind of irreverence. Too long we have been thinking of God as a gloom producer and a groan as the only true method to approach Deity. Shame on us for the way we misrepresent our Heavenly Father! No man knows God aright until he has his best time with God. They are the real saints; not these thin, sallow, weak, vapid and anemic victims of religious indigestion, but these healthy souls with the morning in their faces, because the heavenly secret is in their hearts.

And because Paul has his best time with God he was at his best with God. You are always at your best where you are happiest. Paul was great before his audiences; he was great at Ephesus, he

was magnificent on Mars Hill, he was splendid in Rome, but he was greatest when he was alone with God. Take him in the prison cell with the chains rattling on his wrists and ankles; no man stood by him, but the Lord stood by him, and he was the freest man on earth. Paul was great before his audiences, but he was greatest with God. He shot his arrow when he was before the crowd, but when the time came for him to shoot his full bow he was on his knees. What are we giving God? Are we giving Him our best or are we giving Him just what we can spare—what is left over? Are we giving to Him the kind of devotion that means sacrifice? Is there the heroic element in our lives? You are worth no more to the world than you are to God. A man is really what he is as estimated by his moments of devotion.

And because Paul had a heavenly secret he gloried in infirmities. He had a thorn in the flesh. He talks about Paradise and the third heaven, and all at once a spasm of pain catches him, and instantly the subject is changed, and he begins to talk about his troubles, and glories in his infirmities. He is down on the hard earth again; he is back out of the celestial mists and face to face with the grim realities of life. The thorn in the flesh has spoiled his halo, it has wrecked all the poetry. It is very nice to talk about the third heaven and Paradise and things unutterable, but when that infernal thorn in the flesh injects its pain into his body the holy farce is over. How our troubles try our faith! How the calamities of life test us! It seems to us often that it is hardly fair. What have we done that these things should come upon us? We have a queer notion of Providence. If the thing comes our way it is Providential; if it comes the other man's way we are greatly perplexed at Providence. A woman of my congregation moved one time and she sold her household effects. Telling me about it she said, "I took the matter to the Lord in prayer and He helped me to sell this stuff, and He really helped me to sell it for more than it was worth." I said, "What sort of a deal do you think the Lord gave the purchaser?" Our views of Providence are of a very strange kind. A great many of us feel very much like the crazy man that Booker Washington told me about recently. He said that a lunatic had escaped from the asylum and somehow he wandered into a church and got into a front pew, and there was a sort of dry-as-dust preacher stringing along and groaning along, and finally this lunatic was overheard to say, as he shook his head, "It is not fair, it is not fair; he is out and I am in." A great many of us are looking at things as that lunatic did—virtue is down and vice is up—we are virtue. Integrity is out and duplicity is in—we are integrity. Things do not seem fair, and we are disposed to question the Lord's administration. The thorn in the flesh

spoils the halo. But Paul is not troubled about his thorn in the flesh; it does not wreck his joy. He asked the Lord twice to get rid of it, but he did not understand it then. As he talks about it now he speaks with a caress in his voice. He would not give it up for the world. He says, "Lest I should be exalted above measure through the multitude of the revelations, there was given me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me lest I should be exalted above measure, and for this reason I besought the Lord thrice that it might be taken from me, but He said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' Most gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me." And he has almost told his secret.

Don't you see that for God's child worst is ever best? Do you know God well enough to glory in infirmity? Have you ever gotten close enough to his great heart to be convinced that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory? Let us go off somewhere where we shall be quiet enough and lonesome enough to give God a chance! Is that not one of the blessed things of these quiet days at Winona? Let us get out of the glamor far enough to see the invisible! Let us go where the waters run deep and still and where souls, that have grown stale for lack of renewal, may drink of the eternal springs and be caught up into Paradise and hear unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter.

The War in Europe and a Century of Peace

By REV. JAMES I. VANCE, D .D.

A few years ago in my church in Nashville one Sunday morning there appeared in the congregation about fifty men on their way to the annual meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic. The church, during the war had been used as a hospital, and these men were old soldiers who during the war had lain there in that room on the cots, wounded and suffering pain, trying to recover themselves from the blows of the battle, and for the sake of the old times they had come there that morning to worship. Somebody told me about it, and I referred to it, and I also referred to the fact that ours was a reunited country, and then I said, "Now, as a welcome to these old soldiers, let us all arise and sing 'America,'" and as we sang it I could see the tears trickle down the old soldiers' faces. Is it not a blessed thing that we are an absolutely united country? We have our sections, to be sure, but we are one people—North, South, East and West—white and black.

I was speaking in a meeting in Orange, New Jersey, not so many years ago, and I was introduced as a Southerner. The building was packed with Negroes. When I began I said, "I have a vague suspicion that I am not the only Southerner here tonight. I would like all the Southerners to stand." They stood in a body. I said, "I see I am among my own people," and I proceeded to have the time of my life.

These flags came from abroad. I bought this Union Jack in London, and this French flag in Paris. They are here not because I am partial to these two countries just now, but because they are the only countries I chanced to be in while on the other side. If I had been in Russia I should have bought a Russian flag and brought it home as a souvenir. Had I been in Germany I should have bought a German flag. Had I been in Austria I should have bought an Austrian flag. Had I been in Belgium, certainly I should have bought a Belgian flag. And I would have hung them all out here before you, and then I should like to have another flag spread over them as a kind of beneficent protection—I should like to spread out over all

these battle flags of the nations that flag that is today the flag of peace—the Stars and Stripes. And then I should like to add one more flag, spreading its beneficent influence over all the rest, the Flag of the Cross. Christ has his children in all these nations that are now at war with each other, and if they will only wait on Him and try to follow His leadership, some day He will bring them all into a larger friendship and a more enduring peace.

For a start this afternoon let us get a line from the old prophet Isaiah, 9:6: "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace,"—"His name shall be called the Prince of Peace." That was the prophet's climax to his panygeric on the coming King of the World. It sounded less impressive and far more presumptuous then than now. It sounds far more presumptuous today, and yet not one whit less winsome and magnetic than it did three weeks ago, before there was projected on the continent of Europe what promises to be the costliest and the bloodiest war in human history. "His name shall be called the Prince of Peace." It sounded absurd, ridiculous and preposterous. What use did the world have then for a Prince of Peace? The very phrase seemed to be absurd and seemed to impeach the sanity of any leader that assumed to wear it. There was no crown for a Prince of Peace, no prospects, not even a decent halo. "His name shall be called the Prince of Peace." There was no applause.

To get some idea of how futile it must have seemed to that day when force was God; read the history of the most religious race of those times—the Jews. Their history was the ruck of war. They were always fighting somebody, and if they could get no one else to fight, they fought each other. It was the red ruin of war on every hand, and into the chaos and confusion of such times the prophet comes with his gentle preachment of the Prince of Peace.

To get some further idea of how impossible anything like a world peace must have seemed to the races which lived in the centuries before the advent of Christ, recall the fact that the Roman Empire from Romulus to Augustus Cæsar, a period of seven hundred years, approximately, had only six years free of war. Successive generations were born, lived and died total strangers to peace, hectored ever by the horrors which stalk in the wake of war and with no other conception of government than that represented by the insignia of battle. And now, all at once, here in these modern times, without any expectations on the part of certainly a large part of Europe, there is started this fearful and bloody war.

We had almost come to hope that war was over. We have been building our peace palaces and holding our peace councils. We have

had great standing armies, to be sure, but they rested on their arms and the terrors of war did not haunt us. Big navies have been swimming the seas, but their voyages were spectacular, and when their big guns boomed it was in the salutes of friendship and not in the hoarse blasts of battle. And yet, with the war drums rolling and with the big guns booming, with the groans of the dying and the shrieks of the wounded rending the air, and with the devil of war doing his dirty work on the other side of the world, we Americans are gathered in the enjoyment of all the blessings of a safe and serene peace. I speak all the more feelingly on this subject because I am a refugee just from the war zone, having landed last Saturday night in New York on the steamship St. Louis from Liverpool with some fourteen hundred other Americans, who are all so glad to get home. About half of them came steerage. People were glad to get any sort of a sailing. I have seen them stand six, eight, ten and twelve deep in great crowds at the offices of the steamship companies in London and Paris, offering almost any price for any kind of a sailing. I have seen young girls who had gone to Europe alone, standing there sobbing piteously, begging for some sort of an opening out of their difficulties. I have seen strong men unmanned by the situation. It is difficult for you to realize what Americans have been going through in France and in England and in Germany and in Austria during these last few weeks. I do not mean that the people over there have lacked in consideration, for they have been kindness itself; they have done everything they could do to meet a most difficult situation and they are in a dreadful plight themselves.

The first news from home as we returned was a wireless received at Sable Island, from Seth Low, saying that when our boat passed quarantine a representative committee from New York City would board the steamer to give any information and to relieve any temporary wants within their power. As I read that posted on the bulletin board, all at once my eyes went dim, for I realized that the people at home had been thinking about us. With difficulty I controlled myself. Ever and again a lump would rise in my throat and my eyes would fill with tears, for you know that nothing comes closer to us when we are in hard lines than the discovery that somebody cares. When our boat pushed up the North River it was discovered that the piers were fairly black with people. Great crowds had come down to greet us, and as the boat slipped into her dock the crowds thronging the docks began together to sing "America" and "Home Sweet Home." Soon a number of the women were weeping and many of the men were blubbering. I tell you it felt good when at last I realized that once more the soil of America was under

my feet. I never thought I could be so glad to see New York City, for I am not crazy about New York anyway, but I formed a new love for it then, and as I stepped ashore I said, "Thank God for America! Long may her land be bright in freedom's holy light!"

You know I was a delegate to the peace council, and the day we got to Paris war was declared. It was a most successful council, wasn't it? Some strange lady on the street who knew the situation said to me as she passed one morning, "How do you do, Mr. Peace!" Of course we knew nothing of the situation until we landed in Paris, and then the thing was to get out, for we were virtually in prison. Paris was in a state of siege. It was under martial law, and it was just as if you were in prison. You couldn't buy a railroad ticket. You could not get out. The first thing we did was to hold a meeting of the peace council delegates. There were about eight or ten of us there together and we sent a cable to President Wilson, expressing our hope that he would at the proper moment offer his efforts to end the war. Three days later the Paris papers announced that he had offered his services to the nations. Then began a most strenuous effort to get out. The first thing was to get a little money. I stood all morning in line to get my checks cashed. I have stood in line more the last three weeks than I have stood in all my previous existence put together. I am a past master in the standing act. There is no need of saying to me, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." I know what it is to wait. We had to submit to all kinds of red tape. We had to go to the American consul and get a certificate of American citizenship. We had to get a certificate from our own hotel keeper. We had to go to the police station in our district and get a permit to stay, and when we reached these offices we found thousands of people already there who had been standing in line for hours to get a permit to stay. I was after a permit to go, which I finally got. After all these papers had been secured we had to get a number which would entitle us to purchase a railroad ticket, and there were hundreds of people in line waiting for the gate to open. The gate did not open until 12 o'clock each day, and when it opened only about thirty people were admitted at a time. They were given tickets which entitled them to purchase railroad tickets. If they were on hand when their numbers were called they got a chance to buy their ticket, and if not, they lost their chance. I have seen delicate women and young girls, college graduates, standing all day long in that line, standing in a driving rain. Some of them had stood there for hours and seen the gates closed against them, and they have sat down on the pavement and remained all night in order that

they might be able to hold their places when the gates opened the next morning.

I have come back a stronger believer in Providence. I believe that it was directly by the interposition of Providence that we got out. We got to Havre and took the boat across. We were two and a half hours before we sighted Southampton, and then our boat would sail forward and then backward, and then across this way and the other, because the harbor was mined, and it took us two hours and a half to be piloted through the mines. That morning when we got up we saw a notice posted up saying, "This is the last boat from Havre; communication with Paris has been broken off." It was reopened several days later from another port. But bad as was the plight of the Americans, it is nothing to be compared with that of the people themselves who did not expect this war and who did not want it. It is not ours to pass judgment on the nations involved, and I think we should bear in mind the advice of our President on the subject. I am strongly convinced that the people in these countries ought not to be blamed for this war. It is the result of the system which has been fostered on the continent of Europe. They have had a peace that was maintained by the balance of power, and that balance was broken and this war has come as the result of the system of militarism. The nations in Europe have been training their sons for war. Their young men must go into the army for a period of two years, and so what is a more natural outcome of this civilization that has been based largely upon force than that these men should begin to fight? The suffering that is being caused is incalculable. The shops were empty; wages have been cut in two. I was standing one day at a book store, and the young girl who was waiting on me began to talk and she said, "Do you think it is going to last long? Father and brother are away in the army, and next Saturday my wages will be cut in half." I said, "What are you getting now?" She said, "Sixteen shillings a week." (Four dollars a week.) And I said, "Then next Saturday you will begin to get two dollars a week?" And she said, "Yes, sir." I said, "Have you any one to support?" She said, "Yes, sir, I have to take care of my mother." She had to pay the house rent and the running expenses out of two dollars a week. Some of them have lost their positions entirely. Dr. Campbell Morgan came back to his work as soon as the war was announced. I had a long talk with him about the situation, and he is busy devising means of relief. He had called the young women together and he was ascertaining the cases of the girls in need and finding homes here and there which would be willing to take a girl or two or three

girls for two or three months, or longer perhaps, giving them a home until the war is over. That is a practical ministry.

Now, in the midst of all this, the two foremost nations of the earth, which have also been among its fiercest fighters, whose halls of fame are hung with the memory of great soldiers and military heroes who participated in some of the fiercest battles which history records are not only in perfect accord with each other and at one as regards the principles which should dominate diplomacy and statesmanship, but they are actually preparing to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of peace among themselves. Next Christmas day it will be one hundred years since the signing of the treaty of Ghent, since the blue coats of America and the red coats of Britain furled their battle flags and stacked their arms in the wars against each other and said, "Let us be friends!" It is a great event in the history of these two nations, and I think that it is an event of world-wide significance. It was never more important for world interests than right now that nothing shall be done to disturb the friendly relations between Great Britain and America.

I want to call your attention for a moment to some of the characteristics of this century of peace. It has been the greatest century of progress in the history of the human race, and it has been a century of progress because the brain and muscle and the time and the treasure and the genius and the skill saved from disastrous war have been devoted to progress. It has been a century of progress in which men and women and children have been coming into their rights. Hoary traditions have been shaken and some of them have been shattered. Colossal tyrannies that have festered and incubated in the darkness, like the treatment of the Jews in Russia, have been dragged out into the glare of publicity and shamed by the scorn and contempt of mankind. I grant you that the Golden Rule is not yet entirely practical, but it is our ideal, and some day it is going to be practiced. Perhaps the situation is illustrated by a scene which took place one day in a circus. An old farmer was going through the menagerie and he came to a cage in which were confined together a lion and a lamb. As he looked he said, "The millenium has arrived; the lion and the lamb are lying down together." He turned to the keeper and asked, "How long has this sort of thing been going on?" And the keeper replied, "Six weeks it has run, but the lamb in the meantime has needed occasionally to be renewed." I suppose that more accurately describes the situation. During the last century we have made more progress in civilization than during any three preceding centuries in history, and we have done it because we have been substituting the quest of peace for the conquest of war.

It has been a century of progress in the arts and sciences. We call it the scientific age. We have been cultivating the love of the beautiful. We have been discovering some of the great secrets of nature. Think of the marvelous triumphs of medicine and surgery! The doctor of today has set himself to the task of driving diseases out of existence, and he has already disarmed some of the greatest scourges of the race. Think of what the surgeon can do today for the cure of the body! Think of some of the wonders that have been performed by the use of that strange substance which we call radium! It has been a century of progress in commerce. I am not saying that the money grabber is the greatest hero, but money has its uses. It would not hurt Winona just now to get a few thousand dollars. It has been a century of the building of railroads and the developing of a merchant marine. Let me say that we are learning just now the lesson of the importance of a merchant marine, and I hope that out of all this there may come for America, floating under the Stars and Stripes, a great fleet of merchantmen to sail the seas. We have been constructing great lines of international navigation. It has been a century of the harnessing of our rivers and the development of our national resources. It has been a century of the triumphs of trade; and, say what you please about that, it is more to be desired than the triumphs of war!

What a century it has been in education! Some of the greatest universities of the world have been founded and developed in the last century. We have had money to build and to endow uinversities because we have not squandered our substance in disastrous war, and we have had men to teach and young men to enroll as students because we have not been slaying our best manhood in war. It has been a century of progress in constructive statesmanship. In times of war governments exhaust their efforts in collecting revenues and enlisting soldiers, but when peace spreads its white wings over the legislative halls there is an opportunity for our statesmen to study the real needs of the people, and so we have had a wave of moral legislation and statesmanship sweeping over our country. We have been legislating not only as to the economical aspects of our life, but we have been fighting the devil of rum with legislation. Do you think that if we had been fighting our brothers across the sea we should have had time and energy left to fight the rum devil? It is one of the blessed products of this era of peace. It has been a century of the triumph of diplomacy. Because a few years ago England and America were at peace, China did not go to pieces. When China seemed to be a disintegrating nation and the nations of Europe were hovering like a brood of vultures over that prostrate country, waiting

to pounce upon and seize a piece, John Hays spoke up and said, "The Golden Rule is a law for nations no less than for individuals," and because England and America were fast friends then, China is going to have its chance.

It has been a century of marvelous progress in the growth of the English language. I want to read you a few figures which show you how the English language has spread through this century of peace. From 1801 to 1901 the number of people speaking the French language increased from 31,000,000 to 52,000,000; the German language from 32,000,000 to 84,0000,000; the Italian language from 15,000,000 to 34,000,000; the Spanish language from 26,000,000 to 46,0000,000; the Potuguese language from 7,000,000 to 15,000,000; the Russian language from 30,000,000 to 85,000,000; the English language from 20,000,000 to 130,000,000. So you see that the German language has increased hardly three-fold in one hundred years, while the English language has increased more than six and one-half-fold.

It has been a century of wonderful progress in the spread of the Christian religion because the two great Protestant nations of the world have been prosecuting mission work. At the end of the second century there were 1,000,000 Christians on the earth; at the end of the tenth century 50,000,000; at the end of the fifteenth century 100,000,000; at the end of the eighteenth century 200,000,000; and at the end of the nineteenth century there were 500,000,000 Christians. Christianity has grown more in the last one hundred years than in all the centuries preceding, and it has done it in the face of two foes, which in the estimation of a great many people threatened to put Christianity out of business—the evolutionary theory and the higher criticism. In the face of these foes Christianity has won more converts in the last one hundred years than in all the preceding centuries, and it has done it because the Protestant nations of the earth have been at peace among themselves. Thank God for one hundred years of peace among the English speaking peoples of the world! To be sure there have been military jingoes who have tried to raise a row between the two countries, but despite all this and despite the efforts of demagogic politicians, these two nations hold in their clasped hands of Anglo-Saxon friendship the weal of mankind. Thank God, the smile on the faces of Uncle Sam and John Bull is a smile that will not wear off.

Why should we not be friends? England is our mother country. To be sure, we have a great many brother and sister countries, and I am glad that we have. We have been getting citizens from the other nations of the earth, and we have been mixing our blood, and

it is mighty hard to find a simon pure American. I like to think that we are growing here the ultimate type. The nations have been making contributions to our common manhood and citizenship. Spain has brought us her love of chivalry; France has brought us her love of beauty; Italy has brought us her love of music; Germany has brought us her love of home; Russia has brought us her love of power and conquest; England has brought us her love of order; Scotland has brought us her love of religion; and Ireland has brought us her love of humor; and we are mixing all these together to make the ultimate type. But England is our mother country and blood is thicker than water. Our traditions are one. We are a young country. We go back to those centuries of heroic struggle when our forefathers were in battle and claim those eras as an illustrious part of our common history. We are one in temperament. To be sure there are slight differences. We have them in America. There is a difference in the temperament of the Down-Easterner and the Out-Westerner. There are slight differences on the other side, between the temperament of the Englishman, the Scotchman and the Irishman, which has been illustrated in this way: If you ask an Englishman a question he will give you a staightforward answer, and if you ask a canny Scot a question he will answer you by asking you another question, and if you ask an Irishman a question he will answer you by telling you a joke. To test it this question was put to an Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman: "What will you take to spend a night on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral?" The Englishman was the first man to come along, and he answered, "A shilling," which was a straightforward answer. The next man to come along was a canny Scot and he answered, "What will you give me?" and that was the Scotch of it. The next man to come along was an Irishman, and he answered, "I will take a cold." So you see we have these differences of temperament, yet in the large the temperament of the American people and the temperament of the British is one and the same. The great dominant characteristics of our people are alike, and they are the Anglo-Saxon characteristics of a passion for liberty and a genius for leadership. Then we have our common tongue. One of the first things that struck me in Switzerland was that she has no distinctive language. In one place they speak French, and in another German, and in another Italian, so that if a Switzer should write a book he makes a contribution to French literature, or to German literature, or to Italian literature. There is something pathetic about it. Think of speaking a language that carries your message to 200,000,000 people without a change of cars, and that is what the English tongue does today. It is one of the ties that binds us together. Then there have been times when we have stood by each other, and we can never

forget them. When Dewey was preparing for action in Manila Bay, the English admiral declared that if the others went in he would go in, but he said he would go in on the side of America. Then the others stayed out, and so Dewey had a free hand for the victory in Manila Bay. We ought to stay friends with Great Britain, not only because of the interests of the two nations involved, but because of the larger interest of the world, for we are kin to all these nations at war. We are their brothers and they are ours.

I suppose people will differ as to the causes which have produced this century of peace between America and Great Britain. Some will say that we have learned as a nation that it is wiser not to fight—that is the way Americans will look at it; and others will say that England has learned that it is the part of prudence not to fight America any more. We like that story about Henry Ward Beecher in London during the war between the States. Some fellow tried to pull him down by saying, "You said you would whip the South in three months and you have not yet; what is the matter?" Mr. Beecher said, "We are fighting Americans and not Britishers." But if you think the English soldier is short either on courage or on fighting qualities you need to make another diagnosis. There is no better soldier marching under any flag than the British soldier.

I suppose some people will say that warfare has become too deadly, and so we have kept peace among ourselves; but that has not prevented this European war. It is interesting, however, to notice that the inventors of all the deadliest weapons were peace advocates. Dr. Gatling, who invented the deadliest gun known to warfare, was a peace advocate; Dr. Guillotine, the amiable gentleman who invented the bloody instrument that bears his name, was a man of peace; Mr. Nobel, who left his millions for the promotion of international friendship and provided for the peace prizes, was the inventor of the forms of dynamite and gunpowder used in modern warfare. Yet these have not prevented war. I believe the real explanation of this century of peace between Great Britain and America lies in the fact that we are both Christian nations, and, if you will not misunderstand me, Protestant Christian nations. We are one in our creed, and we have in that the strongest tie that can bind two nations together.

Our business is to work for world peace, and that is the thing before the Christian Church today. I like to think that out of this dreadful war is going to come something better. It is a fearful price to pay, but my faith does not stagger, because I put my trust not in the people who profess God, but in the God who is professed by

the people. This war does not mean that Christianity is a failure; it simply means that our adherence to Christianity has not yet become strong enough to control us and keep us in the right way.

The biggest task the church has ever had before it is before it now. It must make war impossible, and if it is to make war impossible the church has got to get together itself. We have got to unify ourselves. We must be at peace with one another if we are to hope for peace among the nations of the earth. War is too dreadful for the people to continue it. I have seen women in France going to the station, a mother with her son, a wife with her husband, to bid them good-bye, probably never to see each other again. I have seen a wife sitting on a seat by the side of her husband with the tears streaming down her cheeks, going to the station to bid him a last good-bye. I have seen the same thing on the streets of London. How would you like to be sending your fine young son away to battle to be slaughtered? What horrible butchery! What awful brutality! Shall we not get beyond this awful thing? Sherman called it hell, but that thing that is going on on the other side of the world it seems to me is worse than hell. Somebody has called war "organized insanity," and that is what it is. In Revelations there is a picture of the Coming Conqueror of the World, and He is seated on a snow-white horse and His sword is in His mouth, which means that His sword is not a weapon, but a message. That is the way we are to fight our peace battles. I am not pleading for a maudlin condition in society. I believe in fighting, but I want to fight with brains and not with claws. I like the spirit of a certain little Canadian lad. He was fighting his older brother every day, and whenever he fought he got whipped for it. One day he had his fight and his father was about to flog him, and he said, "Father, you may whip me, but you can never whip the fight out of me." I do not want to fight like a savage. When a man comes to me in that fashion I feel somewhat as an old Negro did when somebody said to him, "If you should meet a ghost would you talk to him?" And he said, "Yes, if he could keep up." I want to fight for peace, and I want to fight with law and with the gospel of love.

Let us see to it that this century of peace between England and America is made permanent, for the sake of America. We are engaged in great peace enterprises here. We have just completed the Panama Canal. We are about to begin the Alaskan Railroad. We have other great enterprises. Let us not allow them to be interfered with by a war. We must maintain peace for the sake of England, too. Her position is too important in the world, her responsibility too tremendous and her position too delicate for her to be handicapped

by a war with her best friend. Down with anybody or any set of people who would stir up strife between the English-speaking peoples of the world! All hail to the apostles of peace and to the evangelists of good-will. America and Great Britain—world leaders on two continents, the foremost power of the new world and the foremost power of the old world—America and Great Britain—

"Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise;
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one blood we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise.

"Now may the God above
Guard the dear land we love,
Both east and west;
Let peace more widely flow,
Let love more fervent glow,
And strength yet stronger grow,
Blessing and blest."

The Note of Joy and the Note of Strength

By REV. W. R. WEDDERSPOON, D. D.

I read to you tonight from the Old Book. I am one of those who firmly believe that the great need of the present day is not the discovery of new truth, but the revitalization of the old truth. Permit me to turn your thought to the twenty-seventh Psalm:

> "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I will seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock. And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord."

As I have been reading these lines you will have discovered ringing through them two special notes, one is a note of joy and the other is a note of strength. Whenever these notes are heard we are immediately interested. It matters not where you hear the sound of joy, in the nursery or as it issues from the chamber of the old man almost ready "to shuffle off this mortal coil," whenever you hear the note of joy or the note of strength you are interested. The Psalmist is singing about something worth while; he is singing about the placing of his trust. Man is so constituted that consciously or unconsciously he places his trust somewhere. There are those who place their trust in physical force, they boast of a strong body. We are living in times when we lay great emphasis upon the develop-

ment of the body, and this is altogether wise; yet I humbly suggest that it is not a sufficient ground for a man's confidence. I turn to the Old Testament, and here I find one who is called the strongest man. There came to him an hour when the voice of Delilah was heard, saying, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson," and he said, "I will go out and drive them hence." He who had carried the gates of Gaza up the hillside, to the amazement of all, speedily drove the Philistines before him. But there was another hour. The voice of the woman was heard in the same language, "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson," and Samson arose again to go out in his strength, "and he wist not that the Lord was departed from him." The strength which he was leaning upon had gone, and if there is a sad picture within the lids of this wondrous Book it is that tragic picture of Samson, the mighty man, grinding at the mill under the whip of the taskmaster and the gibe and jeer of the Philistine boy.

You and I learn that physical force is not sufficient ground for a man's confidence, because it fails us, and a man was built to last. There are those who are placing trust in their "sagacity," their mental acumen. William Makepeace Thackery emphasizes this in that great fiction sermon called "Vanity Fair." He shows us Becky Sharp, a woman with much ingenuity and wit; she is quite successful in climbing the social ladder, almost touching the hem of royalty's garments, and all that little Becky cared for was number one; but what does that great teacher point to? The stale beer, the pot-house, and still lower. Becky at last is ruined and wrecked, her ingenuity and wile did not stand her in good stead; neither did it stand the great Saul in good stead. The mighty king who was anointed by Samuel, over whom the men of Israel clapped glad hands and shouted, "God save the king!" "There went with him a band of men whose hearts God had touched," and great victory was achieved; yet there came an hour when he who was highly favored of God and man was found cringing in the presence of Samuel who had elevated him—the mighty king was then a coward. Why? He was told distinctly he should spare neither the oxen or Agag, and he followed his own cunning plan and saved some of the firstlings of the flocks and some of the finest oxen. He supposed that Samuel would never know. To us that is an exceedingly sad picture, as we see that splendid man cowering in the presence of Samuel. Samuel asked the question, "What is the meaning of the bleating of the sheep I hear?" and he began to falsify. Oh, how far a man may climb and how far a man may fall! He was leaning upon his own ingenuity, wile and cunning, and this brought the great Saul to cowardice. Trust in one's sagacity is not a sufficient ground for man's trust or confidence.

There are those who are placing a great deal of trust in position and place and power." A United States Senator said many months ago (he would better be nameless here), "I wonder, after all, if it is worth the cost!" Power is elusive, position may speed away, place may vanish. Once more let us go to the old Book for illustration and we find Sennacherib with great power and with a mighty army, lying opposite the Israelites. The Assyrians are like grasshoppers in multitude. Byron has put it finely —

> "The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
> And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
> And the sheen of their spears were like stars on the sea,
> When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee."

Behold, when the morning came they were withered and the power of the mighty Sennacherib was gone. You remember Cæsar having reached almost imperial power, and the morning when Calphurnia, his wife, said, "Cæsar would better not go to the senate today," and Cæsar said, "I will go to the senate." "But the signs have been very portentous and I am very greatly troubled, and I beseech my lord not to go to the senate today." And he yielded to the gentle persuasion of his wife and said, "Cæsar will not go." The plan of the senators is against that, and they are determined that their plan shall be carried out. Decius goes into his presence, saying, "Cæsar is expected at the senate today," and Cæsar said, "I will not go today." And Decius said, "They will say that Cæsar has been looking at the signs in the heavens and is afraid to go." Then the mighty Cæsar rose up in his strength and said, "Cæsar will go." And the man who had reached great power "even at the base of Pompey's statue which all the time ran blood,"—there great Cæsar fell, and his power slipped away. On that battlefield over which perhaps thousands upon thousands have been treading today, and where perhaps a most awful struggle has been waging—I refer to the field of Waterloo—there stood one afternoon a little man in his accustomed attitude. With his arms together he stood there stolidly for quite a space. By and by those who looked at his features saw them begin to play, and they heard him cry out, "At last they are mine, nine chances out of ten they are mine." So said Napoleon. But when the evening's sun set Napoleon's power had gone. Position, place, power are not sufficient grounds for a man's confidence who is built in the image of God and is meant to last at his best forever. There are many who are placing their trust in "wealth." What a blessing is money!

I know the necromancy of one five-dollar bill. A friend of mine in Wall street, interested in shipping, left his office some time ago and went down to see the master of a vessel on the East River. While he was on his way his quick eye caught a picture that arrested him at once. When two windows are opposite each other there is plainly revealed all that is transpiring. He saw a woman sitting disconsolate. He retraced his steps and knocked at the door. He asked one or two simple questions, opened his pocket book and gave the woman five dollars. On his return he determined to look in to see what had been done. After knocking at the door he heard the voice of singing. When the door was opened he stepped over the threshold and there he saw a picture that moved him mightily. There was a newly lighted fire, the kettle was singing the song of steam that Jimmy Watts heard years ago across the sea, there was a purring cat, the very picture of contentment and peace, with its nose near the new-lit fire, there was the little child crowing lustily in a chair with something her mother had put into her hand that made her exceedingly happy, the woman was blithesome, and the five-dollar bill had wrought that transformation. The man went out to use a good many of his bills that they might bring cheer and comfort and blessing. Oh, money! how much it can do! I have known it to dry many a tear and to give new hope to many a life in its struggle. We could spend an hour speaking of what it will do for our eleemosynary institutions; but there comes a time when money alone is very poor. It was very poor when it stood in the presence of the great St. Paul in the person of the sorcerer who sought to purchase the apostle's gift. He could not buy God's Spirit. It was very poor when it stood in the person of Ahab, and he, though the king, had not money enough to buy the vineyard of Naboth. It was very poor in the possession of one of America's multi-millionaires as he stood looking upon the wan face of his dear little grandchild. I verily believe that man would have given a million dollars if the little grandchild could have been saved from the grip of death, but he stood there just as helpless by her side as you or I. Sometimes gold is poor. There are those who place a great deal of confidence in gold. I am here to say it is not a sufficient ground for a man's confidence, because it cannot serve him at all times and in all places and cannot last, for it will slip, so elusive is it. Moody used to speak of a man who came to the end of his days and whose good wife urged the minister to pray at his bedside for him. He asked the man to put his hand in his while he prayed. The man gave him his shut fist, and when he was dead they found in it the key of his safe. How poor he was in the midst of his much gold.

Now the Psalmist had physical force, sagacity, power and wealth, and yet he did not lift up his voice in boastfulness about them. Not once does he even refer to them. We all agree that David, the writer of this Psalm, was a man of physical force, full of agility and strength, for did he not perform many daring feats? He had a magnificent mind, his mentality was great; he was a statesman as well as a soldier and poet; he is the ideal king of the Jews. David had power—was he not king? David had his chests of gold and silver, yet he is not found striking a single note concerning these, but always is singing joyously, "The Lord, the Lord! the Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" O David, you are resonant with praise. Stop a moment! We are living in a very practical time. We are an inquiring people. Will you let us ask you humbly one or two plain and simple questions? "David's face is shining and his eyes gleaming." "This is my opportunity," I think we hear him saying, "yes, I will answer your questions gladly." "Tell us why it is, fairly and frankly, that you do not make one single assertion that manifests confidence in anything but the Lord." And I hear David saying, "I am glad you asked me; let me tell you. First of all, BECAUSE OF THE FACTS OF HISTORY. There was a time when my father Jesse took me to his side and began to tell me of the mighty dealings of the great Jehovah, how He led His people with a high hand out of Egypt on the way to the land of promise; how He opened the flinty rock and brought forth water, and out of the cornucopia of plenty He showered down manna every morning for the sustenance of the people; how He led them by the pillars of fire and cloud. My soul was strangely moved and I wondered and wondered again at the story. But I was most marvelously affected when my father Jesse and my mother bowed down and talked to the Unseen One, and when they sang their hymns of praise; but there came a time when into my own heart and through the corridors of my whole being there moved His spirit ,and then I knew why they talked to the unseen God, and then I knew why they were full of trust in Jehovah.

"Then THE FACT OF EXPERIENCE, joined with the fact of history, proving that God was true, and that God, the mighty Jehovah, was all in all, and my own experience has borne out through the years these great truths. There was a time when I was tending my father's flock. We were moving along together and I was singing, when suddenly I saw some of my sheep begin to run, and I called them by their pet names, for I knew every sheep by name, and I called and called, and the flock kept on running. I turned to

look, and behold! coming out of the forest was a lion, and I ran, too, with my sheep, and as I ran I passed by a little lamb and I stopped, and I came up beside that little lamb, and I said, 'It is a good shepherd that gives his life for the sheep,' and I put that little lamb behind me. I cried to my father's God and to my mother's God, and the lion came bounding at me, and I siezed him as he leaped and held on, and God helped me, and behold! the lion's jaw cracked and the monster fell in his death agony. I was happy because God had been with me and had helped me. There came a time when my old father said, 'Go down and see your brethren. I want you to bear these things from me to your brethren." I went down and what did I discover? On one side the Philistine host and on the other the soldiers of Israel. When I found my brothers I addressed my big brother Eliab, saying, 'Who is that man who is lifting up his voice against God and Israel?' and Eliab said, 'Shuh! that is a giant.' But I said, 'Eliab, he is mocking our father Jesse's God!' 'Yes,' said Eliab, 'he is, but he is a giant, and you would better be still.' I put down what I had carried and went away around to the other side of the hill, and I got down on my knees before God. I cried to him, and I do not know how it was or how it came about, but I rose up conscious that I ought to do one thing, which I did, and I selected five smooth stones and I went up against Goliath, and God directed my stone and it went to the giant's brain and he fell, and Israel shouted because God had vindicated Himself. I had waited upon God. You are asking me why I put my trust in God and why I am not boasting about any of the things I possess? It is because the Lord is sufficient for all things. He is my God."

Listen to what David is saying ere he leaves us! "There came a time in my life when blackness took possession of my soul, and for nights and days I went in misery and distress, for I had grievously sinned. I cried, 'Have mercy upon me, O God, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgression; purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.' ' I waited upon the Lord and He inclined unto me and heard my cry and brought me up out of the horrible pit and the miry clay and set my feet upon the rock and established my goings and put a new song in my mouth, even praises unto Jehovah,' with all the freshness and force of my being. Oh, my experience bears witness to the glorious fact that God is sufficient. There was a time when my own beloved boy planned to take the crown from my head, and when the men were marching away to the battle I called to the leaders again and again, saying, 'Deal gently with my boy, whatever you do, take care of Absalom.' There came a man running after a while, and the dust was upon him. He burst into my presence and

told me Absalom was dead, and I cried, 'Would to God I had died for thee, Absalom, my son, my son!' Oh, the nights and days! to whom could I go in that hour of misery and awful calamity, but to my God? And He sustained me. Thus am I placing my trust, my whole trust in the living God."

Dear friends, let the voice of experience and history still speak to you. Turn again to the pictures that are found on memory's walls. Look, if you will, into the New Testament, and here you find one standing forth resplendently, giving practically the same experience, when you come to analyze it. The phraseology is different, but the mighty Paul is pouring out in all his epistles what David has been saying in his way. Paul, with his fuller light and grander revelation, is crying out, "Yea, doubtless and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord." "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord." How magnificently Paul displayed his confidence in the mighty Jehovah and in Christ his adorable Savior!

Look along the halls of memory, and I bid you cull from the pictures those who put their trust in the living God. Your sainted fathers, mothers and friends. They are the heroes and the heroines, they are the men and they are the women who have helped God mightily to lift up this poor sin-cursed earth and get it nearer to His great heart of love. They were able to cry out with the full purpose of being, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed," "My heart is centered in Jehovah, and thus being centered I am a partner,"—thank God for the truth—"a partner with the mighty God." What is the result of this union and harmony with Jehovah? In plain language it is the salvation of the soul. The man is redeemed by faith, implicit faith, in the blessed Son of God, given from the bosom of the Father for your redemption and mine, and the redemption—thanks be unto His name!—of the whole world. "Whosoever will may come and take the water of life freely." Thanks be to God for the breadth of the invitation! The man may sing from the very depths of his heart that old hymn we used to sing a good deal, but perhaps not so much of late —

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
  And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage
  And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
  And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
  My God, my heaven, my all.

There I shall bathe my weary soul
  In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
  Across my peaceful breast."

Salvation comes through implicit confidence in the Lord Jehovah and the adorable Savior and the blessed triumphant Spirit, thrice blessed Trinity! What a glorious gospel is this! "Happy is the man," the Psalmist puts it in another place, "whose trust is in the Lord his God." I stated a moment ago that being brought thus into salvation through faith in our blessed God we are made partners in His plans.

General Clinton B. Fisk died some years ago. Most of you are familiar with his life. He was once on the Prohibition Party ticket for the Presidency. He was a magnificent layman. He knew God. He was very happy in the service of God. There came a day when, going from his office in New York City, he saw a poor little waif about the doorway. He engaged that little lad in conversation, and he made a bargain with the little fellow, and the little fellow began to tell abroad that he and the General were partners in the shoe-blacking business. It was true. The General furnished the money for the blacking and the brushes and the little lad was of course doing the work. The little fellow went about talking to his little chums about "Me and the General." That lad one day was at work on a great big Jerseyman's foot. He saw the General coming along the corridor from his office, and as he approached him the little boy's eyes brightened and twinkled, and he began to sing as he was rubbing hard, "How Firm a Foundation," and so on. He knew the General loved that old song. Why was the boy able to make that little jest with the great General? Why this intimacy? It was because he was conscious that they were partners. If that little fellow believed anything he believed they were squarely partners in that business, because the General in the late afternoon would take his half of the money earned and put it aside, and the boy took the

other half and went off with it. The General of course gave that money back to the boy some day, but he was training him—they were partners. There was a very great distance between this poor waif of the street and the great General, the Christian nobleman, hero, soldier and saint. So I think of many I have known who were poor sinners, but now are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and by faith we lay hold on God's spiritual promise and grasp Him and He comes to us, and we are partners in the great business of building this old world in righteousness. Though once far apart, we are brought nigh through the precious blood of Christ, and thus we are partners. What is the result? Man is saved, other men are helped, Christ is glorified and heaven is gained. This comes to pass by a man centering himself in the Lord his God.

I was preaching in a village among the pines of New Jersey a few years ago. There came to us a wonderful blessing. There were over two hundred in the little village of five hundred brought to Jesus Christ. Men who had been giving themselves to strong drink were brought to the Savior and became pillars in His sanctuary. As the meeting was in progress there was one man who had been a major in the army who had given up his cups. One night at the close of the meeting this man pulled his watch out of his pocket and said, "I must be going to my train, but pastor a word with you! My brother Charlie is coming on this train. He has the brains of the family—there were five boys—Charlie has the brains of the family. He was offered a judgeship by Tammany Hall if he would keep sober until nomination day, and in those days that meant an election; but he could not keep sober. I suppose he has not been in a church in twenty years, save at a funeral. He is coming to be here Saturday and Sunday, and I wanted to tell you that you may have a word for him. Keep him in mind." When the Sabbath morning came he was in the fourth seat. You may well believe I was trying to find some entrance by the aid of the Spirit into his heart. I thought I saw some signs in the morning service. Night came, and when we were gathered together men and women were seeking God in earnestness. I was strangely led to approach in a familiar fashion the son of the major, who had recently entered into the joy of salvation. I said, "Go to your uncle; I believe your urgent appeal will bring him to Jesus." He looked at me coweringly. I said, "I really want you to do it, Jimmie." By and by he went, and I watched him eagerly. I tried to hear what he said, but could not. Next day I learned what he said. He put his arm upon his uncle's shoulder, saying, "Uncle, look at papa standing beside the minister. You know what papa was a little while ago. Look

at mother and see what a happy woman she is, and you know how our home is today. Look at Sister Mary. Uncle, Jesus has saved me and He can save you." And behold, that strong man, with the fine marks of intellectuality, rose up, moved forward, and threw himself down in the presence of the people and wept before God. Ten o'clock came and I dismissed the meeting, saying, "We must go home; we have been at work a long time; you are tired and weary," but they would not go. Ten or fifteen minutes later that man lifted his head and beat upon his breast and cried out, "Oh, my God! sixty-three years of sin; is it possible that I can be forgiven?" His head fell again on the altar rail. A devoted woman was praying earnestly for that lost man. And behold! he rose up to his feet; he waited until she had said her "Amen," and then said, "I believe that God for Christ's sake has forgiven my sins." The two brothers were immediately locked in each other's embrace, and they wept tears of joy. The people were moved as standing corn before the breeze.

After a bit I looked for Jimmie. When I saw him his face was like the face of an angel. He had won his uncle to Christ. That timid boy thought he could not do it, but he went at it and God helped him. He got a passion for that kind of work, and the boy said to me one day, "I want to be at it all the time." Jimmie is a hero. He is at work in China for God. He has been under fire for Christ's sake. Once after he went to school he came home discouraged, as discouraged as you and I ever were, saying, "My work is so poor. I have a good purpose, but I accomplish so little," but the Spirit nerved him and has used him for victories.

Brothers, in the name of our adorable Savior, from this Bible Conference let us go forth to do our level best, and Christ will take care of all our efforts. The results may be marvelous. What is life for but to be linked with God to help Him save the race and show forth the glory of our blessed and adorable Savior?

We must never forget the question, "What is man's chief end?" and the answer, "To glorify God and enjoy Him forever." When the mortal frame is weary and worn and very tired God will give us rest. I had an old Scotch friend, now in heaven. Not long before he slipped away he said to me, "I was over in old Edinburgh. I took my wife and my youngest boy to see my dear mother before she died. One day I had my little boy out on Prince's street. I was walking farther than I realized, and the little fellow looked up at me and said, "Papa, baby is tired." I lifted him up, put him on my shoulder and walked away with my boy. He was a little boy and he was very weary, and so I took him home. I pulled off his little shoes and outer garments and tucked him in his bed, and he fell fast

asleep. I turned away saying, "Dear little fellow, he is worn out, but he will be all right after rest." Dear friends, there is coming a time when that strong man who stands behind a desk will throw down his pen and go home saying, "I am very tired," and he will never come back to that desk to take up that pen again. That inspiring singer will go home saying, "I am very tired," and that singer will never come back with his song again. The musician will go home very tired and will not come back to play for the people. There is many a dear woman that loves her home and cares for her own with all her heart, who will go up stairs to her chamber some night saying, "I am very tired," and she will never come down again to care for her loved and her own. There is many a minister who ere long will go from the pulpit after pouring out his heart and say to his dear wife or to some friend, "I am very tired," and will never come back to herald the triumphant gospel again. Will it not be blessed in such an hour to hear the voice of the adorable One in Whom we have put our trust saying to us, "Come, you are very tired, let us go home; heaven was not built for angels only; heaven was built for redeemed men; come, let us go home!" And our God will lift His child upon His shoulder and walk into the home of endless delight.

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